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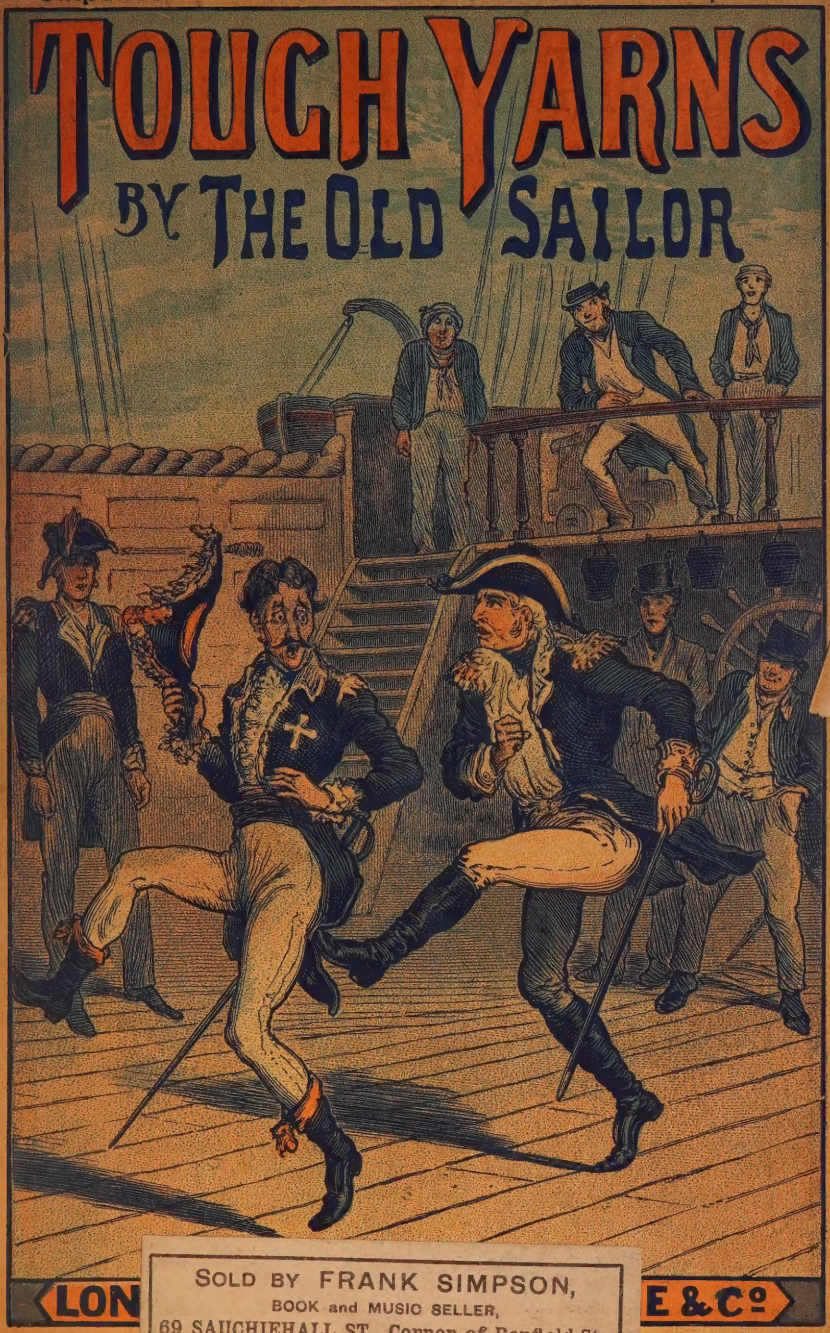

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TOUGH YARNS.

TOUGH YARNS.

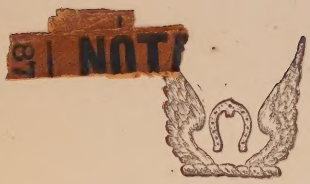
BY

THE OLD SAILOR,

AUTHOR OF

'GREENWICH HOSPITAL,' ETC.

'I cannot tell how the truth may be:
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.'
SCOTT.



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TOUGH YARNS.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Ay, there it is!—the grand depository of human fragments — the snug harbour for *docked* remnants — Greenwich Hospital! Who is there that has stood upon that fine terrace, when the calm of evening has shed its influence on the spirit, and nature's pencil, intermingling light and shade, has graced the landscape with its various tints, without feeling delighted at the spectacle? No sound is heard to break the stillness of the hour, save when the sea-boy trills his plaintive ditty, studious to grace the turnings of his song, for it was his mother taught it him, and her he strives to imitate. To him the tide rolls on unheeded; he sees not the tall mast, the drooping sail; ah, no! his heart is in the cottage where he knew his first affection, when, with a smile of infantile delight, he drew his nourishment from that fond bosom lately bedewed with tears at parting.

Who is there that has not exulted in the scene, when the proud ship has spread her canvas to the breeze to carry forth the produce of our country to distant lands? or when returning to her own home-shores, laden with the luxuries of foreign climes, the gallant tars have

"Hailed each well-known object with delight!"

Ay, there they stand! the veterans of the ocean, bidding defiance to care and sorrow, full of mirth and jollity although they are moored in *tiers*. They are critics, too, *deep* critics; but they cannot fancy the steam vessel with a chimney for a mast, and fifty yards of smoke for a pendant. These are the men that Smollett pictured—the Jack Rattlins and the Tom Pipes of former years. Ay, those were *rattling* days and *piping* times! There is no place upon earth, except Greenwich, in which we can now meet with them, or find the weather-roll or lee-lurch to perfection. They are all thorough-bred, and a thorough-bred seaman is one of the drollest compounds in existence; a mixture of all that is ludicrous and grave—of undaunted courage and silly fear. I do not mean the every-day sailor, but the bold, daring, intrepid man-of-war's man; he who in the heat of action primed his wit and his gun together, without a fear of either missing fire.

The real tar has a language peculiarly his own, and his figures of speech are perfect *stopper*-knots to the understanding of a landsman. If he speaks of his ship, his eloquence surpasses the orations of a Demosthenes, and he revels in the luxuriance of metaphor. The same powers of elocution, with precisely the same terms, are applied to his wife, and it is a matter of doubt as to which engrosses the greatest portion of his affection—to him they are both *lady-ships*. Hear him expatiate on his *little barky*, as he calls his wooden island, though she may carry a hundred and fifty guns and a crew of a thousand men. "Oh! she's the *fleetest* of the *fleet;* sits on the water like a duck; stands under her canvas as stiff as a crutch;

and turns to windward like a witch!" Of his wife he observes, "What a clean run from stem to starn! She carries her t'gall'nt sails through every breeze, and in working hank for hank never misses stays!" He will point to the bows of his ship, and swear she is as sharp as a wedge, never stops at a sea, but goes smack through all. He looks at his wife, admires her head-gear and outriggers, her braces and bow-lines; compares her eyes to dolphin-strikers, boasts of her fancy and fashion-pieces, and declares that she darts along with all the grace of a *bonnetta*. When he parts with his wife to go on a cruise, no tear moistens his cheek, no tremulous agitation does discredit to his manhood: there is the honest pressure of the hand, the fervent kiss, and then he claps on the topsail-halliards, or walks round at the capstan to the lively sounds of music. But when he quits his ship, the being he has rigged with his own fingers, that has stood under him in many a dark and trying hour, whilst the wild waves have dashed over them with relentless fury, then—then—the scuppers of his heart are unplugged and overflow with the soft droppings of sensibility. How often has he stood upon that deck and eyed the swelling sails, lest the breezes of heaven should

"Visit their face too roughly!"

How many hours has he stood at that helm and watched her coming up and falling off! and when the roaring billows have threatened to engulph her in the bubbling foam of the dark waters, he has eased her to the sea with all the tender anxiety that a mother feels for her firstborn child. With what pride has he beheld her top the mountain wave and climb the rolling swell, while every groan of labour that she gave carried a taut strain upon his own heart-strings!

Place confidence in what he says, and he will use no deception; doubt his word, and he will indulge you with some of the purest rhodomontade that ingenious fancy can invent. He will swear that he had a messmate who knew the man in the moon, and on one occasion went hand-over-hand up a rainbow to pay him a visit. He himself was once powder-monkey in the Volcano bomb, and he will tell you a story of his falling asleep in the mortar at the bombardment of Toulon, and his *body* being discharged from its mouth instead of a *carcass*. With all the precision of an engineer, he will describe his evolutions in the air when they fired him off, and the manner in which he was saved from being dashed to pieces in his fall. All this he repeats without a smile upon his countenance, and he expects you to believe it: but you may soon balance the account, for tell him what absurdity you will, he receives it with the utmost credulity, and is convinced of its truth. His courage is undoubted, for he will stand on the deck undismayed amidst the blood and slaughter of battle; yet on shore, he is seized with indescribable apprehensions at the sight of a coffin. The wailings of distress find a ready passport to his heart; but to disguise the real motives which prompt immediate aid, he swears that the object of his charity does not deserve a copper, yet gives a pound with only this provision—that the individual relieved does not bother him about gratitude. You may know him from a thousand; for though in his dress conspicuously neat, and his standing and running rigging in exact order, yet they are arranged with a certain careless ease, as if he had but just come down from reefing topsails. The truck at the masthead does not sit better than his tarpaulin hat, neither does the shoe upon the pea of the anchor fit tighter than his long-quartered pumps. Grog is his ambrosia, his *neck-tar;* and he takes it cold without sugar, that he may have the full smack of the rum.

And these are the characters at Greenwich Hospital, who, after fighting the battles of their country, are honoured with a palace. Oh, it was a proud display of national gratitude to such brave defenders! England has been compared to a huge marine animal, whose ports were its mouths, and whose navy formed its claws. What then is Greenwich but a receptacle for superannuated claws? I dearly love to get amongst them, —nearly two thousand shattered emblems of Britain's triumphs,—the returned stores of our naval glory. Ay, there they are with their snug little cabins, like turtles under their shells. But let us enter the

Painted Hall,

formerly the refectory for the pensioners, but now devoted to the commemoration of their gallant achievements. There are the portraits of the heroes of the olden time, whose memorials cannot perish; and there, too, is old Van Tromp, the Dutchman, who is honoured with a distinguished place amongst the brave of England's pride.

Here the old *blades* are a *cut* above the common; the small iron-bound officers who attend on visitors and point out the well-remembered features of commanders long since numbered with the dead.

"That 'ere, sir, on your right is the battle of Trafflygar," said a short, thickset man, apparently between sixty and seventy years of age. His countenance was one of mild benevolence, and yet there was a daring in his look that told at once a tale of unsubdued and noble intrepidity; whilst the deep bronze upon his skin was finely contrasted with the silky white locks that hung straggling on his brow.—"That 'ere, sir, is the battle of Trafflygar, in which I had the honor to be one."

"Were you with Nelson?" inquired I.

"I was, your honor," he replied, "and those were the proudest days of my life. I was with him when he bore up out of the line off Cape St. Vincent, and saved old Jarvis from disgrace. I was one of the boarders, too, when we took the Saint Joseph, —there's the picture, there in the middle of the hall;—and I was with him in that ship there,—the Victory,—though it aren't a bit like her,—and stationed on the quarter-deck at Trafflygar."

This was spoken with such an air of triumph, that the old man's features were lighted up with animation; it called to his remembrance scenes in which he had shared the glory of the day and saved his country. His eye sparkled with delight, as if he again saw the British ensign floating in the breeze as the proud signal for conquest; or was labouring at the oar with his darling chief, like a tutelar deity of old, guiding the boat through the yielding element, and leading on to some daring and desperate enterprise.

"I don't like the picture," said I; "the perspective is bad, and the ship is too long and flat; besides the colour is unnatural."

"Why, as for the matter of the *prospective*, sir," replied the veteran, "that's just what his present Majesty, God bless him! obsarved when he came to look at it; and for the colour, says the king, says he, 'why the painter must have thought he'd been cooking, for he's shoved the Victory into the hottest of the fire and done her brown;' it was too bad, your honor, to singe her in that 'ere fashion, like a *goose*. Mayhap, your honor aren't seen them there paintings of the battle at a place they call Exeter Hall, in the Strand. Now they are some-ut ship-shape, and the *heat* of the engagement *warms* a fellow's heart to look at. An ould tar of the name of Huggins painted 'em, and I'm sure it's right enough, for he's made the Victory *hugging* the enemy just as a bear would a baby. I could stand and look at them pictures for hours, till I fancied myself once more in the midst of it, measuring out fathoms of smoke and giving 'em full weight of metal. The Victory has just fell aboard the French Redhotable, and the Golision, as they calls it, gives each of 'em a *lust* different ways that looked so natural-like, that I felt myself getting a heel to port in the ould Victory as I looked at her. Then there's the gale o' wind arter the battle; why, blow my ould wig, but you may feel the breeze and shake yourself from the spray. God bless his Majesty!—for they are the king's, your honor;—long may he live to view 'em, and long may Huggins *hug* to windward under royal favor! I went to see him,—not the king, your honor, but Muster Huggins, and when he found I was 'the Old Sailor,' what gave some account of the life of a man-of-war's man in 'Greenwich Hospital,' he whips out his old quid, flings it into the fire, and we sported a fresh bit o' bacca on the strength of it.—That was a welcome worthy a great man, and he couldn't ha' done more for the king, though I aren't quite sure that his Majesty does chaw his pig-tail."

There certainly was ample scope for the remarks of my old friend, and I could not

but consider the picture a complete failure. "And so you were at Trafalgar," said I.

"Ay, and a glorious day it was, too, for Old England," replied the tar. "Never shall I forget the enthusiasm which animated every breast, as we bore down to engage; it was indeed a noble sight, and so your honor would have said, if you had but have seen the winged giants of the deep as they marched majestically before the breeze, all ready to hurl their thunders at the foe. But the best scenes were at the quarters, where the bold captains of each gun stood cool and undaunted, waiting for the word: but for the matter o' that every soul, fore and aft, seemed to be actuated by one and the same spirit. 'Look there, Ben,' said Sam Windsail, pointing out of the port-hole at the Royal Sovereign, just entering into action, 'look there, my Briton; see how she moves along, like a Phœnix in the midst of fire,—there's a sight would do any body's heart good. I'd bet my grog (and that's the *lick-sir* of life), I say I'd bet my grog agen a marine's button, that old Colly's having a desperate bowse at his breeches; he's clapping on a taut hand, I'll be bound for him.' Just then the Sovereign hauled up a little, and opened her fire. 'Didn't I say so,' continued Sam; 'look at that! my eyes but he makes 'em sheer agen! Well behaved, my sons of thunder! The old gemman knows the French are fond of dancing, so he's giving them a few *balls* and *routs!* Ay, ay, we shall be at it presently, never fear; our old chap aren't the boy to be long idle, but then, d'ye mind, he never does things by *halves;* so he loves close *quarters*, and as he is rather *near* with his cartridges, why he doesn't like to throw a shot away. Howsomever, he'll go it directly, like a doctor's written orders,—this powder and these pills to be taken immediately,—eh, Ben? Next comes funny-section, or flay-bottomy, as the surgeons call it:—my eyes, there goes old Colly's breeches agen, he'll make a breach in the enemy's line directly; ay, he's a right arnest sally-mander.' By this time, your honor, we'd got within gun-shot, and the enemy opened a tremendous fire upon the leading ships of our division, which played up old Scratch upon the fokstle, poop, and main-deck; for as we bore down nearly stem on, and there was but a light breeze, they raked us fore and aft.

"But I should have told you, sir, that just before going into action, the admiral walked round the quarters attended by the captain and, I thinks, Mr. Quillem, the first-leftenant, but I won't be sure. The gunner, Mr. Rivers, was along with 'em, I know, and a worthy old gemman he was; his son, a midshipman, was stationed on the same deck with us,—a fine spirited youth, with his light hair flowing about his ears and his little laughing eyes,—up to all manner of mischief. Well, round they came, and the hero seemed proud of his men; he stopped occasionally to speak to one and to another, and his keen eye saw in a moment if anything wasn't ship-shape. His countenance was rather stern, but there was a look of confidence that told us at once the day was our own;—nay, for the matter o' that, Sam Windsail began to reckon what he should buy for Poll with his prize-money.

"When they reached the quarters where young Rivers was stationed, Nelson looked at the son and then at the father, as much as to say, 'he's a fine youth, you ought to be proud of him,' as no doubt the old gemman was, for he knew his gallant boy would do his duty. But still the tender solicitude of a parent's heart is not to be repressed, however it may be concealed; and as he followed the admiral, his head was frequently turned back to take another look at his child, and perhaps he thought 'mayhap it may be the last.' Well, as I was saying before, the enemy's balls began to rattle into us like hail-stones through a gooseberry bush, and many a poor fellow was laid low. 'Arrah, bad manners to 'em, what do they mane by that?' cried Tim Doyle, as a whole shoal of shot travelled in one another's wake, and swept the entire range of the deck. 'Come, don't be skulking down there, Jack Noggin,' continued Tim, 'but lay hoult of the tackle-fall.' Jack never moved. 'Och bother, don't you mane to get up?' But poor Jack's glass was run, his cable was parted; so we launched his hull out at the port, stock and fluke.

"Mayhap you never saw a battle, sir. It

is no child's play, take my word for it. But the worst time is just before engaging, when silence reigns fore and aft, and a poor fellow douses his jacket without knowing whether he shall ever clap his rigging on agen. Then it is that home with all its sweet remembrances clings round the heart. Parents, or wife or children, become doubly dear, and the fond ties of kindred are linked by stronger bonds. Howsomever, as soon as the first shot is fired, and we get within a sort of shake-hands distance of the enemy, every other thought gives way to a steady discharge of duty.

"Well, d'ye see, close upon our quarter came the Trimmer-rare, 98, and as we hauled up a little, we brought our larboard broadside to bear upon the great Spanish four-decker;—there, that's she in the picture showing her galleries, just by the Victory's starn:—so we brought our broadside to bear, and oh, if you had but have seen the eager looks of the men as they pointed their guns, determined to make every shot tell,—and a famous mark she was, too, looming out of the water like Beachy-head in a fog. 'Stand by,' says Sam Windsail, looking along the sight with the match in his hand; 'stand by, my boy; so, so,—elevate her breech a bit,—that will do. Now, then, for the Santizzy-mama-Trinny-daddy, and I lay my life I knock daylight through his ribs. Fire!' and the barking irons gave mouth with all their thunder. A few minutes afterward, and slap we poured another raking broadside into the Spaniard, and then fell aboard a French seventy-four.

"Well, there, d'ye see, we lay, rubbing together with the muzzles of the lower deckers touching one another. When our guns were run in for loading, the ports were instantly occupied by the small-arm men, and several attempts were made to board the enemy. At this time one of the Frenchmen kept thrusting at us with a boarding-pike, and pricked Tim Doyle in the face. 'Och, the divil's cure to you!' bawled Tim; 'what do you mane by poking at me in that way? A joke's a joke, but poking a stick in a fellow's eye is no joke, anyhow; be aisey then, darlint, and mind your civility.' As soon as we had fired, in came the pike agen, and Tim got another taste of it. 'Och bother,' said Tim, 'if that's your tratement of a neighbour, the divil wouldn't live next door to yes! But faith, I'll make you come out o' that, and may be you'll be after just paying me a visit.' So he catches hold of a boat-hook that was triced up in a-midships, and watching his opportunity, he hooked Johnny Crapeau by the collar and lugged him out of one port-hole in at the other, without allowing him time to bid his shipmates good-bye. 'Is it me you'd be poking at, ye blackguard?' said Tim, giving him a thump with his fist. 'Is it Tim ye wanted to spit like a cock-sparrow or a tomtit? Arrah, swate bad luck to yes,—sit down and make yer life aisey; by the powers, there'll be a pair o'ye presently!' But Tim was disappointed, for they let down the lower deck ports for fear we should board them through the port-holes.

"Soon after, both ships dropped aboard the Trimmer-rare; and then we ploughed up the Frenchman's decks with our shot, whilst she lay grinding and groaning in betwixt us. It was just now that young Rivers was struck, and his leg knocked away; but his spirit remained unsubdued, and as they took him down to the cock-pit, he cheered with all his might, and shortly after the hero himself was conveyed below. At first, the news of his being wounded seemed to stagnate all hands, and each stood looking at the other in fearful anxiety; but in a few minutes resolution again returned, the shots were rammed home with redoubled strength, though at times the men would struggle with their feelings, and give vent to their grief and indignation. At every opportunity inquiries were made, and when the news of his death reached our quarters,—'He's gone!' said Sam, 'his anchor's a-weigh, and the blessed spirits are towing him to immortality.'

"But who is there, your honor, that remembers Nelson now? Even the car that carried his body to its last moorings has been broken up as useless lumber, though I did hear that a gemman offered two thousand guineas for it. Some parts are down in the

store-rooms, and some has been burnt for fire-wood. There's his picture and his stature to be sure, but I think they should have spared the car. Nelson was strict to his duty, and made all hands perform theirs; and when he punished one man, it was that he might not have to punish twenty, and every soul fore and aft knew what they had to do. The brave, the generous, the humane Collingwood too,—there's his picture, your honor; he is almost forgotten. Collingwood detested flogging; and when any captain came to him with a complaint of being short-handed through desertion, he would stand and hitch up his breeches, saying, 'Use your men better, sir; use your men better, and then they wouldn't leave you. My men, sir, never run; because they know they cannot get better treatment elsewhere.' He was also an avowed enemy to impressment, being well convinced that the British navy might be manned with volunteers, if Jack's peculiarities were only managed with kindness. But they are gone, sir, they are gone, and their authority is over; yet there are a few rough knots who can remember them,—ay, and cherish the remembrance in their hearts.

"Mr. Rivers is still living,—and there he is, your honor," said the veteran, pointing to an active man in lieutenant's uniform, who flourished his wooden pin as he descended the stone steps; "there he is, for he's now lieutenant of the college, and has a fine family just over the way there in the square. They ought to have made him a commander, at any rate, for I've seen him unbuckle his wooden leg and go aloft as quick as any topman in the ship; and there was but few could beat him at dancing, for it was quite delightful to see how he handled his timber support, and how the ladies and gemmen sheered out of his way for fear of their toes. Ah, there he goes agen, all life and spirit,—spinning his tough yarns and cracking his jokes, as full of fun as ever;—he's much prized by the governors, because he takes all the trouble off their hands."

"Is the portrait of Nelson considered a good likeness?" I inquired.

"My sight gets rather dim, sir," replied the veteran; "but before they put it up, when I could see it closer, I did not think it very like. Lord Collingwood's is by far the best."

At this moment I felt somewhat of a mischievous inclination to try the old man's temper, and therefore remarked, "Ay, he looks stern and scowling. Nelson was a brave man, no doubt, but then he was tyrannical and cruel."

The hoary tar turned round and stared me full in the face: a storm was gathering in his heart, or rather, like a vessel taken aback in a sudden squall, he stood perplexed as to which tack he should stand on. But it was only for a moment, and as his features relaxed their sternness he replied, "No matter, your honor,—no matter. You have been generous and kind, and I'm no dog to bite the hand that deals out bounty."

This seemed to be uttered with the mingling emotions of defiance and melancholy, and to urge him further, I continued,—"But, my friend, what can you say of the treatment poor Caraccioli experienced? You remember that, I suppose?"

"I do, indeed," he replied. "Poor old man! how earnestly he pleaded for the few short days which nature at the utmost would have allowed him! But, sir," added he, grasping my arm, "do you know what it is to have a fiend at the helm, who when Humanity cries 'port!' will clap it hard a-starboard in spite of you?—one who in loveliness and fascination is like an angel of light, but whose heart resembles an infernal machine, ready to explode whenever passion touches the secret spring of vengeance?"

I had merely put the question to him by way of joke, little expecting the result; but I had to listen to a tale of horror. "You give a pretty picture, truly, old friend," said I; "and pray who may this fiend be?"

"A woman, your honor,—one full of smiles and sweetness; but she could gaze with indifference on a deed of blood, and exult over the victim her perfidy betrayed. It is a long story, sir, but I must tell it you that you may not think Nelson was cruel or unjust. His generous heart was deceived, and brought a stain upon the British flag, which he afterwards washed out with his

blood. Obedience is the test of a seaman's duty—to reverence his king, and to fight for his country. This I have done, and therefore speak without fear, though I know nothing of parliaments and politics.

"Well, your honor, it was at the time when there was a mutiny among the people at Naples, and Prince Caraccioli was compelled to join one of the parties against the court; but afterwards a sort of amnesty, or *damnification* I think they call it, was passed by way of pardon to the rebels, many of whom surrendered, but they were all made prisoners and numbers of them were executed.

"Well, one day I was standing at the gangway getting the barge's sails ready, when a shore-boat came alongside full of people, who were making a terrible noise. At last they brought a venerable old man up the side; he was dressed as a peasant, and his arms were pinioned so tight behind that he seemed to be suffering considerable pain. As soon as they had all reached the deck, the rabble gathered round him, some cursing, others buffeting, and one wretch, unmindful of his grey hairs, spat upon him. This was too much to see and not to speak about; the man was their prisoner and they had him secure,—the very nature of his situation should have been sufficient protection; so I gave the unmannerly fellow a tap with this little fist," holding up a hand like a sledge-hammer, "and sent him flying into the boat again without the aid of a rope. 'Well done, Ben!' exclaimed a young midshipman, who is now a post-captain; 'Well done, my boy, I owe you a glass of grog for that; it was the best summerset I ever saw in my life.' 'Thank you for your *glass* o' grog, sir,' said I, 'you see I've made a *tumbler* already;' and indeed, your honor, he spun head over heels astonishingly clever. I was brought up to the quarter-deck for it, to be sure, because they said I had used the *why-hit-armis;* but I soon convinced them I had only used my fist, and the young officer who saw the transaction stood my friend, and so I got off.

"Well, there stood the old man as firm as the rock of Gibraltar; not a single feature betraying the anguish he must have felt. His face was turned away from the quarter-deck, and his head was uncovered in the presence of his enemies. The Neapolitans still kept up an incessant din, which brought the first-lieutenant to the gangway; he advanced behind the prisoner, and pushing aside the abusive rabble, swore at them pretty fiercely for their inhumanity, although at the same time seizing the old man roughly, he brought him in his front. 'What traitor have we here?' exclaimed the lieutenant; but checking himself on viewing the mild countenance of the prisoner, he gazed more intently upon upon him. 'Eh, no!—it surely cannot be:—and yet it is!'—his hat was instantly removed with every token of respect, as he continued—'it is the prince!'

"The old man with calm dignity bowed his hoary head to the salute, and at this moment Nelson himself, who had been disturbed by the shouting of the captors, came from his cabin to the quarter-deck, and advancing quickly to the scene, he called out in his hasty way when vexed, 'Am I to be eternally annoyed by the confusion these fellows create! What is the matter here?' But when his eye had caught the time-and-toil worn features of the prisoner, he sprang forward, and with his own hands commenced unbinding the cords. 'Monsters,' said he, 'is it thus that age should be treated?—Cowards, do you fear a weak and unarmed old man?—Honored prince, I grieve to see you degraded and injured by such baseness,—and now,' he added, as the last turn released his arms, 'dear Caraccioli, you are free!' I thought a tear roll down Nelson's cheek as he cast loose the lashings, which having finished, he took the prince's hand and they both walked aft together.

"They say the devil knows precisely the *nick* of time when the most mischief is to be done, and so it happened now; for a certain lady followed Nelson from the cabin, and approached him with her usual bewitching smile. But oh! your honor, how was that smile changed to the black scowl of a demon when she pierced the disguise of the peasant, and recognised the prince, who on some particular occasion had thwarted her views and treated her with indignity. It had

never been forgiven, and now—he was in her power. Forcibly she grasped Nelson by the arm and led him from the deck.

"'His doom is sealed,' said one of the lieutenants, conversing in an undertone with a brother-officer, 'no power on earth can save him.' 'On earth,' rejoined the other, 'no, nor in the air, nor in the ocean; for I suspect he will meet his death in the one, and find his grave in the other.' 'Yet surely,' said the surgeon who came up, 'the admiral will remember his former friendship for the prince, who once served under him. Every sympathetic feeling which is dear to a noble mind must operate to avert his death.' 'All the virtues in your medicine-chest, doctor,' rejoined the first, 'would not preserve him many hours from destruction, unless you could pour an opiate on the deadly malignity of ——.' Here he put his finger upon his lip, and walked away.

"Well, your honor, the old man was given up to his bitter foes, who went through the mockery of a court-martial,—for they condemned him first and tried him afterwards. In vain he implored for mercy; in vain he pleaded the proclamation, and pointed to his hoary head; in vain he solicited the mediation of Nelson, for a revengeful fury had possession of his better purposes, and damned the rising tide of generosity in the hero's soul; in vain he implored the pardon and intercession of ——; but here I follow the example of my officer, and lay my finger on my lip.

"The president of the court-martial was Caraccioli's personal enemy, and the poor old man was not allowed time to make a defence; he was sentenced to be hung, and his body to be thrown into the sea. I was near him, your honor, when he entreated Mr. Parkinson, one of the lieutenants, to go to Nelson and implore that he might be shot. Oh, if you had but have seen him grasp the officer's hand as he said, 'I am an old man, sir, and I have no family to leave behind to lament my death. Indeed I am not anxious to prolong my life, for at the utmost my days would be but few; but the disgrace of hanging,—to be exposed to the gaze of my enemies,—is really dreadful to me!'

"But every attempt to obtain a mitigation or a change of the sentence was unavailing, and at five o'clock that afternoon the brave old man, the veteran prince, in his eightieth year, hung suspended from the fore-yard-arm of a Neapolitan frigate he had once commanded,—for he was an admiral, your honor. Never shall I forget the burst of indignation with which the signal-gun was heard by our crew, and a simultaneous execration was uttered fore and aft.

"Nelson walked the deck with unusual quickness; nay, he almost ran, and every limb seemed violently agitated. He heard the half-suppressed murmurs of the men, and a conviction of dishonour seemed to be awakening in his mind. But oh, sir, where was pity, where was feminine delicacy and feeling? The lady approached him in the most seducing manner and attracted his attention: he stopped short, looked at her for a moment with stern severity, and again walked on. 'What ails you, Bronté?' said she; 'you appear to be ill,' and the witchery of her commanding look subdued the sternness of his features;—he gazed upon her and was tranquil. 'See!' said she, pointing out at the port to where the body of Caraccioli was still writhing in convulsive agony, 'see! his mortal struggles will soon be over. Poor prince! I grieve we could not save him. But come, Bronté, man the barge, and let us go and take a parting look at our old friend.' I shuddered, your honor, and actually looked down at her feet to see if I could make out any thing like a cloven hoof. 'The devil!' exclaimed a voice in a half-whisper behind me that made me start, for I thought the speaker had certainly made the discovery; but it was only one of the officers giving vent to his pious indignation.

"Well, the barge was manned, and away we pulled with Nelson and the lady round the ship where the unfortunate prince was hanging. He had no cap upon his head, nor was his face covered; but his white hair streamed in the breeze above the livid contortions which the last death-pang had left upon his features. The Neapolitans were shouting and insulting his memory; but they were rank cowards, for the truly brave will

never wreak their vengeance on a dead enemy.

"Nelson and the lady conversed in whispers; but it was plain to be seen his spirit was agonized, and his fair but frail companion was employing every art to soothe him. She affected to weep, but there was a glistening pleasure in her eyes as she looked at the corpse, which had well-nigh made the boat's crew set all duty at defiance. Nelson —and no man was better acquainted with the characteristics of a sailor—saw this, and ordered to be pulled on board. She upbraided him for what she called his weakness, but his soul was stirred beyond the power of her influence to control his actions.

"The body of the prince was taken out to a considerable distance in the bay, where it was thrown overboard with three heavy double-headed shot lashed between the legs; and, as the lieutenant said, 'he met his death in the air, and had his grave in the ocean.'

"About a fortnight after this, a pleasure party was made up by the royal family and nobility for an excursion on the water, and the barge, with Nelson and the lady, took the lead. It was a beautiful sight to see the gilded galleys with their silken canopies and bright pennons flashing in the sun, and reflecting their glittering beauties on the smooth surface of the clear blue waters, whilst the measured sweep of the oars kept time with the sweet sounds of music. Not a cloud veiled the sky, scarcely a breath curled the transparent crest of the gentle billow; all was gaiety, and mirth, and laughter.

"After pulling for several miles about the bay, we were returning towards the shore, when a curious-looking dark object,—something like a ship's buoy, appeared floating ahead of the barge. The bowmen were ordered to lay-in their oars, and see what it was; so the oars were laid in, and they stood ready with their boat-hooks, the coxswain steering direct on to it. As soon as the barge was near enough, the bowmen grappled it with the boat-hooks, but in an instant their hold was loosened again, and 'A dead body! a dead body!' was uttered in a suppressed tone by both. The boat held on her way, and as the corpse passed astern, the face turned towards the lady and showed the well-remembered countenance of poor Caraccioli. Yes, as the officer had said, 'the ocean had been his grave;' but that grave had given up its dead, and the lady seldom smiled afterwards.

"Nelson hailed one of the cutters that were in attendance, and directed that the body should be taken on board and receive the funeral ceremonies suitable to the rank which the unfortunate prince had held whilst living. The music ceased its joyous sounds for notes of melancholy wailing, and the voice of mirth was changed to lamentation and sadness.

"Years passed away, and Nelson fell in the hour of victory; but the lady, ah! her end was terrible. The murdered prince was ever present to her mind; and as she lay upon her death-bed, like a stranded wreck that would never more spread canvas to the breeze, her groans, her shrieks were still on Caraccioli. 'I see him!' she would cry, 'there, there!—look at his white locks and his straining eyeballs! England,—England is ungrateful, or this would have been prevented! But I follow—I follow!'—and then she would shriek with dismay and hide herself from sight. But she is gone, your honor, to give in her dead-reckoning to the Judge of all. She died in a foreign land, without one real friend to close her eyes; and she was buried in a stranger's grave, without one mourner to weep upon the turf which covered her remains."

Here the veteran ceased, and folding his arms, he held down his head as if communing with his own heart and struggling to dispel the visions which his narration had conjured up. I cautiously refrained from disturbing him, till by a sudden gulp or seasigh, like the expiring gale when at its last gasp, he gave indications of having becalmed his feelings, and we moved onwards up the steps into the body of the Hall, till we stood before the fine painting of the Battle of the Nile, by G. Arnald.

"There, your honor," exclaimed the veteran, whilst his eye sparkled with glowing recollections, "look there, your honor; isn't that a sight to awaken old remembrances?

It's worth a hundred of that yonder, which is neither ship-shape nor Bristol fashion, as I take it, for an officer in boarding to be rigged out as if he was going to a ball. Mayhap, howsomever, it may be all well enough for landsmen and marines to look at, because it's pretty; but the eye of a seaman only glances at it with contempt." The subject of his last observations was a painting of Nelson boarding the San Josef of 112 guns in the battle off St. Vincent. "I told you before I was with him in both *doos;* but, Lord love your heart, it was another sort of a consarn than that 'ere; for there warn't no fighting on the quarter-deck of the three-decker,—all the fighting were in the San Nickylas as we boarded first. But here's a pretty picture, your honor," pointing to a small but beautiful painting of the recapture of the Hermione frigate by Sir Edward Hamilton, "and it tells a tale too! Well, thank God, I never sailed with a tyrannical captain! and there was one,—a lord,—who used to boast he had flogged every man in his ship."

"I never knew that Sir Edward Hamilton was severe," said I, "for I had always been given to understand that he was a smart but humane officer."

"I didn't mean him, sir," replied the veteran, "it was another sort of person; but he was murdered, and in cold blood too. I have heard the tale often, for old Hughes, who died boatswain of the Laurel frigate, was an old shipmate of mine, and he was in the Hermione at the time of the mutiny. 'Twas a shocking affair," added the old man, shaking his head, "and who could think that whilst the beautiful moon was shedding her pale light,—not but I'm thinking the moon has no business in that 'ere picture, any more than it had to be up such a night as that at all; but the painters can stick a moon just where they like, though it destroys the tale they have to tell. Besides, Captain Hamilton wouldn't be likely to want even so much as the blink of a purser's lantern to show the Spaniards he was coming."

I assented to the argument, and was struck with the truth it conveyed; the moon certainly gave a charming light to the picture, but the eye of practical experience detected the incongruity, though perhaps not till that very moment when the heart was more immediately interested in the subject. The circumstances connected with the recapture of the Hermione, and her having previously fallen into the enemy's hands, were revived in my memory; but I felt a strong desire to hear the story from my aged *chaperon*, and after a few observations he indulged me.

"Them as wishes to know what a seaman can do, sir," said the old man, "should study a little of their cha-rackter. Thank God, the day's gone by when the cat was considered the best means of freshening a poor devil's way, or keeping a good man to his duty. I can remember when I was a young top-man, and the hands were turned up, there was always a boatswain's mate stationed at each hatchway to start the last man on the ladder, and sometimes half a dozen of the hindmost would get well started before they set foot on deck; it was harassing work and produced great discontent, because, d'ye mind, as there must always be somebody last, it stands to reason there was no escaping. Well, as I said, this, with many other grievances, occasioned the men to be dissatisfied, and brought about that toast which I am sorry to say was but too common between decks, though certainly there was a goodish scope of provocation when all the bearings of the thing is correctly worked;—I mean the toast, 'A dark night, a sharp knife, and a bloody blanket!' Now, your honor, 'tis impossible to tell which man saves his strength, when a gang is tailing-on to a taut rope; but a lubber who skulks in the lee-rigging when he ought to be shinning away aloft to take in a reef or toss up a sail is soon found out, and mayhap a cuff or two would make him quicker in turning to windward; but when the end of a rope flies about indiscriminately and everybody is in constant dread of the gangway, it becomes *grating* to the feelings. Not, sir, that I hold with the attempts to make Jack Nasty-face a gentleman; for if so be as they goes to destroy the peculiarities which mark a regular man-o'-war's man, they'll have to make a few curious entries in the log-book before they've done."

"But about the Hermione," said I; "she has a beautiful appearance in the picture; her yards are nicely squared, and she looks all ready for sea. But, come, let's hear how the Spaniards captured her."

"Captured her!" exclaimed the veteran; "no, no, they didn't capture her; she was run away with by her own crew, and a horrible deed of blood they made of it. It was in the month of September, —97; the frigate was cruising off the west-end of Porto Rico, just jogging off and on, and now and then taking a peep into Port-au-Prince, and that way, to look arter the enemy. She was commanded by Captain P——, whose very natur was that of a tyrant, and a cruel one too; for, by all accounts, he scored the smallest offence upon the bare back of the offender, and very often punished, because the whim took him in the head, for no offence at all. The ship's company were none of the best, to be sure; there was a sprinkling of all nations, and not a few with C. P. alongside o' their names."

"C. P." said I; "what does C. P. mean?"

"Why, your honor, it just means this here," replied the old man. "You must understand that when some know-nothing rascal has been caught in a crowd, and suspected of dipping his grappling hooks—" here the veteran crook'd his fingers—"into a neighbour's pocket, if so be they couldn't bring it slap home to him, the magistrates sent him on board a man-o'-war to teach him honesty, and thus a pretty set of the scum and scrapings of villainy,—a sort of devil's own,—contaminated the sarvice; and the C. P. was a kind of curse o' Cromwell upon 'em,—a mark of Cain, denoting they were shipped by the CIVIL POWER, and the master-at-arms had 'special orders to watch their motions."

"And did this really take place?" inquired I; "was the navy made a condemned service for convicts?"

"It was, indeed," replied the old pensioner, "till it got to be a kind of Solomon's proverb, that 'a king's ship and the gallows refused nobody,' and the tars, that had always done their duty in battle and in storm, felt it a great degradation to be mustered with felons and jail-birds, and rely upon it, your honor, it prevented many a brave lad from volunteering; for who would go for to enter the sarvice, when almost every ship had a black list as long as the main-top bowline. Besides, there was another consarn that bred evils as fast as barnacles grows on the bottom of a dull sailer. D'ye mind, the fellows didn't love work, and when there was a fresh breeze, they either skulked down below, or got kicked about upon deck like a Muscovy duck in the lee scuppers, and a captain was often obliged to flog even against his own inclination. In course of time, the lubberly sons of ——— chafed his temper till the strands parted, and then he became severe, and from severity proceeded to cruelty, till discrimination was foundered, and the cat's tails were felt by the good man as well as the bad. Now this was very likely the case with Captain P——, and I'm the more strengthened in the likelihoods of it by what followed; for though in the heat of passion reason is shrivelled and scorched up like the fag-end of an exploded cartridge, and a man may be driven to dye his hands in the blood of a countryman, yet when passion has grown cool, and the beatings of the heart have become steady and true, like the droppings of the sand in the half-hour glass, none but a murderer,—a detestable, cowardly, craven-breasted murderer,—would bury his knife in the body of youth. Shame! shame!" exclaimed the veteran, as he shook his hoary head, and his cheeks assumed a flush of abhorrent indignation; "shame! shame!—but I forget all this time I aren't telling you the story. Captain P——, sir, always came out of his cabin arter dinner,—you mind me, sir, *arter dinner*,—and had the hands turned up to reef top-sails; and if they were more than two minutes and a half about it, he flogged the last man who came off each yard. Well, on the day before the mutiny—I think I told you there was a mutiny, but if not I tell you so now,—on the day before the mutiny, the hands were turned up as usual, and the mizen-top-men were rather slack in stays; so he—that's the captain, your honor,—swore he would flog the last man off the mizen-top-sail

yard. Now you must understand, the smartest seamen are always at the yard-arms to haul out the earrings, and consequently, unless they can spring over the heads of the other top-men, they must be the last to lie-in. Well, so it happened this evening, and the two captains of the top, knowing that their commander would keep his word, made a spring for the top-mast rigging; in their haste and fear they missed their grasp, and fell on to the quarter-deck. They were both young, active men, and were much beloved by the ship's company; they had gone aloft full of spirit and vigour, desirous to obey orders; the last beams of the sun, as it just touched the verge of the horizon, shone upon their light but manly frames stretching out to secure the leeches of the sail to the yard: and before the upper limb of the bright luminary had disappeared, they laid stretched on the deck, each a lifeless and mangled corpse! It's hard lines that, your honor;" and the veteran held down his head in mournful cogitation.

"Hard lines indeed, old friend," said I; "and really, it seems surprising that men should so far forget the social ties, which in every station ought to bind together the brethren of the *dust*, as to commit deliberate acts of cruelty."

"Mayhap you're right, sir," answered the pensioner, "though I can't say exactly as I understands it all. As for being *dustmen*, we arn't got no such great matter of dust at sea, because of the soakings we get; and sailors are apt to moisten their *clay* a bit when they can lay hold of the stuff. But with regard to the cruelty! there unfortunately was too much of it. But to return to my story. The poor lads were carried below, and many a half-stifled curse was muttered as their shipmates touched the shattered limbs, and stained their hands in the blood of innocence. A silent, but deep feeling of revenge passed from heart to heart; the face was calm and smooth, but there was a storm in the breast that raged with fury. Well, your honor, the surgeon reported to Mr. Spriggs, the first-lieutenant, that the lads were both dead; and he—that's the first-lieutenant,—told the captain, who immediately said, 'Throw the lubbers overboard.' And this was done,—for to have read any sarvice over them would have been insult and mockery; and thus were two human beings sent out of the world worse than dogs. Not that I think a cast of the parson's office is of any great consequence to a dead man; but nevertheless, the living like to see things o' that kind done somewhat ship-shape, and besides there's many a warm glow of friendship lighted up among messmates, when natur stirs within 'em over an ocean grave. The words 'We commit his body to the deep,' that deep whose surface is as familiar to a seaman as the face of the mother is to the infant, and under 'the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection,'—oh, your honor, I can't explain what I mean, but take an old tar's word that there's none so sensible of the power of the Almighty as them who are constantly hearing his voice upon the waters, and who so often witness the opening of his hands to loose the tempest." The veteran paused for a moment or two, gazing intently upon the picture, as if the scene he had described was present to his view; he then continued, "The hands were called on deck and very threatening language used to them, and some were particularly pointed out as the next to be seized up at the gangway. That night, when the watch below was turned in, there was a secret meeting of the petty officers, and a plan was arranged for taking possession of the ship; no one mentioned murder, but each one knew by the wolfish strugglings of vengeance in his breast, that blood must be shed before their purpose could be achieved. The ringleaders were French *refugers*, who were fighting against their own country and had no love for ours,—fellows that it was dangerous to trust; and yet what is very remarkable, the captain does not appear to have suspected evil designs, so confident was he of his own supposed superiority in preserving discipline. But there was one whose eyes looked on with anxious apprehensions,—for like the soundings to the pilot, those eyes had studied the various changes in the features of man to fathom out the depths of the heart,—it was woman, your honor. Fanny Martin was the

boatswain's wife, and though without larning and that sort of eddyfication, she loved her husband and trembled for his safety; for he had had some words with one of the master's mates of the name of Farmer, and she strongly suspected Farmer was bent upon mischief, particularly as she saw him during the next day holding mysterious communications with the people, and having the keys of the spirit-room to get up the grog, he had distributed extra allowance amongst the disaffected.

"Well, your honor, during the day she kept her secret, and watchfully observed what was going on. In the evening she sat upon the fokstle with her husband, who was a hasty passionate man, and as they watched the declining sun bathing his golden beams in the blue waters, she gave such intimations as partially aroused the boatswain to something like a sense of the truth. She talked to him of the village which had been the home of their childhood, she recalled to his recollection their early love,—for women enter all these things in the log-book of memory, with a sort of natural instinct,—and when she had awakened a feeling of tenderness, she pointed out to him the horrible suspicions which tortured her. But though distrust was stirred up, yet the haughty and rough seaman disdained to acknowledge its effects, or take any steps to prevent the mischief that was brewing, like a white squall in a clear sky. And who that looked upon the beautiful creatur,—for she was a sweet ship, your honor,—I say, who could look upon the beautiful creatur as she lay gently rolling on the glassy surface of the light swell, like a handsome woman viewing her shapes in a clear mirror,—who would have thought, in that still, calm evening hour, that the red eyes of murderous vengeance were glaring on the scene? But the sun set upon those who were never to see it rise again, and the mountain islands faded away in the gloom, never more to be gazed at by the doomed ones.

"Night came; the officer of the watch was walking the deck, and the look-outs were alone seen as they stood at their several posts. Suddenly there was a simultaneous shout came rolling up the fore-hatchway, arousing the sleepers and alarming those who were awake. The lieutenant of the watch, Mr. Douglas, ran forward on the main-deck, but was immediately driven back by the shot which the seamen were throwing about. The first-lieutenant hurried to the spot; but whilst descending the fore-ladder, he received a severe wound in the arm from the blow of a tomahawk, and seeing there was no use in going down in the dark amongst 'em, he made a grab at the man next him, and dragged the fellow on to the main-deck. But Farmer, the master's mate, rushed upon the lieutenant and rescued the prisoner, who joined his shipmates down below. Both lieutenants returned to the quarter-deck for arms, but the mutineers had taken care to remove the cutlasses and boarding pikes out of the way; the officers could find nothing but a handspike or two, and the first-lieutenant, with no other means of defence than his dirk, again went forward among the men.

"By this time, the marines had mustered aft on the quarter-deck, and the captain, hearing the noise, ran up the companion and found the utmost confusion prevailing; the marines' muskets and side-arms had been seized, and the sodgers crowded together without knowing what to do, for their officer was hove down sick in his cot. Captain P—— called for the first-lieutenant, and being told that he had gone forward, he immediately followed; the shot, however, drove him back for the moment, but he again advanced along the main-deck with a pistol in each hand, and three or four marines with lights. But I must tell your honor the rest in Hughes's own words, for he witnessed the whole, and I'm thinking the horrors of that night never left his mind. Whether he took part or not in the transactions was never known, but he afterwards gave evidence agin many of the mutineers, and was the chief cause of their being hung at the fore-yard-arm of the old Gladiator, at Portsmouth. I sailed with him three years, and never saw him smile; sometimes he would rave when darkness shut out every object from the sight, and the mind had nothing to rest on but the gloomy imaginings of a tortured spirit. They

said he had been well edecated, and I know he was always reading at every moment he was off deck and could spare time from duty, —sometimes for hours together with the Bible in his hands, and at other times with a book he called Wolltear. He used to swear a good round stick, too, but he always spliced a bit of a prayer to the fag-end of his oaths; though occasionally he would turn 'em end-for-end, and begin with the prayer first, knotting it with a double-wall damme, which he afterwards crowned with an Amen." He paused for a minute, and then he commenced with the following statement of

The Mutiny.

"I was standing 'tween the bits (says Hughes), when the first-lieutenant came forward the second time, and his bare dirk was in his hand. 'Return to your duty, men, and don't disgrace your country,' said Mr. Spriggs; but they again shouted, and Bill Oates threw a billet of wood at the officer, which knocked his legs from under him. At that instant the captain's coxswain rushed at the lieutenant, one of the fokstle men seized the dirk, and together they held him down.

"'Villains!' said the lieutenant, 'mutinous dogs! will you murder me?' and he made a desperate struggle to rise, whilst his voice seemed to be getting more husky and thick, as if they were strangling him. All at once he gave a shriek, and I thought the running bowline had slipped; then there was a low, moaning, gurgling sound, a convulsive throe of the body,—and he lay quite still. The coxswain and his companion came away just as the captain ran from aft with the lights. The marines raised the poor lieutenant up by the arms, but, oh God! the lights gleamed upon a stream of blood, and a deep gash in the throat opened its yawning mouth,—the head of the lieutenant fell backward between his shoulder blades, for it was nearly severed from the body. The captain gazed at the corpse for a moment, then raising his pistols, he snapped the triggers at Farmer, who laughed,—no, it warn't a laugh, it was a yell of defiance,—the charges had been drawn.

"The men, led by Farmer on the starboard side, and the coxswain on the larboard side, moved in two compact bodies aft, driving the captain, the two lieutenants, the boatswain, and the midshipmen of the watch afore 'em. By the main ladder the latter party faced about, and the captain, seeing the coxswain acting as a ringleader, upbraided him for his ingratitude, for he had always been a great favorite with Captain P——, and had followed him from ship to ship, receiving many marks of kindness for upwards of five years. The coxswain cheered on the men, and darting at the captain, stabbed him severely with a bay'net: this was the signal for massacre. The captain retreated to his cabin, which was soon filled with the mutineers, and every one seemed anxious to have a cut at him. He staggered to his chair and sat down, whilst those who had been the victims of his cruelty and oppression, mangled him in the fleshy parts of his body, and every wound was accompanied by a bitter taunt, or a hellish imprecation. He implored for no mercy, for he saw it would be useless;—he did not deprecate their vengeance, for the hand he had prized most was the first to stab, and therefore it was in vain to hope for life. He continued sternly silent, till he fell from his chair through weakness, caused by the out-flowing of the tide of existence. A horrible shout shook the cabin when they saw him prostrate, and raising him in their arms, they sallied aft and launched the body out of the stern windows. I heard it splash as it fell upon the dark waters,—I heard his shout of 'murder' and 'revenge' repeatedly as he went astern, but the waves closed over him, and he was seen no more.

"A short but ineffectual struggle took place upon the quarter-deck, where the marines still adhered to the officers; but they were soon subdued, and after being horribly mutilated, were thrown overboard. As soon as the mutineers had obtained possession, Farmer took command, and it was intended to haul in for St. Domingo; but fearing that daylight would bring 'em in with some of the British cruisers, it was agreed upon to up-helm and run down to the Spanish main.

"The work of destruction was not, however, yet complete;—the boatswain had been discovered in his store-room, (where he had concealed himself at the earnest entreaties of his wife) and dragged upon deck. Poor Fanny Martin implored Farmer to spare his life; but the boatswain set the mutineers at defiance, and swore they would one day or other be frying in hell for their wickedness.

"'Fore yard-arm, there!' cried out Farmer, 'have you got a good seizing for that block?'

"The boatswain turned pale, for he well knew the hint this was meant to convey, though his wife did not; and grasping Farmer by the arm, he exclaimed, 'No, you never can mean that!—Bill, we've sailed together and fought together;—did you ever know me shrink from the gale, or tremble at my gun? Here am I,—ready to live or die, just as your breath may turn the vane,—indeed I ax no mercy for myself,——'

"'Is the yard-rope rove?' inquired Farmer, trying to free himself from the other's hold.

"'Ay, ay,' was the response from the fokstle.

"'Then,' continued Farmer, 'Martin, say any prayers you know, for by every fiend in ——, you swing up there in ten minutes from this time.'

"'Consider Farmer,' expostulated the boatswain, 'we've been messmates and have shared each other's dangers; you may take my life, but do not, do not disgrace me in my death;—nay, you cannot hang me like a dog!'

"Poor Fanny had remained silently clinging to her husband during this conversation, insensible to its true meaning; but when the last expression escaped the boatswain's lips, the truth flashed upon her, and wildly shrieking, she fell at Farmer's feet, embraced his knees, and in the most frantic and abject terms implored for her husband's life.

"'Force her away,' commanded Farmer, in a voice of thunder to some of the seamen who had gathered round, 'and, Martin, to your prayers; the sand is fast running through the glass,—to your prayers, man—to your prayers, I say,' and the wretch laughed like a demon.

"'Avast, avast, Bill,' said the boatswain, 'I am yet an officer, and don't disgrace the cloth! Stand back, you lubberly son of a ——' he exclaimed, throwing from him with herculean strength one of his own mates, who was attempting to put the noose over his head, and then addressing the people, he uttered in a clear voice, 'Shipmates, I only ask to die like a man. If my death-warrant is sealed, what matters it to you whether I go out of the world by a musket-ball or in a sling.—Nay, shipmates, you cannot do it,—and in the presence of her, too,'—his voice faltered for a moment,—'it would be a disgrace to a blue-jacket for ever.—But,' observing their unchanged countenances, 'I see my appeal is vain, and I must bear it as a brave man ought. Farmer, this will be a leak to sink your soul in that day when we come to pass our accounts. I know but little of prayers; I've served my country with faithfulness, and every action of my life is known to the Almighty. If I've done my duty to my king,—to my fellow-creatures, and to she who now witnesses my murder, God already knows it, so it's of no use overhauling them consarns now; and if I have not done it, then I take it five minutes will hardly mend the matter. Fanny,' he continued, softening his voice, 'you have been my friend, my companion, in fair weather and in foul; they will not, cannot, injure you, girl; and when you go back to where I need not name, tell the old folks,'—here his voice again faltered and his lips quivered, which gave rise to an obscene jest from a bystander,—'Be decent, fellow,' he continued, 'a brave man never insults his prisoner. My conscience is clear from having ever wilfully done wrong;—will yours be so when the last death-grapple comes?'

"'Cease this d—— folly!' exclaimed Farmer; 'your time is nearly up, and by Heaven——'

"'Swear not by Heaven, Bill,' said the boatswain solemnly, 'you have done with it, and it has done with you. Come, Fanny, one clasp to my heart before we are separated,' and he threw his arms round his sinking wife, who seemed scarce conscious of her existence.

"'Waist there! is the yard-rope manned?' exclaimed Farmer.

"'Ay, ay, all ready,' was the response.

"'Will you not take her below?' said the boatswain beseechingly.

"'No, no,' vociferated some of the top-men; 'she has often seen us dance aloft, and now she shall see you.'

"'Farmer, will you suffer this?' said the boatswain.

"They will have it so," returned the master's mate, doggedly.

"'Then, by that Heaven which you have abjured, they shall be disappointed. I will not perish like a dog.'

"He sprang forward, and with his heavy blows felled several to the deck. At first, old remembrances of his prowess made the mutineers give way before his impetuous attack, but it was only momentary; a dozen cutlasses gleamed in the air; there was a whizzing noise of flourishing tomahawks, and the boatswain fell dead beneath the blows, covered with wounds. Happily his wife had fainted; she had seen her husband struck, but she was spared the pang of witnessing his bloody corpse being thrown overboard, which was done immediately. 'Oh, God! where is thine eye of retribution!—(Hughes would cry out)—lay bare thine arm! But thou hast poured out the phials of thy wrath, and justice has received her due!'

"Well, messmate, whilst this was passing at the starboard gangway, the coxswain and his gang were making quick work of the other officers. They had secured the two lieutenants, the purser, the doctor, the captain's clerk, and a little lad—a midshipman, who with the gallantry of riper years stood undauntedly among the rest, and there were also four or five seamen who had made themselves obnoxious to the mutineers; they were all butchered, mangled, cut to pieces, and committed to the deep. The little midshipman was stabbed to the heart,—I saw it myself; the boy fell shouting, and with that shout expired. But there was yet another victim. I told you the marine officer was sick in his hammock, and being weak from long illness could offer no resistance; indeed, he scarcely knew what was doing. Now, messmate, may perdition alight upon their bloody heads for that horrid cruelty! They brought the young officer on deck; his ghastly features, pale and wasted from disease, excited no pity, and with the balance trembling between life and death he was thrown over the taffrail, and left to struggle for a few useless moments, when he sunk beneath the waves, and his murder was added to the black catalogue of hellish guilt.

"Day dawned, and dawned in splendor. The sun upon the horizon shed his red light, rendering the gory deck more bloody in its aspect; and there stood the mutineers, contemplating the horrible deeds they had so lately perpetrated, and scanning each other with looks of silent mistrust, as if every man suspected that his shipmate would betray him. Farmer stood upon the after-gun on the starboard side, one elbow resting on the hammock-rail and his head reclined upon his hand; the flush of intemperance was on his cheeks, and his restless eye wandered hither and thither, as if tracking the crimson stains of carnage that his villainy had caused. The horizon was now one flood of clear transparent light, the blue waters marking the line between the dark ocean and crystal sky. The gallant frigate danced merrily before the breeze, but excepting the squaring of the yards, no additional canvas had been spread to accelerate her way.

"Suddenly a man on the fokstle exclaimed, 'Sail, O!' Farmer started from his reverie, and every limb of his body was for an instant palsied; whilst the seamen, as if struck by an enchanter's wand, stood motionless and still. 'Sail, O!' repeated the man. It aroused them from their stupor; a thousand sickly apprehensions rushed upon their minds, and all was instantly bustle and alarm. Farmer walked forward, and then hailed one of the quarter-masters to bring him the glass out of the cabin. The glass was brought—it was the captain's; and as he took it in his hand, it was plainly seen, by the quick changes of his countenance, that there was a tempest in his soul.

"The sail was now distinctly visible about two points on the larboard beam, her hull

rising from the water, and her masts showing she was a ship, whilst their position indicated she was crossing the frigate's track. Farmer raised the glass to his eye; there was a breathless silence fore-and-aft. His look was long and earnest; not a muscle of his features moved, his very pulsation seemed to be suspended: at last, he gave a shivering gasp, and drew his breath convulsively. The coxswain approached, and took his spell at the glass, but his glance was only momentary; he returned it to Farmer. They looked in each other's face, but neither spoke his thoughts.

"'Bring Mr. Southcott on deck,' exclaimed Farmer, 'and see that he is well guarded.'

"In a few minutes Mr. Southcott, the master, was brought on to the fokstle, between two seamen with naked cutlasses and loaded pistols. The undaunted officer, expecting that the hour of his death had arrived, stood firm and erect in front of the mutineer, and his steady gaze fixed so intently upon him, that Farmer shrunk from before it. At length the latter said, 'No harm is meant you, Mr. Southcott; but have the goodness to take the glass, and tell me what you make out yon ship to be,' pointing towards it.

"'Is there a sail?' exclaimed the master. 'Ay, I see it,—thank Heaven!' and he took the glass.

"'Her yards show square,' said Farmer.

"'They do,' replied the master; 'but the merchantmen now spread a broad cloth in these seas.'

"'She has a middle and a royal staysail set,' continued Farmer. The master assented.

"'She is carrying everything that can draw a cap-full of wind,' said Farmer.

"'She is so,' replied the master; 'but West-Indiamen have many flying kites nowadays.'

"'Mr. Southcott,' exclaimed Farmer in his harsh hoarse voice, 'you know that yon hooker is no West-Indiaman. You would deceive me, sir!—That new cloth in the main-top-sail, that milk-white flying jib, and the cloud of canvas that flutters from the main-yard tell me that it is the——'

"'What?' exclaimed the master, suddenly starting from the recumbent posture in which he had been looking at the ship, and again fixing his eyes upon his traitorous mate.

"'Sail, O!' shouted a man from the starboard cat-head; 'a brig under the land, and a ship inshore of her.'

"'Yes, yes,' said Farmer, "'tis the Favorite and the Drake; but their legs were never made to catch us. Come, Mr. Southcott, the name of the stranger yonder,' pointing to the vessel first seen. 'I wish the men to hear it from your lips, that they may think of running gantlines and hangman's knots, and know their doom if they surrender.' He again applied the glass to his eye; 'she has bore up a couple of points, and is setting her studding-sails. Speak, sir! is it not the Mermaid?—You are silent, but it matters not. Take him below.'

"'Yes, Farmer,' said the master, 'thank God, it is the Mermaid, and therefore you cannot hope to escape. Your captain and officers are murdered by your orders——'

"'Nay, nay, not by my orders, Mr. Southcott,' said Farmer. 'We have all been tarred with the same brush; but what would you propose?'

"'Resign the command you have assumed to me,' replied the master; 'and men!' he shouted at the top of his voice, 'mistaken men! return to your——'

"'Silence, sir!' thundered Farmer, clapping his hand to the master's mouth; and then, turning to the men who had crowded up from below and filled the fokstle and gangways, he said, 'Shipmates, yon sail is our old consort, the Mermaid. Mr. Southcott proposes you should surrender, and of course all of us know our doom. But though, mayhap, some may be spared by royal mercy—such mercy as you have already had, which of you can point out the men? No, no, my lads, we've gone too far to retract; and for my part, I would rather flash a pistol in the magazine than again serve under British bunting, even if my life were sure. What do you say, men?'

"The seamen crowded together, irresolute; the petty officers gathered round Farmer, whilst those who had been least active in the

mutiny seemed half inclined to follow the counsel of the master. 'Shipmates!' said Farmer, 'I wish to try your mettle. Think of a public execution! The yard-rope rove, the signal gun, and a death of infamy! Most of you have had your noble bravery and gallant daring already rewarded with the cat; but what is a dozen or two at the gangway, compared with flogging through the fleet! and with left-handed boatswains' mates to cross the lashes! But our case is far from desperate; we have handled the gun-tackles before to-day, even if it should come to the worst.'

"'You will not dare to fight,' said the master; 'or if you do, where are those intrepid men who directed all your movements? Farmer, I am told it was your hand that struck down my poor messmate, Douglas; it was a damnable deed, for you must have remembered that he saved your life last April, when cutting out at Jean Rabel——'

"'Take him below!' roared Farmer. 'This is no time to think or talk of the past; and d'ye mind me, Mr. Southcott, clap a stopper on your tongue, or else—; you understand me, sir.'

"'I do,' replied the master, 'and defy you. What! have I been playing at ducks and drakes with death so many years, and fear to meet him now? My king, my country demand my services, and when I disgrace my colors, then brand me traitor, and——'

"'Away with him!' again shouted Farmer, 'and if he offers to speak, gag him with a wet nipper. Away with him! I say,' and the master was dragged off the deck. Farmer then turned to the petty officers, 'Shipmates, we must speedily decide. What say you, Oates?'

"'She is yet four or five miles off; let us crack on studding-sails alow and aloft, and my life for it we run her hull down by dark.'

"'The Mermaid has the heels of us, going free,' replied Farmer, 'and could spare us the t'galln't-sails. Should we make sail, 'twill only arouse suspicion. Your advice, Jennings.'

"'We could always fore-reach and weather upon the Mermaid on a bow-line,' answered the man addressed; 'so why not haul to the wind on the starboard tack, go between the islands, and make for the first port?'

"'Yes,' said Farmer with a sneer, 'and there are two cruisers now in sight in-shore of us; we know the Magician and the Zephyr are somewhere in the neighbourhood; it certainly would be wise to run into their jaws. Speak, shipmate,' turning to the coxswain, 'what's to be done?'

"'We might get close in-shore, abandon the frigate, and take to the boats,' replied the coxswain.

"'And going without compensation in our hands,' rejoined Farmer, 'be delivered up as mutineers, or confined in dungeons as prisoners of war! We have no further time for argument; men, will you obey my orders, or shall I here abandon you to your fate?'

"'Every man will obey,' was shouted by the crew, 'either to fight or fly!'

"'Tis well,' replied Farmer. 'Brace the yards up, and let her come to the wind on the larboard tack; afterguard, rig the whip and wash the decks down. Topmen, away aloft; keep snugly to leeward,—see that all your studding-sail gear is properly rove, and have everything ready for shaking out a reef and setting the royals. Boatswain's mate send a gang below to bring the hammocks up; and, quarter-masters, to your stations in stowing them. Call the gunner's crew, and tell them to go round the quarters and see everything in its place. Signal-man! bend the colors at the peak, and have our number ready to show at the main. Main-top there! —stand by to hoist the pennant, and mind it blows out clear. Be smart, my lads: one lubberly act would make them suspect that Captain P—— was not on board, or that his cat had lost its tails.'

"In a few minutes every man was at his appointed station, and the duty was carrying on with as much alacrity and attention as if nothing had happened. The Mermaid, a two-and-thirty gun frigate, was nearing them fast, and the cruizers inshore were stretching out from the land to join her.

"'The frigate is speaking to us with his bunting, sir,' exclaimed the signal-man; 'she is showing her distinguishing pennants.'

"Farmer clapped his hands in ecstasy. 'By Heaven! it never struck me Captain P—— was the senior captain. Hoist the ensign and pennant;—bear a hand with the number, and see that the flags blow clear!' He directed his glass to the Mermaid, and looked intently for a minute or two. 'She sees it:—haul down! And now, my lad, make the Mermaid's signal to make all sail in chase to the north-east: bend on the preparatory flag at the main and her pennants at the mizen, and have all ready abaft to telegraph:—it will amuse the fools and keep them from being too familiar. Is the signal hoisted?'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the signal-man, 'there it flies in as many colors as a dying dolphin;—and there goes the answering pennant at the frigate's main; haul down, my boys.'

"The moody gloom left Farmer's brow, as he saw by the Mermaid's manœuvring that his signal had been obeyed. He then bore up again to the westward, telegraphed that he was going in chase, crowded his canvas on every spar that would spread a cloth, and soon had a clear horizon all around him.

"But though Farmer had determined to run for the Spanish main, yet he was not sufficiently acquainted with the coast to know the appearance of the land. Mr. Southcott, therefore, was brought on deck, and partly through compulsion and partly through a desire of getting clear of the mutineers, he carried the ship off La Guayra, where she was ultimately surrendered to the Spanish authorities, Farmer declaring they had turned their officers adrift in the jolly-boat, though the real fact was very soon afterwards explained to the Spaniards. The master, the gunner, the carpenter, and two midshipmen of those saved were sent to prison; but the mutineers received twenty-five dollars a man, a great many of them became double traitors by entering for the frigate under the Spanish flag, and Farmer was appointed second captain. The first captain's name, I'm told, was Gallows,* so that his junior must have been pretty often reminded of it.

* I have since ascertained that it was Don Raymond de Chalas.

"Admiral Harvey, on hearing of all the circumstances, sent a flag of truce to demand the frigate and the mutineers; but though the Spaniards were made acquainted with the horrible murders that had been committed when the ship was taken possession of, yet they not only refused to deliver her up, but actually put six more guns aboard of her, making altogether forty-four, and with a crew of nearly four hundred men, she was fitted out and made a voyage to San Domingo, very narrowly escaping the British cruisers who were all on the alert to pick her up."

"And this, your honor," said my chaperon, "is old Hughes's story, and that's the ship there it's all about."

I had been deeply interested in his narrative, which he related with peculiar feeling, and some parts were almost dramatised by his singular gestures and manner. "And what became of the boatswain's wife?" I inquired.

"Fanny Martin, sir?" he replied; "why I think she left La Guayra in a neutral, and so got to Halifax, but I aren't quite sure."

"And now, then," said I, "for some account of her recapture. Can you tell me how it happened, and what the picture before us is actually designed to represent?"

"Why no, your honor, I can't do that exactly," rejoined he, "seeing as I knows but little about it; but there's a messmate of mine yonder who was on that station at the time, and can give you the particulars; but he's a dry soul, your honor, and mayhap would like a taste of the spirit-room, if your honor has no objections; 'twill loose his tongue a bit, and give it freer play."

"One word for my friend and two for myself," thought I; but sensible that "freshening the nip" would prevent too much chafing, I readily consented, and the old blades *piped* to grog with a *gusto* that can only be acquired by long habit.

We were soon seated in a comfortable room overlooking the Thames. It was nearly high-water, and the middle of summer; a delightful breeze tempered the heat, the green fields looked beautifully below and opposite to us, whilst the vessels were rapidly passing and chequering the scene with their

white sails. The steamers, too, were swiftly cutting through the yielding element, and the whole presented a spectacle of commercial wealth that can be witnessed on no other river in the world. I own I feel a very great pride in contemplating the glory and the gratitude of my country; and when I see her gallant tars who have braved the war of elements and battled the enemies of England, snugly enjoying their *old age* in their *berths*, chewing their *pigtail* with a knowing *quid pro quo*, and occasionally cheering the heart with the balsam that maketh it glad, I cannot help exclaiming, "Nobly should a grateful country be served, and thus be rewarded her brave defenders!" Besides, within the small compass of this beautiful place, we can meet with practical information from every part of the globe. Talk of your geographies! here are the living *pages* that wait on Time,—men that have breakfasted on a whale with the Esquimaux, dined on an elephant with the Hottentots, and supped upon a snake sixty feet long with the Red Indians;—men who have bearded the lion, shook paws with the tiger, and rode races on alligators. They have seen the holy city, visited the ancient capitol of the world, and have passed over the identical spot where Jonah was swallowed by the whale. Greenwich Hospital is a very storehouse for knowledge,—a perfect College, in which the old tars take their *degrees* as natural as when running down a trade-wind, —have their *senior wranglers*, their M.A. for master-at-arms, their B.A. for boatswain's-assistant, enjoy good fellowship over a glass of grog, and are staunch supporters of *cannon* law.

We found several of these well-filled volumes—*damme-quart-hos*—already ranged in the room before our arrival, and, like our old friend Colburn, they were mighty busy in *puffing* off their works, as if trying to hide the authors under a cloud of smoke.

"Ay, ay," exclaimed a crojack-eyed old blade, "them there pursers' accounts of prize-money showed but a poor figure in the foremast-man's log, whatever they did in the skipper's journal. They used to sift it through a hatchway grating,—all that went down was for the officers, and all that stayed above came to the tarry jackets."

"You're right there, Jem," said a veteran boatswain's mate, whose voice was not unlike a gale of wind sighing to a kitchen fire through the hollow of a chimney-pot, "perfectly right; and then they make out the prize-list much in the same way as the nigger accounted for his pig. D'ye see, his master gave him three dollars to go to market and buy a pig; but the black rascal came back drunk, without his money and without his cargo. 'Holla!' said his master, 'how came you drunk, sir? and where's the pig?' 'Ah, massa,' says the nigger, 'me nebber drunk, but giddy wid long chase.' 'Where's the dollars I gave you?' asked the master. 'Me gie 'em to buy pig,' said the black. 'What, three dollars?' cried the master. 'Tan littly bit, massa, me tellee you. First me gib dollar for pig.' 'Well, that's only one dollar,' said the master. 'Tan littly bit,' puzzled the nigger; 'den me hab pig for dollar,—dat two dollar, massa; den de pig run away, and gib dollar for catch a pig—dat tree dollar, massa. Den him dam pig run in a bush like a debbil, and nebber see him no more noder time.' So it was with the prize-money; there was dollar for Jack, and Jack for dollar; and if Jack ran away, he lost all, and was made to look *dolor*ous into the bargain, if ever they cotcht him again. My best sarvice to your honor, and hope no offence." He lifted his pewter to his lips, and took a most persevering draught to qualify the toast.

"Jack Maberly," said my worthy conductor, addressing the last speaker, "the gentleman wants to hear a little about the recapture of the Harmione, and Bill Jennings is just agoing to tell his honor the long and the short of it, if you'll be good enough to keep silence fore-and-aft."

"I wull, I wull, messmate," replied the old boatswain's mate.

Bill Jennings, the very *beau ideal* of a main-topman in long togs, applied his muzzle to the grog, as he said, "to clear his throat of scupper-nails;" and having swallowed almost enough to float a jolly-boat, after sundry hems and divers sluings to make sure of his stowage, gave the following account of

The Recapture of the Hermione.

"As for them there cutting outs (he began), why I've had a pretty good share on 'em in my time, seeing as how I've been with some of them there fire-eating chaps as would cut out the devil himself from under a heavy fire, if so be as his reverence warn't moored with chains. To my thinking, there's more to rouse the nat'ral spirit of man in boarding than in laying at long shots and hitting each other spitefully; for if a fellow does work an eyelet hole in your canvas where it aren't wanted, you have the chance of damaging some of his spars in return, and that's what I calls fair play. Bekase, messmates, setting a case as this here—it's cut for cut, and damn all favors. Now at long shot you never can tell who hits you, and that's what I call a sort of incendiary act; but at close quarters you can always tell who lends you a rap, and you can pay him agin; and if he falls, then you can stand his friend and take care of him. But nevertheless, messmates,—as many on you knows,—that same cutting out is sharp work for the eyes, as the monkey said when he hugged the cat, particularly where the boarding-nettings are triced up and the enemy is prepared for you; but there warn't a ship on the West Ingee station but would have gladly undertaken the recapture of the Harmoine, bekase the whole affair had been a disgraceful consarn, and had placed the charackter of a British tar like a yankee schooner jammed betwixt two winds,—nobody knew which way she'd tend. Well, messmates, the job fell to the Surprise, 28, an old French 24, called the Unity when she was taken by the Inconstant, in the beginning of the year 96. Howsomever, messmates, she kept up both names, as it were; for never was there a ship with more unity among the men, and she surprised the Spaniards by the daring impudence they displayed. The Harmoine had made a run or two from San Domingo, and in September, 99, our admiral, ould Sir Hyde Parker, received intelligence that she was going to make another trip to Havannah, and the Surprise was sent to cruise off Cape Saint Romar to intercept her. The whole of the little frigate's complement was 197, men and boys, but there warn't so many as that on board, and with this force Captain Hamilton was to attack a ship carrying 44 guns, and having nearly 400 men;—but they didn't calculate odds in them days. Well, d'ye see, she got upon her station about the middle of October, and kept a sharp look-out, dodging off and on, but keeping at a fair distance, so that the prize might not be afraid of leaving port. Well, day after day they watched, but nothing hove in sight bigger than a land-crab; so what does the captain do, but being tired of waiting, he cuts out some vessels from under the island of Amber, to keep the men from getting idle, and then runs off of Porto Cabello, and there sure enough lay the Harmoine all ataunt-o, every stick on end, sails bent, t'-gallant yards crossed, and a whacking large Spanish ensign and pennant flying;—but mark me, messmates, she was moored head and starn betwixt two heavy batteries, the smallest of which could have blowed the little frigate out of the water, and cut her up like junk.

"It was a beautiful evening, when the saucy Surprise stood close in to reckoniter;—there was a fine breeze and smooth water, and the craft worked like a top. They could see the sodgers at the batteries and the men on board the enemy all at their quarters, and the gun-boats were pulling out to take up convenient positions; though there warn't a man among 'em believed the ship could be taken, yet they knew damned well the Englishmen would try.

Well, next day Captain Hamilton hove-to, just without range of shot, and challenged the Harmoine to come out; but she took no notice of it, and so the Surprise made sail, stood into the mouth of the harbour, and fired at her. The batteries opened their palaver; but the little ship hauled off without a shot touching her, and the lazy lubberly Spaniards, more than two to one in men and metal, didn't dare to show their yellow rag outside the port. So the ship's company, fore-and-aft, wondered what the captain would be at, and they grinned like so many cat-heads to think they couldn't get a fair

slap at her. But the captain was up in the main-top with a round jacket on,—stretched out at full length with his glass resting on the top-brim, and most arnestly overhauling their consarns in-shore, so that an old woman couldn't stir out of doors, nor a rat move on the Harmoine's decks without his seeing it. The master was up in the foretop upon the same lay, and they kept hailing each other about different consarns till they made every thing out as plain as the grog-blossoms on Darby's nose there. [The individual alluded to gave a chuckle something between a grunt and a laugh, and applied his fingers to an enormous red proboscis, that certainly seemed the tell-tale of a besetting sin.] Well, d'ye mind, they kept at this all day long, dodging about in-and-out, like a dog in a fair, till the men got quite tantalized and jaundiced at seeing so much of the yellow bunting,—for the enemy had hoisted it every where out of bravado.

"Now, messmates, when I was a youngster, I used to—could read a bit, and I remembers reading some'ut about the *conginuality* of minds; that is, suppose setting a case, messmates, just this here. Darby there and I, without speaking to each other, both lifts the quart pots to drink his honor's health for sarving out the stuff,—[he raised the quart pot, which by the by was empty, and looking into it, conveyed a hint that it required replenishing]—why then, messmates, (he continued) we should both have the same thoughts arising from the same feeling. [Darby's mug was empty too, so I ordered them to be filled again.] So, d'ye see, messmates, the crews of the boats got busy about their gear and placed the oars and boat-hooks, the rudders and tillers all in their proper places, ready for a moment's sarvice. The captain twigged 'em at it, but he never said nothing till the next day but one, when he orders the hammocks to be opened to air and spread out over the boats, and he stands off-and-on till about noon, when he makes a long stretch out from the land, and the men thought he was going to give it up. So, d'ye see, they pipes to dinner, and after that they sarves the grog out, of course; your honor's health; and, messmates, yours, all of you,—[he took a long draught];—but at two bells, instead of calling the watch, the hands were turned up and ordered aft on to the quarter-deck, where the captain was standing as upright as a fathom of smoke in a calm, and the master was bent down like a yard of pump-water measured from the spout, and looking over a chart of the harbour, as busy as the devil in a gale of wind.

"Well, every soul fore-and-aft mustered in the twinkling of a hand-spike, and they all crowded together as if they'd been stowed with a jack-screw for a long voyage; and then the captain up and tells 'em that he meant to head the boats himself and cut the Harmoine out, if they would do their duty like men and back him. My eyes, if there warn't a cheer then, there never was one before nor since; and the lads, to seal the bargain, gived one another a grip of the fist that would have squeezed a lemon as dry as a biscuit.

"So, you see, the murder was out, and every man betwixt the cabin-windows and the figure-head volunteered to the duty; but the captain said he wouldn't take more than one hundred, including officers and marines; he was sorry to leave any behind, as he believed them to be all brave fellows, but some must stay to work the ship, and, if necessary, bring her into action.

"Well, the men were picked out, the muskets, pistols, tommyhawks, and cutlashes got ready, and long hook-ropes coiled away in the starn-sheets of each boat, and clinched to the ring in the bottom; the oars and rullocks were muffled and well greased, so that not a sound might be heard louder than the sigh of a periwinkle.

The sun set soon after six o'clock, and as soon as twilight came on,—which in them latitudes, when the sun is on the equator, and it was very near it then, comes on in a few minutes,—the ship was hove in stays and stood in-shore, with a pleasant breeze and a stern swell setting after her. About eight o'clock the wind died away, the yards were laid square, and the boats hoisted out, whilst those on the quarters were lowered, and all were soon manned for the expedition and shoved off. Whilst they're pulling in-shore,

messmates, I'll just lucydate Captain Hamilton's plan of attack.

"Now, mind me, this here paper of 'bacca shall be one battery, and this here 'bacca-box shall be the other battery, and this here shut-knife shall be the Harmoine,—the laniard sarving for one cable out of the hawse-hole, and this piece of marline for the other cable out of the gun-room port;—[he arranged the articles on the table.] Now the boats were to pull in, and the boarding parties had each a different place to board at. As soon as they got upon deck, the boats with their respective crews were to cut the cables and then go a-head to tow; whilst four of the boarders were instantly to shin aloft to loose the fore-topsail and two to loose the mizen-topsail, which, if possible, were to be sheeted home to catch the breeze coming off the land. The Surprise was to come in close to the harbour's mouth to act as circumstances required.

"The boats kept close together, but didn't make any quick head-way, as the captain meant to get in about midnight, when he expected the Spaniards would have their eyes buttoned up, and their ears plugged with their nightcaps, like the hawse-holes in blue water.

"Well, d'ye see, it was just about eight bells when the mast-heads of the Harmoine showed above the dark mass of land, and the light rigging looked like a fine spider's web traced on the silvery sky; and there too fluttered the yellow rag, that was soon to be humbled under the saucy pennant of St. George. On pulled the boats, and except the ripple of the oars and the hissing of the foam in their wakes, silence slept deep and still, disturbed only by the moan of the sea as it broke upon the rocky shore.

"Suddenly there was a flash, and before the report could be heard, grape-shot were jumping about the boats and splashing up the water like a shoal of flying-fish at play. This firing was from a couple of guard-boats, each mounting a twelve-pounder; and if it did no other mischief, it aroused Jack Spaniard, who it appears was up and rigged like a sentry-box; and before a cat could lick her ear, flames of fire seemed to be bursting from the dark rocks, like lightning from a black thunder-cloud: it was the frigate speaking with her main-deck and fokstle guns.

"Finding that the enemy were prepared, the captain had less delicacy in alarming them out of their sleep, and so the boats' crews gave three tremendous cheers. Mayhap, your honor never heard the cheers on going into action, when the voice of man goes from heart to heart and stirs up all that is brave and noble in the human breast; it invigorates and strengthens every timber in a fellow's frame, and is to the weak or mild, what mother's milk is to the infant.

"Well, they gave three British cheers as would have stirred up the blood of an anchor-stock, if it had any, and on they dashed, stretching to their oars with a good-will and making the water brilliant with their track as they pulled for the devoted frigate, then about three-quarters of a mile distant, which kept sending forth the red flames from the muzzles of her guns as the boats gallantly approached.

"Captain Hamilton boarded on the starboard bow, and with the gunner and eight or ten men cleared the fokstle. The doctor boarded on the larboard bow, and with his party joined the captain; and the other boats having discharged their men, the whole of the boarders attacked the quarter-deck, where the Spanish officers had collected and fought with desperation. And now mind the downright impudence of the thing: for whilst they were fighting for possession on deck, the sails were loosed aloft, the cables were cut, and the boats were towing the ship out of the harbour; and the craft, as if she knew she warn't honestly come by, was walking off from the land like seven bells half-struck;—if that warn't going the rig, then blow me if I know what is.

"When the Spaniards saw that the ship was actually under way with sail on her, and the boarding parties cutting down all afore 'em, a great number jump'd overboard and some ran below, whilst the killed and wounded lay in all directions. About this time Captain Hamilton received such a tremendous crack on the head from the butt-end

of a musket, as brought a general illumination into his eyes and stretched him senseless on the deck. A Spaniard, who had fallen near him, raised his dagger to stab him to the heart; but the tide of existence was ebbing like a torrent, his brain was giddy, his aim faltered, and the point descended in the captain's right thigh. Dragging away the blade with the last convulsive energy of a death-struggle, he lacerated the wound. Again the reeking steel was upheld, and the Spaniard placed his left hand near the captain's heart to mark his aim more sure: again the dizziness of dissolution spread over his sight, down came the dagger into the captain's left thigh, and the Spaniard was a corpse.

"The upper deck was cleared, and the boarders rushed below on the main-deck to complete their conquest. Here the slaughter was dreadful, till the Spaniards called out for quarter and the carnage ceased; but no sooner was the firing on board at an end, when the sodgers at the batteries—who had been wondering at the frigate moving away as if by magic, and had been calling a whole reg'ment of saints to help 'em,—let fly from nearly two hundred pieces of cannon, as if they were saying their prayers and wanted the British tars to count the beads. Howsomever, the wind was very light close in-shore, and the smoke mantled thick and heavy on the waters, so as to mask the ship from view; but a chance twenty-four-pounder hulled her below the water-mark, and they were obliged to rig the pumps. The main-mast, too, at one time was in danger from the stay and spring-stay being shot away, and the head swell tumbling in made the frigate roll heavily; but about two in the morning they got out of gun-shot, the towing boats were called alongside, and everything made snug. Thus in an hour and three-quarters the frigate was boarded, carried, and clear from the batteries; but, to be sure, considering the little wind there was, and the head swell setting in, she did stretch her legs as if glad to be out of bad company and the quarantine flag;*—for you know, Darby, none in our sarvice likes to be yellowed,—[Darby gave another chuckle, and then took a good pull at his mug to drown remembrances,]—it looks so like a land-crab.

"Well, messmates, sail was soon made on the Harmoine, the shot-hole was plugged up, and the party mustered; when there were found to be only twelve men wounded, amongst whom were the captain and the gunner, Mr. Maxwell. There was not one man killed on the British side, but the Spaniards had 119 killed and 97 wounded, most of them dangerously, and the decks were again stained with human blood, some of which was no doubt shed by those murderers and traitors who had mutinied.

"At daylight next morning the Spaniards were indulged with the sight of both ships standing off shore, and the Harmoine with a British ensign and pennant over the Spanish colors. The prisoners were put on board of a schooner, that was captured during the day, and sent ashore; and the Surprise, with her prize, stood for Jamaica, where she arrived seven days afterwards, and brought up at Port Royal.

"You may be sure, messmates, Captain Hamilton was well received; the Parliament-men at the island gave him a beautiful sword that cost three hundred guineas; he was made a knight on, and the Harmoine was called the Retaliation, and she was immediately put in commission as an English frigate; though in logging her name in the navy list, the Lords of the Admiralty changed it to the Retribution, and I had the honor to be drafted on board her as captain of the main-top.

"Captain Hamilton was invalided home on account of his wounds; but the packet was taken by a French privateer, and he went to see Boneypart, who treated him like a messmate for his bravery, and allowed him to be exchanged for six French middies; and now, my lads, I've told you all I know about the recapture of the Harmoine."

Of course, I expressed my acknowledgments for the obligations I was under to him for his narrative, but this seemed to nettle the old tar very much. How far his account is correct I must leave others to determine,

* Ships and vessels coming from unclean ports, hoist a yellow flag; and the pensioners are punished for drunkenness by being compelled to wear a yellow coat with red sleeves.

and only regret that I have not been able to do the worthy soul more justice, but it would be impossible for any written description to give an adequate idea of his mode of recital. Our glasses were replenished, for I saw that the old *blades*, like *cutters* on a wind, were determined to have a taut leech to their jibs by taking a long and strong pull at the purchase; and expecting to gather a fund of anecdote, I e'en made the most of it, and determined to gladden their hearts.

"Well, it's of no manner of use to go to argufy the matter," said the old boatswain's mate, "and all I've got to say is this here. Bill has spun that yarn like a patent winch, and I'm sartin, sooner or later, murder will always meet with its punishment. Many of them mutineers were hung, and I'm thinking that there was one or two jewel-block'd that never set foot on the Harmoine's deck in their born days; but their lives were sworn away, and arter that they went aloft without touching a rattlin. I knew one on 'em, but I'll not rip up old grievances like a piece of tarred parcelling. I was at Port Royal when the ships came in, and well remember seeing 'em both. There's one thing however, messmate, you forgot to tell us, and in the regard of a generous spirit, which I take to be consort with bravery, it ought not to go untold; and that is this here, that Sir Edward divided £500 of his own prize-money amongst the bold fellows who shared the victory with him."

"That was nobly and generously done," said I; "such a man deserves to be immortalized."

"Well, your honor, he was mortalized," replied the old man; "for on that station of musketoes and grog-blossoms, there warn't a blue-jacket nor yet a jolly but would have followed him into the devil's kitchen at cooking time. And it's a rum place that West Ingees, too. I remembers being ashore at one of the resurrections among the niggers, and the ship's corporal stuck his spoon in the wall; because, I'm thinking, it warn't very likely that a fellow would ever sup burgoo again, when his head and his body had parted company. Well, we buried him in a wild kind of spot, where there was a few grave-stones with names chiselled on 'em, and some were cut with a knife, showing a foul anchor or a rammer and sponge, and the trees grew all over the ground, and the rank grass and weeds run up the tombs; it was a wilderness sort of a place, and here it was that Corporal Jack was laid up in ordinary. The party to which I belonged was commanded by Mr. Quinton, a master's mate, and our bounds lay within a short distance of this here burying-ground; and so, d'ye mind, the morning after they'd lowered the corporal down the hatchway of t'other world, I was posted at the point next the corporal's berth, and a shipmate was with me by way of companion like,—not that I was afeard of anything living or dead, but I had always a sort of nat'ral antipathy to being left alone on shore, particularly in the dark. There was also a nigger belonging to the plantation, who we allowed to join us just by way of being civil to him, as he was a kind of steward's mate in the house, and used to splice the main brace for us occasionally. Well, messmates, we got knotting our yarns to keep us from getting drowsy; and to cheer our spirits, we overhauled a goodish deal about ghosts, and atomies, and hobblegoblins, and all such like justices of the peace, till the nigger—they called him Hannibal, arter the line-of-battle ship, I suppose;—I say, till the nigger declared that every hair on his head stood as stiff as a crow-bar."

"Avast there!" exclaimed Bill Jennings, "tell that to the marines an you will; why the black fellow's head was woolly and curled like a Flemish fake, and yet you say it was as stiff as a crow-bar."

"And so it was,—the more the wonder, and be d—— to you;" growled the boatswain's mate. "Would you have his honor there think I keep a false reckoning? Well, as I was a-saying, his head looked like a black porcupine with his quills up. All at once we heard a tremendous rattling amongst the dry leaves of a plantain-ground; but the trees were too thick to see what it was even if there had been light enough, which there warn't, as the sun hadn't brought his hammock up, but was only just turning out.

"'Dere him debbil come agin,' cried the nigger; and away he started, as if a nor-wester had kicked him end-ways.

"'What's the black rascal arter?' said my messmate.

"'Nay,' says I, 'that's more nor I can tell; but not being a Christian and only a poor ignoramus of a nigger, I suppose he's afeard that the noise yonder is Davy Jones playing at single-stick, and mayhap he may think the ould gemman is hauling his wind upon this tack, and may take his black muzzle for one of his imps. But that's a pretty bobbery they're kicking up, at all events, and now it's going in the direction of the burying-ground.'

"'I tell you what it is, Jack,' says my messmate, who looked very cautiously round him, as if he was rowing guard in an enemy's port, 'I tell you what it is; I never thinks they give the devil his due, for between you and me I don't know as he's half so bad as many people makes him out. Our parsons say he's black, but the niggers paints him white; but for my part, I'm thinking that the color of a ship's paint goes for nothing. Then as for his horns, why they're ugly looking to be sure;—[here the noise was right away in the burying-ground, and my messmate laid me fairly along side]—but though they're ugly looking, I never heard of his doing any mischief by running stem on with them. And arter all, shipmate,' he continued, 'you must own there's a great deal in fancy. Look at your Ingee grab-vessels, that run their noses out to the heel of the jib-boom, and carry all their bowsprit in-board! Now I call that sort o' rig neither ship-shape nor Bristol fashion, for a ship's head is a ship's head, and a ship's bowsprit is a ship's bowsprit; but if they go for to make a standing bowsprit of a ship's head, then, I'm thinking, they are but lubberly rigged.'

"Now, messmates, you must own that his arguments was a bit of a poser; but I warn't altogether satisfied with his backing and filling like a grenadier in a squall; and so, says I, 'But what do you think of his tail, eh?'

"'Why as for the matter of his tail,' says he, 'I'm thinking it's a fundamental mistake altogether. The parsons say—and mayhap they're right—that he cruises about privateering, because he's got a roving commission, and every now and then he falls in with a heavenly convoy, and nips off with a prize, which he carries to his own dark place. Now as some of the craft are, no doubt, dull sailers, why, I suppose, he carries a hawser over his quarter to drag 'em out of the body of the fleet, and I'm thinking that in some dismal hour he has been seen with the fag-end towing astarn, and the fear of the beholder has convarted it into a tail.'

"Well, messmates, I own I was a bit staggered at the likelihoods of the thing, because, d'ye mind, I never could make out the use of the tail; but the tow-rope spoke for itself, so says I, 'I tell you what it is, shipmate, you've just hove my thoughts slap aback and got my ideas in irons—but holloa, there's a precious row.'

"'Precious row, indeed,' says my companion; 'why Jack—why I'm blessed—look there—if that aren't the skeleton of Corporal Jack walking off with his own head under his arm; then I'm——, but here comes Mr. Quinton and the nigger.'

"I did look, messmates, towards the burying-ground, and there I saw a sort of long-legged skeleton straddling over the graves like an albatross topping a ground swell; and, sure enough, the corporal's head was under his long spider-like arms.

"'Dere, Massa Quinckem,' said the black fellow, 'now he see 'em for he-self.'

"'By Jove, and so it is, boy,' cried the officer.

"'Ay, ay, sir,' says my messmate, 'it's the corporal—there's no mistaking his cut-water; but he must have fallen away mightily during the night, to be so scantily provided with flesh this morning; howsomever, mayhap the climate has melted him down.'

"'He no melt 'em,' cried the nigger, 'he eat 'em for true.'

"'What! eat his own head,' says I, 'he must be in dreadful want of meal. Come, come, ould chap, that's too heavy to be hoisted in.'

"Well, all this while the skeleton was

walking off with his head in his arms, just as a nurse would carry a baby; but the officer raises his rifle to his shoulder, and it made me laugh to think he was going to shoot a skeleton without a head, and that was as dead as Adam's grandmother.

"'For God's sake, sir,' says my messmate, 'don't go for to fire, for it would be downright blasphemy to kill a dead body; and what makes the fellow turn out of his hammock after being lashed up for a full due, I can't tell.'

"Bang went the rifle, and down dropped the corporal's atomy; but up it got again almost directly and made sail for the bush, leaving his head behind to lighten ship. Off starts the black fellow after him, and away went the officer close to his heels. 'My eyes, shipmate,' says I, 'there must be some sport in chasing a skeleton; so e'en let's keep in their wakes and see it out.' So off we set, and presently bang went the rifle again, and away flew the corporal's splinters; so the skeleton gathers himself up, and then laid down on the ground, kicking and sprawling like a bull-whale in his flurry. Well, we ran up and there we found,—now what do you think, messmates? Why, it was nothing more nor less than a large land-crab, that was walking away with the corporal's head as easy as I'd carry a cocoa-nut."

The old tar ceased, and I naturally expected that some part of his story would be contradicted; but no one seemed to raise a doubt as to the veracity of his statement, and of course politeness would not allow me to differ from the rest.

"Them land-crabs have a power of strength," said old Darby. "I recollects one night being beached high and dry in the small cutter, and I boat-keeper; so I catches one of these beasts, and claps him under the bows of the boat, whilst I made fast the painter to his hind leg, and then away he stretched out for the water, dragging the cutter with him as if it had been no more than a mouldy biscuit, and if I hadn't cut the painter pretty smartly, he'd have towed us out to sea in no time."

"The legs of these crabs must be very long," said I; "are their bodies in proportion?"

"Why no, your honor," replied the boatswain's mate; "their bodies are but small, seeing that they are all ribs and trucks; but their claws are tremendous. What d'ye think of their reaching up to the top of a gibbet, and having unhooked a pirate that was hung in chains, walked off with him, hoops and all, so that he never was found again!"

"If it really happened," I replied, "it is truly astonishing."

"Really happened!" cried the veteran somewhat scornfully. "Ax them as was watching down at Cabrita-point that night, and see if they won't swear to it."

"Perhaps it was some of the friends of the pirate who removed the body," I ventured to suggest.

"Now that comes of your honor's not knowing nothing of the country," he rejoined; "for, d'ye mind, all the rogue's friends were thieves, and if it had been any of them, they'd not only have carried off the body, but would have stole the gibbet for fire-wood, which a land-crab has no manner of use for."

This certainly was unanswerable, and I forbore asking any more questions on that subject.

"I remember when I was a boy," said ——, "I sailed out of Dover in a by-boat under Captain Hammond over to Calais, and Bullun, and Ostend; and there was an ould woman who they used to call Mother Mount, lived at the back of the York Hotel, and she constantly placed herself on the steps of her door observationing the people that passed up and down the street. Captain Hammond never went past the house but he jeered her for a witch, and everybody said she was one; till one day, just as we were going across with a good freight of passengers, the ould Jezabel spoke some hard words to the skipper, as he was coming down to the craft to sail out of the harbour. He made no more to do but spit at her. 'The curse of the defenceless and childless widow be upon you!' she cried out. 'You are bound across the channel, but there are those will be there before you. You will think yourself secure,

but woe, and danger, and wreck, shall come at a time when you think not of it, for my curse is upon you!' The captain came on board in no very gentle humour, and away we went a flowing sheet for Calais. Our passage was short, but we struck very heavily in crossing the bar, though the water was as smooth as a mill-pond, and every timber in the craft sneered again. The mate, fearing she would gripe-to and run upon the pier-head, was going to ease the throat-halliards; but the captain hollaed out, 'Hold on till all's blue; it's only Mother Mount at her tricks.' Well, at last we got safe in and hauled alongside the key in the outer harbour, where we made fast stem and starn and cleared decks."

"Upon my word, that's a tough yarn," said I; "and so you really think it was Mother Mount that bumped you ashore in that fashion."

"It isn't for men without larning or edecation such as me to say their say positively," answered the pensioner, "but—[giving his quid a severe turn]—if I am to speak my mind, I think it was. Well, sir, the captain went ashore to dine with a French gentleman, and when he came aboard again he was rather too much by the head on account of the wine he had hoisted in, and somehow or other it had got stowed away in his fore-peak; so he yawed about like a Dutch schuyt on the Dogger-bank, and almost his last words at turning-in were 'D—— Mother Mount!' Well, we all went to our hammocks, and the mate left word for one of the hands to turn out and 'tend her at tide-time, as it looked breezy away to the sou-west. The vessel floated about two o'clock in the morning, and soon afterwards we heard the most tremendous hallo-bulloo upon deck, and the captain swearing in a mixture of high Dutch, low Dutch, Jarman, and French, with not a small sprinkling of English dammees. Up the ladder we ran, and there he was with a handspike in his hand thrashing about and stamping fore-and-aft, like a wild pig in a squall. We got him appeased at last, and then he pointed to the mooring ropes; and, sure enough, the head-fast was cast off and partly hauled in-board, and the starn-fast had only a single turn, just ready for letting go when she had winded; the foresail was partly up, and the jib hooked all ready for hauling out. We made all fast and snug again, but the skipper kept raving till daylight in his cabin about Mother Mount and her imps."

"But what about the imps, my old boy?" exclaimed I; "you've said nothing yet about imps. Did they have tails too?"

"Indeed and by all accounts they had, sir," replied the old man; "for though the skipper was a long time silent about it, yet it came out at last, and he solemnly attested it in his last moments on his death-bed to a clergyman. He declared that whilst he was sleeping something struck his temples so hard that it made the vessel shake again——"

"Why, he was dreaming to be sure," said I, "the thump was caused by the vessel just beginning to lift, and the swell rolling in made her strike against the piles. Pray, had the man who was ordered to 'tend her at tide-time got up upon the look-out when the master went on deck?"

"I carn't say as he was, sir," answered the veteran, "though I rather think not."

"Well, go on, my old friend," requested I, "let's get to the imps."

"After receiving one or two heavy blows," continued the pensioner, "the skipper woke, and he thought he heard a shrill squeaking voice above say, 'Bear a hand with that foresail and jib, and haul in the head-rope;' and then there was a sort of a scrambling noise afore the windlass, and another chock aft by the starn lockers. So he slips on his pea-jacket and creeps up the companion, and there he saw five or six monstrous rats forward; two were hoisting the foresail, two were hooking on the jib, one was hauling in the head-rope, and another was shoving her bows off. Abaft was a rat bigger than all the rest, standing at the tiller and giving orders, and another had got hold of the quarter-rope and was singling the turns. You may well guess the ould chap was in a terrible taking at first; his teeth chattered like the palls of a windlass when they shorten in a slack cable; his knees knocked together——"

"Then he was knock-kneed," said I, laughing heartily. "Really this is a clever tale: first, the old woman makes a threat, then she plays you a *mount-a-bank* trick, and lastly *rat*ifies her promise by——"

"I have not got to that yet, sir," replied the old man, interrupting in his turn; "but you shall hear all about it, if you will only give me time." He then continued, "Notwithstanding the tremblification the skipper was in at first, he wasn't a man as was easily to be daunted in the long run; and seeing he was part owner of the craft as well as master, I'm thinking he was afraid they wouldn't carry her out safely, and mayhap he thought they might turn out to be pi*rats*——"

"That's half a pun, old boy," said I; "why your *pirats* would have made a splendid *rat-pie*, upon short allowance."

"By all accounts one of 'em would have been meal for half a dozen messes," replied the *matter-of-fact* old man. "But as I was a saying, sir, ould Hammond determined that at least he'd be master of his own cutter; for in those days the by-boats had running bowsprits, though they generally carried them over the stem to make most room; and also, that his own crew knew her trim and could work her best, he jumps up upon deck and catches hold of a——"

"A *rat*tan, or a piece of *rat*line stuff," said I, interrupting him.

"No, sir," answered the veteran rather testily; "he catches hold of a handspik, and began to hammer away like a fellow beating saltpetre bags in an Ingeeman's hould at Diamond-harbour; and by the time we got upon deck, there wasn't a rat to be seen nigh hand; though I must say I saw two or three dark objects in the distance running down towards the pier-head, and there was some thing like a man on his hands and knees slowly crawling after them. Howsomever, as I said before, the decks were cleared of the warmin, and we made all fast again."

"And did you never hear any other explanation of the affair?" inquired I.

"Why," replied the pensioner, "there was a report that some English and French smugglers broke out of prison that night, and they tried to make the skipper believe that he was deceived as to the rats; but the thing was impossible, for how could the smuggler get through the great gates and pass the sentries? Besides, they wouldn't have turned tail that fashion for one ould man."

"But the alarm, old boy," exclaimed I; "the skipper gave an alarm, and the *rats* were afraid of being *trapped* again.'

"Why, for the matter o' that, sir," assented the veteran, "he did kick up a bit of a bobbery, I own; and the do-oneers came running down from the watch-house, but nobody was taken."

"That's curious, too," said I, "but had they no other means of escape?"

"Why, they did say," replied the old tar, "that a fishing-boat was missing from somewhere about the mouth of the harbour; but the captain swore to the rats, and ever afterwards used to give the ould woman a trifle of money or so, and speak kindly to her. And d'ye see, sir, I'm thinking that Captain Hammond couldn't be mistaken as to the rats, because why?—a rat hasn't a head like a Christian; and then his tail,—no Christian has a tail like a spanker boom over his starn, and so I'll stick to the rats, for I verily believe they were nothing else."

"No doubt," said I, addressing the boatswain's mate, "you have seen a great deal of hard service. Have you been in many battles?"

"Why yes, your honor," he replied, "I've had my share of it; but notwithstanding the many chafes I got, if another war was to break out, and I was fifty years younger, provided I could get a good captain and a sweet ship, worthy messmates and a full allowance of grog, I'd sooner sarve in a man-of-war than in any other craft whatsomever. But mark my words, we shan't never have another such a navy as the last. Aren't they *arming* the ships on purpose for them to make use of their *legs*, and run away? What would ould Benbow or Duncan have said to this, with their round starns and chase batteries? Aren't the fleet got the *dry-rot* with fundungus, and don't the new regu-

lations bid fair to give the men the *dry-rot* too? Who the deuce could weather a storm or engage an enemy upon a pint of grog a-day? But as long as there's a shot in the locker, it shall go hard but we'll queer the purser somehow or other, after all.

"I remember Jack Traverse once, and a worthy soul Jack was too, going off at Spithead to join the old Gorgon. Well, d'ye see, as the wherry came from the starboard side to pull up to the larboard gangway, Jack, who had been bowsing his jib up, caught sight of the name painted in gold upon the starn, and so he endeavoured to see what he could make of it; but being cro-jack eyed, and his brains all becalmed, he began, like a dull skullhard, to spell it backward. 'N-o, no,' says Jack, 'that's as plain as Beachy Head in a fog; so this aren't the ship, d'ye mind! Howsomever, let us see what her name is. N-o, no; that's right; g-r-o-g, grog. Yes, I'm blessed if it aren't, and both together makes NO GROG! About ship, waterman, she won't do for me; why, I should be waterlogged in a week, so bear up for the next ship, d'ye hear.'

"The navy, your honor, is the pillars of the state; but if the props are unsound, the whole heady-phiz must tumble to the dust; and oh, to see the flag under which I've fought and bled—that flag, whose influence caused such signal exertions in the fleet 'when Nelson gained the day,'—humbled before the white rag of a Frenchman, or pecked at by the double-headed eagle!—nay, what is worse, degraded in the sight of the stripes and stars! My fervent prayer is, that before the day arrives, these old bones may be hove-down for a full due, and buried in the hollow wave. 'Twould break my heart.

"Homsomever, all this comes of trying to make Jack a gentleman, a title he once despised; but what with the quibble-hums of lawyers, and the comflobgistications of parsons, his head gets filled with proclamations, and his brains whirl round like the dog-vane in a calm. I beg your honor's pardon, though, for troubling you with so many of my remarks upon the subject; but it must be evident to everybody that tars have arrived at a bad pitch, and though I'm no croaker (I don't mean him as was at the Admiralty), yet my spirit is stirred up and must have vent.

"I sees they have tried to put a stop to smuggling, by taking off the duties. That is as it should be; but there's another thing I wish, and that is, to get a petition to Parleyment for all the old hard-a-weathers at Greenwich to have their 'bacca duty free. Why, sir, it would be an act of piety; and the worthy old quidnuncs when they take their chaw, or blow a cloud, would bless 'em for it.

"Talking about smuggling reminds me of a circumstance that happened off Dungeness, when I was in that gallant ship, the Triumph, seventy-four. We were running up Channel for the Downs with Dungeness light on our larboard beam, and it was about six bells in the middle watch, when the look-out on the fokstle reported that there was a lugger close under our bows.

"'Give him a gun,' cried the officer of the watch.

"The shot was fired and the lugger instantly let fly her fore-sheet, and rounded to.

"'From whence came you?' hailed the lieutenant.

"'Wha waw,' replied the lugger.

"'What the devil place is that?' said the officer; and again raising the speaking trumpet,—'where are you bound to?'

"'Wha waw,' was once more returned.

"'The fellow's making game of us, sir,' said the officer to the captain, who, hearing the report of the gun, had come out of his cabin. 'Shall I board him, sir?'

"'Yes, Mr. ——, lower the quarter-boat down, and see what he is.'

"Well, away we went, and as we pulled toward him, the lieutenant would have it the lugger was a French privateer; but the coxswain, an old hand at the trade, replied:

"'No, sir, she's no privateer, and I thinks I can *smell* a secret at this distance. There's no guns, sir, and but few hands. Eh, eh, we shall see presently.'

"'What are you laden with?' inquired the officer as soon as we got alongside, and he had jumped upon the deck. 'What is your cargo?'

"'Bacon and eggs,' replied a veteran, whose grey locks peeped from underneath a slouched hat, and partly concealed a weather-beaten countenance, where the breakers and time had made deep furrows; 'bacon and eggs, sir.'

"'It's of no use axing that man, sir,' said the coxswain. 'I can tell him in a minute; he's brought his hogs to a fine market, and as for eggs,—why, he's chock full of tubs, your honor (lifting up the grating). Ay, there they are, indeed, like eggs in a gull's nest. There they are, sir; it makes a fellow's mouth water to look at them. Mayn't we have a toothful, your honor? It's hard to starve in a land of plenty! I'd only knock one small hole in this head here,' giving it a thump with the tiller that was nearly accomplishing the purpose.

"'Avast, avast, sir!' cried the lieutenant: 'this is smuggled, and now we must seize it for his Majesty.'

"'For his Majesty! all that for his Majesty!' cries the coxswain. 'Why, God bless your honor, he'll never be able to get through the half of it, even though the Prince of Wales should lend him a hand, and I hear he's no flincher from the gravy. I'm sure, sir, none of the royal family would miss the want of as much as would comfort the heart of a tar in such a raw morning as this, especially as we would drink their healths in a bumper, and that would do 'em more good than swallowing all this here stuff!'

"'Not another word,' said the officer. 'Jump into your boat, and (turning to the old man) do you follow him, for I must take you with me!'

"The poor fellow was obliged to comply, though he made a good many wry faces, and begged hard; but all to no purpose.

"So the cutter shoved off, sadly deploring that *all hands* were so nigh *hollands*, and yet without being able to moisten their clay with a sup before breakfast.

"'What is she?' inquired Captain E——, as the lieutenant came up the side.

"'A smuggler, sir,' was the answer.

"'A smuggler, eh!' cried the captain, 'and so (addressing the old man) you are one of those lawless characters who run all hazards to run your goods and beach your tubs, bidding defiance to danger and death? What have you to say for yourself?'

"'Sir,' replied the hoary seaman uncovering his head, and displaying a face where cool determination was struggling with painful sensations, 'sir, whatever I can say will, perhaps, avail me nothing. The necessities of a large family and numerous distresses have driven me to my present state. All I possess in the world is now in your power, and you are able in one moment, not only to deprive me of liberty, but also to reduce me and mine to utter misery and beggary. For myself, I care but little; but for my fatherless grandchildren,' he wrung a tear from his eye, and dashed it off in agony; but his countenance almost instantly resumed the stern serenity which appeared to mark his character.

"Captain E—— and the lieutenant took a turn or two aft in deep conversation. At last, eight bells came and the morning watch was turned out.

"'Send all hands on deck,' said the captain to the boatswain's mate, 'and bear a hand about it.'

"Well, we all mustered aft on the quarter-deck; and the captain, standing on the gratings of the after-hatchway, exclaimed:

"'My lads, this old rascal's a smuggler, and there's his vessel, your prize. He says our detaining him will be the ruin of himself and family; and how much shall we obtain for plunging a fellow-creature and a countryman into hopeless misery? Why, our gin will be transmogrified into port for the agents and lawyers, and perhaps you would share about ninepence a man. Mine and the officers' would amount to about twenty pounds, which we are ready to forego,—nay more, I am ready to give you that sum out of my own pocket. So what d'ye say, lads? shall we make him splice the main-brace, and let the old rogue go?'

"A simultaneous 'Ay, ay, sir,' resounded from all hands.

"'Well, then, my men, we'll have six tubs out of him for that purpose; so jump into the boat again, and you, old Blow-hard,

must swear through thick and thin that you have never set eyes upon us!'

"The old man turned round, fell upon his knees, and, laying his hand upon his heart, poured forth a volley of thanks; but just as he was going over the side,—'Avast,' cried the captain, 'you must swear upon the binnacle never to divulge what has taken place.'

"This was done, and the smuggler returned to the boat with a lighter heart than when he entered it at first.

"Away we pulled alongside the lugger; but, when their master told them they were clear, my eyes! the men were like wild fellows, and would have swamped us with tubs.

"'Only six, Mr. E——,' cried the captain from the gangway: 'if you bring more, I shall send you back with them.'

"But we had plenty to drink, and then stood for our ship again.

"Well, d'ye see, the six tubs were placed under the poop-awning; and as soon as the captain had turned in, the lieutenant sent two of them to the captain's cabin, one to the ward-room, one to the midshipmen's berth, and another to the warrant-officers' mess, leaving only a solitary tub for the whole of the ship's company.

"Well, d'ye see, at day-light out came the captain again, and looked for the stuff.

"'Why, Mr. ——, where—where—what have you done with the grog?'

"The officer told him how it had been disposed of.

"'No, no,' says the skipper: 'fair play's a jewel, sir: have it all on deck directly, and let every man fore-and-aft share alike. I shall only take my allowance with the rest, that all hands may be tarred by the same brush.'

"So the stuff was started into the wash-deck-tub, and equally divided among officers and crew."

Here the boatswain's mate ceased, and took a determined pull from his pewter, whilst the various groupes assembled (for our numbers had increased) were all unanimous in voting Captain E—— to be "a generous soul, what 'ud always see a poor fellow righted in the long run," and each had some anecdote to relate respecting him; but as all were talking at the same moment, it was impossible to collect them.

"I was with him," exclaimed an old pensioner, "off Scamperdown, when Duncan fought the Dutch fleet, and we engaged and took the Worser-never; and after she struck, we stood on and attacked the Fry-hard, that carried ould Winter's flag,—blue at the main. It was just arter the mutiny too, and some of our hands went from the bilboes to their guns. But Captain E—— knew the stuff a blue jacket was made on, and was glad of the opportunity of rubbing off old scores with the gunner's sponge."

"Talking about smuggling," said Bill Jennings, "puts me in mind of the way we used to get dollars off at Boney's Airs,* when I was in the Mutine sloop of war along with Captain Fabian, and we had three fine Deal-built boats that 'ud walk along like race-horses.

"Well, all the boats' crews had belts round their waistes with pockets to 'em, each just big enough to hold a roll of fifty dollars; so that every man could carry three hundred,—and a tolerably good cargo, too, considering he had to walk as steady as a pump-bolt on shore for fear of the custom-house officers, and to stretch out pretty smartly at his oar when he got into the boat—supposing the wind warn't fair.

"Well, one day says the marchant to our coxswain, as we was standing in his store,—says he, 'My lad, do you see this here cask?' which was rather a foolish question to be sure, seeing it was a half-hogshead, such as the small craft had their rum in, and he might have been sartin that Tom Crampton had twigged it.

"Howsomever, the marchant says to him, 'My lad,' says he, 'do you see this here cask?'

"Now it puzzled Tom to think what tack he was standing on, for the licker-bottles were all filled chock-a-block on the side-board, and 'Mayhap,' says Tom to himself whilst he scratched his head, 'mayhap, his honor's not never a going to gie me it all?'

* Buenos Ayres.

"Howsomever, says the marchant, says he, 'My lad, do you see this here cask?'

"Tom looked at the half-hogshead and then at the marchant, and then at the rum-bottle, as much as to say he was working a traverse to find the latitude and the longitude of the thing; and then he scratched his head, and took a severe turn with his quid, and 'My lad, do you see this here cask?' axed the marchant.

"'I do, your honor,' says Tom; 'and I'll take my oath on it, if your honor wishes.'

"'No, no,' says the marchant, 'your word's enough. So bring up your boat's crew, and get 'em aboard as quick as you can.'

"Now Tom thought that the men were to come up for the stuff and then to go on board the sloop, so as to get there before dark as she lay in the outer roads, about seven miles from the town; so says Tom, says he, 'God bless your honor! I'll have 'em up in the wink of a blind eye, and I'm sure they'll thank your honor for your goodness. Is it rum or brandy?'

"'What do you mean?' axed the marchant.

"'The cask, your honor,' says Tom, 'is it Gemaker or Coney-hack?'

"'Neither the one nor the other,' says the marchant; 'them there are all dollars.'

"'Whew!' whistles Tom; 'now I understands your honor, but couldn't we contrive to get 'em down in the cask just as they are; so that instead of making four or five trips, we may carry off the whole in the turning of a log-glass?'

"'I fear that 'ud be too great a risk,' says the marchant; 'or else I wish it could be done.'

"'Why for the matter o' the risk,' says Tom, 'there's only one ould chap as I cares about; but he's always boxing the compass of every thing that he catches sight on, living or dead. But I think I could get to windward of him, arter all's said and done, and there's no risk with the men, you know.'

"So Tom was allowed to make trial of his skill; and away he goes and get's a purser's bread-bag, and then walks off to the market and buys a couple o' sheep's heads, which he stows away in the bag along with a little hundred of cabbages and inyuns, till it was chock-full.

"Well, the cask of dollars was got into a cart, which drove off,—Tom keeping a good cable's length ahead with his bread-bag over his shoulder and a piece of wood shaped like a sugar-loaf done up in a blue paper under his arm; for I should tell you, messmates, that was the way they used to smuggle off the solid silver, and the old coast-guard had made a prize of a couple of these sugar-loaves only a day or two afore. Well, on goes Tom, bending beneath his bag like a crank craft under whole topsails, and now and then taking a heavy lurch to draw attention.

"The jetty runs a good two hundred yards into the river, and right in the teeth of the upper part on it stands the guard-house, where ould Jack Spaniard kept as sharp a look out as a Jew crimp upon pay-day, and presently he sees Tom rolling along and looking as wise as the cook's mate in a sudden squall. So he mounts a cockt-hat as big as a Guinea-man's caboose with a feather in it as 'ud have sarved the whole Chatham division of jollies, and curling his mouth-starshers he marches up to Tom and bids him back his main-yard; but Tom took no notice for the moment, till the ould Signor cries out, 'Blood and ounds' in Spanish, and then he pretends to cotch sight of him for the first time. Away starts Tom as if he was afraid of being boarded, and the Spaniard whips out his rapper, as they calls a sword in that country, and runs him right through the heart——"

"God bless me!" exclaimed I, interrupting old Jennings; "what! did the poor fellow get murdered for his frolic?"

"Murdered, your honor!" reiterated Bill Jennings; "Tom murdered! No, no, the shove gave him better headway——"

"Why did not you declare, but this minute," said I, "that the Spaniard run him through the heart?"

"Through Tom's heart! Lord love you, no," he replied; "it warn't Tom's heart, but through the heart of a cabbage, I was going to say, only your honor interrupted me,—a cabbage that was in the bag. Well,

there was a pretty chase all along shore, till the Spaniard fires a pistol that hit him right in the head——"

"Well, then, he's dead enough now, I suppose," exclaimed I, "if shooting through the head will kill a man."

"It warn't Tom's head," he replied, laughing, "it was the sheep's head; for Tom kept the ould chap dodging about till he saw the cask of dollars was in the boat, and she with her three lugs rap full standing off shore with a spanking breeze, and then he pretends to trip up over a piece of rock and lays him all along, hove down on his beam ends. Up comes the Signor hand over hand; because why? Poor Tom had made every nail an anchor, and clung to the earth as if it had been his own nat'ral mother. So, up comes the Signor and grabs hold of the bag, which Tom held on, like grim death against the doctor: but after some tuzzling, Tom lets go the bag and runs for it, leaving Jack Spaniard with his prize.

"Well, Tom gets down to the captain's gig and shoves off to the Muskitoe schooner, what was lying in-shore, and the Signor hoists the bag on his shoulders, fully sartin from the weight that he'd made a rich seizure, and back he marches to the guard-house, where every soul had turned out to enjoy a sight of the chase, (so that the cart with the cask passed by without being examined,) and now remained grouped together to see what the Signor had got.

"There was Spanish sodgers in their cocked-hats, custom-house officers in their long punchos, and coast-o'-guinea niggers, men and women, cracking their jokes at the expense of poor Tom, and highly delighted that his cargo was captured, nothing doubting but that it was dollars, or mayhap ounce-bits—that's doubleloons, messmates,—and all were eager to see it opened, little suspecting it was a mere bag o' moonshine.

"Well, the Signor comes right slap into the middle of 'em, puffing and blowing like a sparmacity, and throws down his treasure; one of the black fellows out's knife and cuts the seizing at the mouth of the bread-bag, and away rolls sheep's heads and cabbages with a good sprinkling of garlic; and, my eyes, the sodgers began to roar with laughing; the custom-house officers turned-to and swore at every Saint in the calendar, the niggers went dancing mad with delight at the fun, whilst the ould Signor twirled his mouthstarshers and curs'd everything an inch high. But the dollars were safe, and Tom got a handsome present for his trouble; whilst Jack Spaniard was in a precious *stew* of sheep's heads and impartinances to think he'd been done so completely."

"I dearly loves them there sort o' things," said a weather-beaten old blade; "there's a some-ut sentimental about 'em that excites simperthy, and brings to the memory many an ould scene of former times."

"You're right, boy Ben," rejoined my first conductor, who had told me of the Mutiny of the Hermione, "and so they do. Some people calls 'em *rum-on-tick*, but I can't for the life of me tell why, as they seldom gives us credit for much spirits; but if his honor there has no objection, I'll just give him a yarn that's twirling in my brain, and mayhap it may please him."

I readily assented to the proposal, and he accordingly began:

"I remember once, when under the command of the gallant Sir Sidney Smith, up the Mediterranean, we were scouring the coast, and brushing away the French troops; the captain ordered a party in the barge and launch to rig for going ashore, as he intended to pay a visit to a nobleman, who resided about two miles inland, on an elegant estate.

"Now, the old master was an immense stout man, as big as a grampus; he always gave the vessel a heel to the side he was walking: and as he hadn't been on dry ground for many months, he was invited to join the captain and some of the other officers in their cruize. But, Lord love you! he thought the ship wouldn't be safe without him; and, as for fighting like the sodgers, with their marching and their counter-marching, why, he didn't understand their heavy-lutions, and wasn't going to be made a light-infantry of.

"However, they persuaded the old gemman

at last; all hands got into the boats, and we shoved off. It was a lovely morning, and as we pulled along-shore, the scenery was beautiful; but more so when we landed and took our course to the nobleman's house. A wild and romantic spot it was; rocks piled on rocks, yet crowned with verdure—the dark forest and the green fields; while the calm ocean reflected with dazzling brightness the golden beams of the sun.

"Well, d'ye see, the nobleman was glad to see us all, for the French had retreated three weeks before, and he said there wasn't a trooper within a hundred miles. The wine was set abroach, and all hands began to make merry, particularly Sir Sidney and the officers.

"'Well, master,' said the captain, 'how have you enjoyed your walk?'

"'Very much, indeed, sir; but,'—looking to seaward,—'I'm afraid they're getting the ship too close in. How sweetly she sits, like a duck upon the water! Gad, I'm sorry I left her.' And then he bellowed, 'Why don't you wear round upon t'other tack? But they can't hear me, so I may just as well whistle jigs to a mermaid.'

"'Never mind,' returned the skipper, 'they'll keep her afloat; so drink your wine, and make yourself happy.'

"Happy, eh? what out of his ship? That was impossible; so the old man kept growling, like a distant thunderstorm. The castle we were in was situated upon a rising ground, that commanded an extensive view of the country; but we were on that side which was next the sea, and after a good *blow* out, —that is, when we had re-*galed* ourselves, and the captain had gained what information he wanted, just as we were coming away, in rushed a tall meagre-looking figure, with a face as long as a purser's account, and as pale as a corpse, while his teeth chattered like a watchman's rattle.

"'What's the matter, — what's the matter?' inquired Sir Sidney; but the man was breathless with running, and couldn't answer.

"He wrung his hands, and pointed inland. The officers made the best of their way aloft to the top of the castle, and there, with their glasses, discovered a troop of French cavalry, about 200, carrying on under a heavy press.

"My eyes! there was a job. To defend the ship,—the castle, I mean,—was out of the question; for there warn't above twenty of us up from the boats; besides, it would have been the ruin of the nobleman, in case of defeat. So orders were given to make the best of our way down, and every man to look out for himself.

"But what was to become of the master? He could hardly walk; and for running, that was impossible, for his legs were so short, he could make no hand at it. The officers proposed to conceal him; but he swore he wouldn't be stowed away like a bale of damaged slops returned unserviceable, and perhaps be cotch'd and get fricasseed and carbonadoed, like a young frog.

"'No,' said he: 'crack on, my boys; and the devil take the starnmost.'

"Off we set, but poor old Soundings couldn't hold it out; he puffed, and blowed, and waddled along, till he tripped over a mound of earth; and there he lay, like an island of flesh amidst an ocean of grass. Sir Sidney hove to, and laughed till his sides shook. However, he ordered a couple of hands to raise the old gemmen on their shoulders, and run with all their might.

"By this time, the troops had advanced within musket-shot, and they sent us a few peppercorns to freshen our way. The firing made the men in the boats alert (for they were out of sight, the landing-place being just over the brow of a hill), and so they prepared for our reception. The sodgers were coming up with us hand over hand, and their shots flew pretty thick. The old master, as soon as he recovered breath, did nothing but growl at being obliged to run away from the enemy, and kept his pistols ready to salute them in case of their coming alongside.

"There was now only a corn-field between us and the descent to the boats, when the men, finding themselves considerably in the rear, made a desperate push with their cargo and capsized altogether. Up they sprung again: it was, however, too late to mount the master afresh; besides, he had got a

little rest in the carriage, so all hands took to their heels: but just as they arrived in the middle of the corn, the French poured in a smart volley, and the old gemman fell.

"The rest of the party had reached the boats, and put off upon their oars, all ready to give the troopers a warm reception. The two guns in the launch and one in the barge were loaded with musket-balls, and every man had his musket or pistols ready cocked for the attack.

"The cavalry appeared on the brow of the hill, as fine a mark as you'd wish to shoot at. Whiz—whiz—we let fly; and they seemed to be struck comical. They thought to capture us at once without difficulty; but, at the second fire, our arms had done so much execution, that they turned tail and scampered off as hard as they could drive.

"The frigate had witnessed the transaction; and when they could bring the guns to bear without injuring our own people, a broadside of round and grape completed their confusion. As soon as the action was over, we found two or three of our men slightly wounded, while many of the enemy lay dead upon the hill; others we could perceive moving about, and some, who had been dismounted, were endeavouring to escape. In about half an hour's time we again pulled in, but not so cheerful as we did at first.

"The master had always been a great favorite with the captain, and indeed, for the matter of that, every soul fore-and-aft looked upon him as a friend. He had come in at the hawse-holes, knew the duty of a tar, and was lenient to a seaman's failings. No man could ever complain that Mr. Soundings had laid a finger upon him, or been the means of bringing him to the gangway, and, above all, stopping his grog. He was strict with the purser's-steward, and kept the cook to his tethers.

"But now to be cut off, as it were, without being able to give the enemy battle, and to be hove down upon his beam-ends by the lubberly French sodgers,—it made all hands melancholy to think of it. If he had died upon the quarter-deck in the heat of an engagement, it would have been another guess-thing, because that would have been in the way of his profession, and he would have dropped his peak and wore round for t'other world with the same calmness and composure that he conned his ship into action, under a firm conviction of going aloft, because he had done his duty. But to be popped at in a corn-field, like a cock-lark or a partridge, —oh, 'twas a most unnatural death!

"'Whereabouts did you leave the master?' said the captain to the man who was with him last.

"'In the corn-field, sir,' replied the man; 'we carried him as long as we could stand under canvas; but both of us were so heavily laden, that I expected to founder every minute, and having too much top-hamper, we did upset at last. But Mr. Soundings got up directly and run with us ever so far, till the crapeaus gave us another broadside, and down he dropped in an instant. I heard him give one loud holla, and then all was silent; so, concluding death had grappled with him, I made all sail for the boats.'

"'Did you see him,' inquired the captain, 'after he fell?'

"'No, sir; he was buried among the corn, for there was a deep hollow ridge run along the place, and I suppose he rolled into it.'

"'Poor fellow,' rejoined Sir Sidney, his eye moistening as he spoke; 'poor fellow, he's gone, no doubt. However he shall have a seaman's grave; so follow me ashore, Mr. E—— (addressing the lieutenant) and take half the men with you. The rest, under Mr. L——, must stay by the boats, and be prepared in case the troops should charge again.'

"The party drew up upon the beach, all eager to search for the body, and gratified to think that it would not be left as a prey for the gulls, but be hove overboard, sewed up in a hammock and all ship-shape. Sir Sidney Smith walked ahead in advance of the men, full of grief for the loss of his old shipmate; when all at once we heard a voice roaring most piteously, and the next moment a loud shout.

"We pushed forward, and in another minute a trio of Frenchmen showed themselves at the brow of the hill.

"Several muskets were presented at them; the sodgers dropped on their knees, when another figure, close behind them, was brought into view, holding a pistol in each hand.

"And who do you think it was? Why old Soundings himself, with a face full of choler like a heated furnace, his corporation heaving and setting like a mountain billow, and puffing and blowing like a grampus in a storm.

"Sir Sidney sprang forward and caught the master's hand, while the rest gathered round and gave three hearty cheers for joy.

"'Ay, ay,' said the old gemman, laughing, 'you're a pack of cowards, to leave a ship in distress. Safety lays in the length of the legs nowadays. Run, eh! fine clean-going craft like you, run! and suffer a crazy, weather-beaten old hulk to battle the watch with a whole fleet! But there, d'ye mind, I have taken three prisoners, and now lend me a hand down to the boat.'

"The fact was, the old boy had tumbled into a hollow, the troops had passed over him, and some time after their retreat, finding all quiet, he crawled out; when meeting suddenly with three Frenchmen dismounted, he presented his pistols and compelled them to go ahead just as we hove in sight.

"With light hearts the boats were once more shoved off from the beach; and, notwithstanding the old gemman boasted highly of his prowess, he swore it should be a long day before he'd trust his precious limbs out of the ship again, to go bush-fighting like a land privateer."

"Arter all," exclaimed the old boatswain's mate, "them there were spirit-stirring times; but the Neapolitans and Italians were scarcely worth fighting for.

"I was aboard the ould Culloden, 74, along with Troubridge up the Mediterranean, and one day a boat comes along-side, and up mounts a Neapolitan officer, his rigging dress'd out in gold lace and stars, so that he looked like a man-cake of gilt gingerbread. So he goes aft into the cabin, and tells the captain the Neapolitan troops were going to attack the French in a small fortified town on the coast, and Captain Troubridge being commodore, he had made bould to ax him for one of the sloop-of-war brigs to cannonade 'em by sea whilst the sodgers stormed 'em by land; and he talked so big of the bravery of his men, that it was enough to make a fellow believe that they cared no more for a bagonet than they did for a sail-needle, and no more for a two-and-thirty-pound shot than they did for a ball of spun-yarn, and it puzzled me to think how the captain could hoist it all in; for he bowed very politely, and told the officer 'he made no doubt they would eat all they killed;' and the officer bowed again almost to the deck, and he kept bending and bending like a ship heeling over to sudden gusts from the land.

"Howsomever, the skipper grants him the eighteen-gun brig, and then they began to overhaul a goodish deal about the plan of attack; and the Neapolitan observed, that if the captain would let 'em have a frigate instead of the brig, it would be much better and must ensure success.

"So the captain, very good-humouredly, countermands the order for the brig, and makes the signal for the captain of one of the frigates; and then they conversed together again, and the Count—they called him a Count, but Lord love you! he wouldn't count for nothing among British sodgers—I say, the Count danced about the cabin as if he was charging the French garrison, and cutting 'em up into four-pound pieces. Well, ashore he goes, and the frigate's signal was made to unmoor and prepare for sea; when aboard comes the Count again to say the commander-in-chief requested a line-of-battle ship might be sent instead of the frigate, as it would place the victory beyond a doubt; and after some backing and filling about the matter, Troubridge consented, and the brig was ordered to get under way and direct one of the seventy-fours outside to proceed to the place appointed.

"So away goes the Count, though it was plain to see the skipper warn't over and above pleased with the shuffling; but still he hoped the French would be beat, and ill as he could spare the seventy-four, the sloop

was soon walking away under her canvas, and had got to some distance, when alongside comes the Count again and goes into the cabin; but he hadn't been long there before out he comes again holus-bolus through the door-way, and the skipper in his wake with a face like scarlet, kicking the Count under his counter and starting him endways like seven bells half-struck. The Count scratched his indecencies and run along the quarter-deck, with ould Troubridge belabouring him and hollaing out:

"'D—— his eyes, first a brig, then a frigate, and next a line-of-battle ship; and now he won't fight arter all!'

"So the Count jumped into his boat, the brig was recalled, and the French kept possession till the army retreated, and then they capitulated."

"Ay, that was a sweet ship," said an aged pensioner, "that ould Culloden. Did you know Bill Buntline, as was captain of her fore-top?"

"Why, to be sure I do," replied the other; "we were messmates for three years, and a worthy soul Bill was, too. He could spin a yarn that would last the whole look-out; and then, like some of your magazines, he continued it in the next. He was brave, too; but I fear we shall never muster many such as he again."

"'Cause why?" said my old chaperon, "they don't steer the right course to gain the point: who'd live burning under the line with only half allowance of grog? or in the regard of the matter o' that, what heart could go boldly into action that was swamped in tea-water? The parsons may say what they please, but they arn't more fond of the kettle nor other folks, unless they takes it warm with a couple o' lumps o' sugar. But most of our tars are now in foreign sarvices, and teaching their art to our enemies."

"Ah, it is so, ould shipmate," rejoined the prisoner; "I reads of 'em sometimes when they used to be with Cochrane in South America, and I glories in the whacking the Portuguese fleet have just napped from Napier. It makes my ould heart bound with joy when I thinks of it."

"But, mayhap," said the boatswain's mate, "there'll be some whistling to get 'em back again, in case of another war; but I hardly think a British tar would battle the watch against his country."

"Tell that to the marines!" exclaimed the old man. "Why! warn't the Yankee frigates principally manned with British tars, —many of 'em who had fought under Nelson, and hailed with three cheers his last memorable signal? Did not the United States have two of her guns, one named Nelson and the other Victory, worked solely by men who had fought at Trafalgar, and in most of the general actions? Nay, more: all of them had been bargemen to the undaunted hero, had shared his dangers, and avenged his death!

"Oh, what could have such ruinous principles in their hearts, as to make them not only desert from, but strive to crush the proud flag for which they had shed their richest blood! And yet we are to be told, that this is not a fit subject for inquiry among the gemmen at the head of affairs; and that, in the event of another war, seamen are again to be dragged into the service, and compelled to toil under the dread of the cat.

"As for me, I always served my king and my country, (God bless 'em!) and mean to stick to my stuff as long as my timbers will hold together. But, nevertheless, I am a seaman, have a seaman's feelings, and cannot bear to see a seaman injured: they are my messmates, my brothers; and I long to see them once more under the 'union,' gallantly asserting their country's rights, and maintaining her naval glory.

"But to return to Bill; poor fellow, the last time I saw him he was on board an East Ingeeman, outward bound. The frost of years was on his head, and age had ploughed deep furrows on his brow; but his heart was as light as ever. I can remember him, the finest-looking fellow in the fleet, full of life and spirit; and, one day, when we were all, (that is the boarders,) exercising our cutlasses on the quarter-deck,—by-the-bye, Mr. Kendall, who went out with Captain Franklin, was midshipman of our division, and a worthy little officer he was; his father was a captain in the navy, and both his grandfathers died

admirals: I knew 'em well, and brave officers they were. Well, as I was a-saying, there we stood, cutting and slashing right and left, while the officers watched our motions, and practised among themselves.

"'That's a bonnie lad there,' said the captain's lady, leaning on the arm of the marine officer, and pointing to Bill; 'a bonnie lad, in gude truth, Mr. M——.'

"'Yes, ma'am,' replied the officer, 'a fine muddle for a Polly.'

"But, Lord love you! as for being muddled, why he was as sober as a judge, and warn't no more like a Polly than this pewter pot 's like a wooden platter.

"Well, d'ye see, there the boarders continued exercising; for we had a west-country sergeant who had received instruction in the horse-guards, but he turned foot-sodger and came to sea, and so he was appointed to teach the men upon a new system. A tyrannical upstart fellow he was, too; and nobody liked him.

"'Mind,' says he, 'when I say sooards, thee mustn't draa, but only handle thee's sooard for ready; but when I say draa sooards, thee must lug them out t' scabbard:' and so he kept on posing us, till we all wished him at ould Nick.

"At last we came to the cuts and guards: the first was all very well; but we could make nothing of the guards; for if a sailor, in boarding, stands like a doctor to pick and choose what limb to dissect, it would soon be all dickey with him. Straight forward work's the best, and soonest over.

"'Now,' says he, 'if the enemy should cut at thee leg, thee must draa it back, and then thee wult be able to strike him down by the head, thus,'—showing the position.

"Howsomever, we could not scrape as he did; and so he got into a terrible passion.

"'Thee be a pack of fools,' said he. 'Now mind, as soon as I draa my leg back, I strike thus; and the enemy will fall!'

"So saying, with the roll of the ship, he made a step back, when unfortunately—the scuttle was open behind him—down he went and disappeared in an instant.

"'And the enemy will fall!' cried Bill, imitating him; while all hands, officers, ladies and all, burst into a roar of laughter. 'Yo hoy, sergeant,' bellowed Bill, down the scuttle, 'where are you, my hearty? Arn't you coming up again? Here we are all waiting to put the enemy to flight.'

"But Mr. Sergeant had had enough of it for that day, and slunk quietly to his berth.

"I remembers another time, in a six-and-thirty, when we engaged a Spanish frigate, and a heavy one she was too; they had men in their tops with rifles, who seemed only intent to pick out our officers. Well, d'ye see, the two ships swung along-side, and the main yards locked, with the Spaniards just abaft ours. Bill happened to be in the main-top with two others, stoppering the shrouds, and every now and then he caught a glimpse of these fellows, laying down to load, and firing over the top-brim.

"'My eyes, shipmates, look there!' says he; 'the cowardly lubbers are bush-fighting. D—n the rigging; let's go and clap a stopper over-all upon them:—but avast, avast; do you two get upon their topsail-yard; and when you see me in the top then come down hand over hand amongst us.'

"Away went Bill with his brace of pistols in his belt, and cartridge-box and cutlash by his side, along the main-yard, entirely concealed by the folds of the enemy's main-sail, and got unobserved (except by those on deck) close in by the slings.

"The first man that rose,—pop he had him, to the great astonishment of the rest, who could not conceive where the shot came from; while those on deck were afraid of firing up lest they should injure their own people, and the roar of the guns wouldn't allow of a hail being heard. Bill squatted down as unconcerned as possible, reloaded his pistol, and presently down went another.

"By this time, the other two had gained the enemy's masthead; and finding they could douse a few of 'em without injuring Bill, they let fly, to the great terror of the Spaniards, who, thinking themselves bewitched, bundled out of the top down the

foothook shrouds, where they caught sight of Bill, when a desperate conflict ensued. He was, however, joined by his two shipmates; while others, from both ships, crowded up the riggings to the assistance of their several comrades.

"For a few minutes the fight seemed to be transferred aloft, when a shot from one of our main-deck guns brought down the enemy's main-mast; and away the combatants came flying down upon deck, where, though severely shaken and bruised in the fall, all that were able still continued the fight.

"The confusion occasioned by the falling mast was instantly taken advantage of by our captain, who, heading the boarders, dashed fearlessly on to the enemy's quarter-deck.

"Here he found Bill and his party at close quarters, hammering away like anchor-smiths; but the numbers were too many to cope with, and we were compelled to retreat.

"Just, however, as we had reached the sides of our own frigate,—'Where's the captain? where's the captain?' resounded on all sides.

"The Spaniards had grappled him, when Bill and his comrades again rushed back, and brought him off in safety.

"Well, d'ye see, at it we went again like sons of thunder; when shortly after, the ships parted and we played a game at long bowls.

"The enemy had all picked men, who fought with determined resolution; but the precision of our fire soon thinned their numbers, and orders were again given to prepare to board.

"'Come here, my man,' said the captain to Bill; 'you're a brave fellow, and deserve promotion: what shall I get for you?'

"'Only a glass of grog, your honor, just to drink your honor's health, and success to the day,' says Bill.

"'Well, well,' says the captain, 'I see your wishes are not unbounded; so go to my steward, and tell him to give you a bottle of rum.'

"'Ey, ey, sir;' answered Bill; 'but if your honor would just let me speak a word, —may be your honor would not be angry if I axed for a toothful for all hands. The purser can afford it, your honor; and the people have had cobwebs in their throats these two hours. It would give 'em a little more spirit just before boarding.'

"'I scarce know what to say to it, my man,' replies the skipper; 'however, send the purser's steward here.'

"The steward came, and a tub of grog was soon mixed upon the main-deck, and equally as soon dispatched.

"'All ready,' was now heard fore-and-aft, when the helm was put up.

"'Stand by, my boys, as we pass under his stern,' cried the captain: 'point your guns well; pour it into him: and then follow me.'

"The Spaniards seemed to be aware of our intention; for they immediately hove all aback; but they could not accomplish their object, while we came easily round upon his quarter, and gave him a whole raking broadside double-shotted. All hands rushed from below; and, in less than two minutes, scoured the enemy's decks; while Bill and a party broke in the cabin-windows, and dashed forward on the main-deck, bearing down all before them.

"The two captains met, and science was instantly called into play, while for a few minutes both parties seemed to pause, as if the victory depended on the conqueror; but a Spaniard, unnoticed, levelled his musket at our captain, and the ball lodged in his hand. The sword instantly dropped, but the gallant Spaniard scorned to take advantage; he lowered the point of his weapon, and flew to another part of the deck.

"Again the battle closed, and each fought with a determination to conquer or die. At last, three British cheers resounded from abaft; and there, upon the taffrail, stood Bill, hoisting the English colors over the Spanish at the peak. Several Spaniards flew to resent the insult, and the poor fellow would, no doubt, have fallen, had he not caught hold of a little French officer in the Spanish service, and held him up as a shield against their thrusts, till timely assistance rescued him.

"This affair, however, had divided the attention of the enemy, while it cheered up our men to fresh exertion. With one desperate rush they cut down all before them, and in a few minutes more, the frigate was our own. The slaughter ceased, and we were all good friends. The two captains dined together, and ever after lived like brothers: while the prisoners shared in our messes and partook of our grog.

"In overhauling our prize, we found she was from Buenos Ayres with a freight of money. So away we went into port with gold candlesticks at each yard-arm, and at each mast-head; and as long as it lasted, fiddles, girls, coaches,—all were in motion; till by dint of hard labour we got rid of it, and then tossed up the anchor for more."

I was highly entertained with these characteristic sketches of the man-of-war's man, and the old boys seemed delighted with the opportunity of relating their former achievements. I was also much pleased with the deference they seemed to pay to each other, and the attachment which appeared to exist amongst them. The grog, however, began to operate a little, and the question was put, "whether his honor would like to hear a song?"

Of course I acceded to anything that was calculated to increase their enjoyments, and one of the younger men of the party—a marine, but blind—gave us the following song, which my old chaperon whispered to me was one of his own making.

"Ned Splice was a tar as devoid of all fear
As e'er swabb'd a deck from the spray of a sea;
He knew ev'ry rope, and could hand, reef and steer,—
Book-larning, why, Lord! 'twas all dickey to he.
Our chaplain could spin out a very fine yarn.
And bother each man in his mess;
Says Ned, 'My brave boys, if your duty you'd larn,
'Tis—Succour a friend in distress.'

"'Ne'er get drunk!' says the priest, with a wave of his fist,
'Never swear;—never covet another man's prog;'
But see him next day, when he's cheating at *whist*—
My eyes; 'tis a storm in an ocean of grog.
Says Ned, 'them 'ere maxims I don't understand,
We should practise the thing we profess;'
While the pray'r from his heart, and the gold from his hand,
He gives to a friend in distress.

This song was sung with no small degree of feeling and taste. Other songs followed, with a few characteristic observations and sentimental touches between them, till the termination of one which had for its burthen:

"Thus smiling at peril, at sea or on shore,
We box the whole compass round cheerly;
Toss the can, boys, again;—drink the king! and what's more,
We'll drink to the girls we love dearly!"

"Sweet creatures!" exclaimed Bill Jennings; "I loves 'em all a little, d'ye see; for what's a sailor without a sweetheart? Why, he's like a ship without a rib,—like a mast without stays,—like a laniard without a dead-eye,—like a binnacle without a compass,—or a block without a sheave. Pretty dears! they're the very ach-me of a sailor's hopes,—the main-top of his heart. What, though the Turks think they've got no souls, you and I, your honor, both of us know, (and which of us doesn't?) that they have got souls and spirits too, bless 'em! for I take it that's much the same thing. I've seen 'em of all colours and shapes, from the Hopping-tops at the Cape to the Axquemo near the North Pole; but there's none to beat our own countrywomen. All the Wenuses of Italy,—all the beauties of Buss-aloney,—all the brilliant black eyes of Spanish America, can't box the compass with the dear little lasses of our native land.

"Ah, I can remember the first time I fell in love, by tumbling down the main-hatchway! 'Twas when I was with Cook out at the Sandwich Islands, where King Tommy-rammer and his wife came from. D'ye see, we had been refitting the rigging, and one of the ladies of Owyhee would be my doll-sinner; so she lent me a hand to tar the parcelling and pass the ball; and we were as kind and as loving as two tartle-doves. Well, I was walking near the hatchway, when, somehow or other, I capsized, and Lowtowchinchow, in trying to save me, gave me a shove: I cotched hold of her, and away we went, Lowtowchinchow and I, down into the main-hold, like a couple of cherry-bums from the clouds. The hatchway was full of logs, and there we lay, like the babes in the wood, as natural as life.

"Howsomever, there were no bones broke, so they hauled us up again, and how could I help falling in love with her after that? Oh, we used to talk together, she in her lingo and I

in mine, like two cats in a gutter. But what was the use on't? the fore-top-sail was sheeted home, and away we went; I promised to write to her by the first post, but she didn't understand me, and so I forgot all about it next day.

"In some parts of the world they have a way of marrying, what they call Poll-Higgamy; but, Lord love you! it's all a cheat, d'ye mind; for instead of having one Poll, they marry twenty; and only to go for to think of a man having twenty wives!

"Howsomever, it's all matter of fact; nay, some have more, and our parson used to read about Solomon having hundreds! How a solo-man like Solomon could manage to keep 'em all to their tethers in working ship, I can't think for the life o' me; but he was a wise man, and understood all manner of tongues, and so, mayhap, he had a way of his own.

"Pretty dears! one's enough in England. But I've seen 'em, in the hour of peril, in the day of battle and the storm, conquer all the weakness of their natur, and display such cool fortitude, such heroic devotion to their husbands, as would astonish you.

"There was poor Joe Kelson, in the old Sandwich, under Rodney, had his wife on board when they engaged the French fleet off Martinique. She was a timid, delicate little body, one who had been tenderly brought up; yet she left all the luxuries of the shore, a father's house and a mother's love, to brave the dangers of the ocean and share a piece of salt junk and a biscuit with the being she loved.

"Ah, I can remember her looks the morning of the action, while we stood at breakfast! Her face was pale, and her quivering lip and tearful eye told all the anguish of her soul.

"Joe tried to comfort her, but 'twas useless: he talked of honor and of glory; but what was honor and glory to a fainting spirit? Her heart was overwhelmed, and when she came afterward to his quarters on the lower deck, she could hardly support her trembling frame.

"It was just about noon, and she brought him a bit of dinner: they sat down upon the gun-trucks; but neither of 'em could eat, and it was a hard task upon poor Joe to preserve his firmness. All hands pitied them; and when they parted for the last time, there was scarce a dry eye at the gun.

"Well, d'ye see, about half an hour afterward, we began to engage; but there were cowards in the fleet, rank cowards, and the admiral wasn't properly supported; so the old Sandwich bore the brunt of the battle, and hot enough it was, too; many a poor fellow dropt his peak and bore up, and as is customary, were directly launched out at the port.

"At last, poor Joe received a mortal wound that stretched him on the deck. We lifted him up in our arms to carry him to the surgeons in the cock-pit; but he opened his eyes, tried to speak, then gave one convulsive shudder as the last death-pang parted soul and body, and his mortal agonies were over.

"We stood for the port to give him a sailor's grave; when, just at this moment, his wife appeared close to us. She had suffered all the tortures of suspense, till apprehension and anxiety for her husband's safety overcame every fear, and she stood at our sides. The body was half out, and perhaps she would not have recognised it but for her own handkerchief, which she had tied round his neck.

"We all looked at each other, and then at her, undetermined what to do. She stopped for an instant, and gazed at the face of her husband, as if trying to trace the features: her eye caught the token on his breast; she sprung forward,—but 'twas too late—the body of poor Joe was already in the ocean-wave.

"A wild and piercing shriek followed. She ran to the spot, and would have shared his grave, but was forcibly withheld. She looked at the dark waters, and then tried to catch a view through the thick smoke at the enemy's fleet.

"It cleared a little; she saw the French ships to leeward, and her spirit seemed to rise above the noise and din of battle. The roaring of the guns, the rattling of the tackles, and the flashes of the powder,—above all, a

feeling of revenge, instead of crushing her delicate frame, appeared to change every operation of her heart.

"She watched us for some time, and no entreaty could prevail on her to go below; till, at last, she inquired what was her husband's particular station; and having ascertained it, she instantly supplied his place, and, with undaunted determination, bravely continued to fight at the same gun during the remainder of the action.

"Nor was this all; for, with the tenderness of a female bosom, she sat up with the wounded, attended to their wants, soothed their complainings, and tried to forget her own sorrows by relieving theirs. The brave Rodney, you may depend upon it, didn't forget her; and I heard that he obtained a handsome pension to support her.

"There was Mrs. R——, the captain's wife of the L—— frigate; though, for the matter o' that, *she* was captain, although only rated as mate.

"Ah, that was an Irish ship; captain Irish,—officers Irish,—men Irish; the ship's name ought to have been Pat.

"She dearly loved her lads,—her boys, as she called them,—particularly Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the first-lieutenant, though the midshipmen knew pretty well how to get the weather-gage of her, especially when their case was in a pitiable condition, 'showing a beggarly account of empty bottles.'

"She was a lady, every inch of her, and used to come round the mess-deck morning, noon, and night, to see that all hands were comfortable and happy. If anybody wanted liberty, it was only spinning a yarn to the petticoat captain, and they had it directly.

"Well, d'ye see, we had orders to sail; and so, to the great grief of all hands, Mrs. R—— was obliged to leave us, with a heavy heart and a sorrowful countenance.

"'But never mind, boys,' says she; 'maybe you'll come back some day; and then, oh!—good bye to you, my boys, and stand by your captain to the last, like Erin's own sons. Remember, Irishmen must never lose their laurel!'

"And so we gave her three cheers as she went over the side.

"Well, after several months' absence on a long cruise, we once more reached Spithead, and in a day or two a pretty little yacht came working in from St. Helen's to the anchorage. The officers got their glasses, and word was soon passed that our friend Mrs. R—— was on board of her.

"All hands crowded on deck,—not an officer or man remained below. The captain took his station on the quarter-deck abaft, the officers, especially the midshipmen, were more in advance, while at the gangway stood the old master-at-arms, Michael Malone.

"Mich was a perfect original,—neither sailor nor sodger,—but a strict disciplinarian, as all the boys in the ship could testify. He was, in fact, the very squint-essence of an Irishman. On nine hairs of his head was stuck a little trencher-like hat, with a roof not much bigger than half-a-crown. Behind projected a tail-piece that would have puzzled Hogarth. It was about nine inches long, and stretched out from the neck in an horrorzontal direction, like a tiller shipped the wrong way. His jacket was of a sandy-grey-russet, embellished with ornamental designs of all colors and shapes. Huge pockets, well filled with rolls of paper, were prominent features, his trowsers (barring the breaches) well patched with corderoy, and his legs were sometimes cased in leather, that had formerly been a pair of military boots; but now, by continual cobbling, had lost their prime-itive shape and looked like a couple of fire-buckets. His countenance was open; for he had a marvellous mouth, that stretched as wide as a turnpike-gate; and his nose hung dangling down, as if to see that nothing passed through without paying toll. But for his eyes, he had a pair of odd ones, that gave you the most agreeable squint in the world, and made him see two ways at once. Many a poor boy has got thrashed for quizzing him, thinking he was looking another way.

"Well, there old Mich stood, adjusting his cravat with the utmost gravity, when Mrs. R—— came over the side.

"Of course every body expected she would have walked aft to the captain; but her delight was so great, that she no sooner got upon the deck than she caught old Mich (being nearest) round the neck, and began kissing him like fury.

"Mich, equally pleased, returned her embrace with interest, to the great amusement of every soul, fore-and-aft.

"'Oh, my boys,—my boys,' says she, as soon as Mich let her get breath; 'joy to the hour that I see you again! Arrah! R—— dear, sure, and I'm so happy!'

"So catching the captain in her arms, she gave full evidence of the fact.

"The officers wiped their mouths and smacked their lips, expecting it would go round, and were anticipating the salute of her sweet kiss, for she was really a beautiful woman; but they were disappointed; for the first moment of exquisite feeling having subsided, she became sensible of what had passed.

"Howsomever, the captain laughed heartily, and old Mich looked as if he was ready for a second edition. Mrs. R—— called him and apologized for her conduct, blushing all the time most glowingly. 'Och!' says she, 'my joy was so great that I couldn't help it!'

"'Be aisey, my lady, be aisey,' says Mich; 'I'd do the same for your ladyship any day, and every day. Sure, didn't I have the best of it, then? Faith, and I did, anyhow; for I gave you two for one. Oh, don't mention it, my lady.'

"Well, and all hands had an extra allowance of grog, and Mich declared that 'twas the happiest day of his life; for her ladyship's two-lips were like full-blown roses, moistened with dews; and but for his ugly nose, that came in the way, he would have had half a dozen more.'"

The afternoon having by this time drawn pretty well to a close, I rose; and having said a few words expressive of the pleasure I had experienced in their society, with a promise to pay them another visit before long, I took my departure amidst the hearty cheers of the old men; and if their blessings can have any influence in smoothing the path of life, mine would be smooth indeed.

TOM BROOKES.

No cannon peal'd his knell,
  No shout that gain'd the day,
Gave his frail spirit one farewell,
  To waft it on its way.
He rush'd all life into the wave,
  And found at once his death and grave!

'TWAS in the days of my boyhood, and though since that time many years have rolled their burdens on my head, — years that, like billows on the sand, have smoothed the traces which memory once had made, yet I can remember the circumstances as if it was but yesterday and the tears still wet upon my cheek; for I had known Tom Brookes from my infancy, and he had often brought me home some curiosity from distant lands, where the cedar and the pine-tree grow in rich luxuriance. Indeed it was his tales of the ocean, when the spreading sail was filled to waft the gallant ship to foreign climes, that first excited my desires to become a sailor.

Poor Tom had been brought up in expectation of a genteel fortune, and had been educated most scrupulously to revere a rigid sense of virtue, and to maintain that independency of spirit, which can only be fully appreciated by a noble mind.

But ah! how soon can adversity cloud the fairest prospects! And here it came, not like the rising gale that gives a timely warning of its approach; no, it resembled the wild tornado, bursting with sudden vengeance on its victim, without a moment's space to tell that death rides on the blast.

His father was ruined by an unforeseen reverse in trade; he could not stand against the shock, and he sank broken-hearted to the grave, leaving a widow and one child to mourn the unexpected change in their prosperity, but still more to grieve for him who could never return again.

Mrs. Brookes had a brother, who had been nearly all his life at sea; and to him poor Tom was consigned, to brave the perils of the briny deep.

"Don't cry, mother," he exclaimed at the parting, "don't cry; I shall soon come back, and be enabled to provide for your support. Providence may smile upon us yet, and your last days be your best."

"Go, my child," replied the mother, whilst her heart swelled almost to bursting, "go, my child; I will resign you to the merciful care of that Being who is a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God and Judge."

After his departure, poor Tom received one letter from his mother before he sailed. It inculcated all the moral and religious duties; requested him to peruse his Bible, and near the close were the following lines, which he committed to memory; and in after-years, when an infant sitting on his knee, he repeated them to me so often, that they became deeply impressed upon my mind:—

TO MY SAILOR BOY.

"When sailing on the ocean,
  In foreign climes you roam,
Oh, think with fond emotion
  Upon your distant home;
And never try to smother,
  But treasure up with joy,
Remembrance of a mother,
  Who loves her Sailor Boy.

"When thunders loud are roaring
  And vivid lightning flies,
The rain in torrents pouring,
  Sleep will depart my eyes;
Tears will bedew my pillow,
  You all my thoughts employ,
Toss'd on the angry billow
  A little Sailor Boy.

"Kind Providence protect you,
And bring you back again;
Your mother will expect you,
Safe from the troubled main.
No, Heaven will not distress me
The widow's hope destroy;
Return once more to bless me,
My little Sailor Boy."

In the course of a few years, Tom became mate of a fine ship in the merchants' service, and his efforts seemed crowned with success. He enjoyed the sweet satisfaction of seeing his mother comfortably situated, and his heart whispered it was the reward of virtue.

But who can arraign the will of Heaven, or say to Omnipotence, "What doest thou?" War with all its attendant horrors broke out, and the cruel system of impressment was adopted for the purpose of manning our fleets.

At this critical juncture, Tom received information that his parent was rapidly hastening to the mansions of immortality,—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

He had recently arrived in England full of joyous anticipation; but he found the silver cord of existence was loosened, and the golden bowl dashed from his lips:—he reached his home just time enough to receive the last farewell benediction of his dying mother.

Before the earth had closed over the remains of his parent,—before she had become mingled with the clods of the valley, the press-gangs were actively on the alert, and poor Tom fell into their hands.

No time was allowed to lay his mother in the silent grave;—he kissed the clay-cold bosom on which he had hung in infancy, and with stern serenity yielded himself a prisoner. He loved his country, and would not have shrunk from its service in the hour of battle; but at such a moment to be forced away!—it was draining the cup of anguish to the very dregs.

At this period I had commenced my career as a sailor, and was then lying in a ship of war at Plymouth under sailing-orders for a foreign station, but waiting for a full complement of hands;—indeed, men were so scarce, that some of the ablest felons had been selected from the jails to make up the crews.

I was walking the deck, when a party of these convicts came alongside with a draught of seamen from the flag-ship, and among the latter I recognised Tom Brookes; he was dressed in deep black, and his fine and manly countenance betrayed the indignation and agony that struggled in his heart. Surely it was impossible to mistake his character, for when called before the captain he behaved with a gentlemanly respect that commanded admiration.

But Captain S——* was one of those (happily there were but very few in the service) who were tyrannical and brutal by nature; and when poor Tom approached, he exclaimed:

"Well, fellow, whose pocket have you been picking?"

Surely this might have been spared; for Tom's countenance was an index to an honest and an upright mind; his attire was most respectable, and every action bespoke the experienced seaman.

Never shall I forget his look; it showed the conflicting struggles of a proud spirit; but it was only for a moment. He fixed his steady gaze upon the inquirer, who shrank before it. Captain S—— seemed to read his thoughts, and he was a man that never forgave.

A boatswain's mate was directed to cut off the tails of his coat,† so as to render it more like a seaman's jacket. The man approached, but this coat was the mourning he wore for his mother, and bitter recollections crossing his mind, he threw the boatswain's mate from him to the opposite side of the deck.

This was considered an act of mutiny, and poor Tom was put in irons, with his legs stapled to the deck. Being, however, a good seaman, his services were required; so that he was shortly afterwards released, and sent to do his duty on the forecastle.

We sailed in a few days, and after being some time at sea, the captain, remembering what had taken place in harbour, ordered poor Tom, by way of punishment, to perform most of the menial offices of his station, and

* He was afterwards dismissed the navy for cruelty.
† This was a common practice in the service when men were first impressed.

at length insisted on his executing the most degrading duty in a ship of war,—that of sweeping the decks.

This he refused with a respectful firmness; and in that he certainly was wrong, for obedience is the first test of duty—no matter from what motive the order proceeds, and in refusing to obey, Tom acted improperly as a seaman; but who can condemn him, having the feelings of a man?

His refusal, however, was of no avail; the broom was lashed by small cords to his hands, and a boatswain's mate stood ready with a rope's end to enforce command. Tom obstinately declared that he would die rather than submit to unmerited oppression; the blows fell heavy on his back, but they could not change the purpose of the heart.

In the moment of his anguish, whilst smarting from the stripes, but writhing still more with inward torture that bowed his spirit, he uttered some severe invectives upon the tyranny of his commander. The hands were immediately turned up, the gratings were seized to the gangway, and poor Tom was ordered to strip for flogging.

Resistance was useless, his outspread arms and extended legs were lashed to the gratings, and after reading the Articles of War for disobedience of orders, the captain directed the boatswain's mate to give him two dozen.

This was not the first time I had witnessed punishment at the gangway, for scarcely a day had passed without it since my joining the ship. But poor Tom had been my early friend; I called to mind the happy hours we had passed together, and now to see him with his back lacerated and bleeding, the cat-o'-nine tails cutting deep into his flesh,—oh, it was too much for me to endure, and I fell at the captain's feet. He spurned me from him, and the first dozen having been given, a fresh boatswain's mate was called to give the second.

Tom never flinched; he remained immovable as a rock, and the only indication of bodily pain, was occasionally a contraction of the muscles of his face,—a deeper, an all-absorbing agony seemed to have triumphed over mere corporeal suffering,—an agony arising from the desperate struggles of his soul.

I looked at the countenances of the men, but the generality seemed to have sunk into a settled apathy, and only a few, who had recently joined us from the Barfleur, displayed the workings of determined minds. They gazed at each other and tried to catch the sentiments of the crew; and it was plain that had a corresponding feeling animated the whole, consequences the most fatal and desperate must have ensued. But the ship's company had not been long together, and mutual distrust prevented an open declaration of discontent.

The flogging ceased, and poor Tom was consigned to the master-at-arms, and his legs once more fixed in the shackles. I tried to approach him, but was prevented by the marine who stood sentinel over him; my attempt was not however unnoticed, and the unfortunate victim gave me a look, and even a smile of grateful acknowledgment.

Ah! then my heart sunk within me. I retired to the dark recess of the cable-tier,* and gave vent to my tears,—for what could a child in his twelfth year do to save the sufferer from the strong arm of power? I consoled myself with the idea that Tom would soon be released, but in this too I was mistaken; for on the following morning he persisted in his refusal to sweep the decks, was again seized up to the gangway, and two dozen lashes more were inflicted upon his already scored and mangled back.

The torture was beyond human endurance, and though no shriek betrayed the anguish of the smart, yet a convulsive spasm too clearly indicated the rending of the wounds. Still his firmness did not forsake him, and whilst the cat fell heavy on his shoulders, he remonstrated with his persecutor, and appealed to the officers whether he had not always performed his duty. No voice was raised in his behalf, though looks spoke, as forcibly as looks could speak, the detestation of everyone for such merciless cruelty.

At this moment, Will Scott stepped from among the assembled crew; he looked wildly upon his shipmates, particularly upon his old

* The place where the cables are coiled away.

messmates, the Barfleurs; but all remained motionless as statues, and he resumed his station. Again the lash descended, and again the instrument of punishment was stained with the blood of the wretched man.

Imprecations on the captain burst from his lips, and madness seemed to dictate his wild incoherent ravings; he was no longer passive, his mind gave way, and at the last stroke he hung senseless by the cords which bound his wrists to the gratings.

He was cast loose, and on his reviving, was again shackled in the irons, with the promise of a renewal of punishment on the morrow if he still disobeyed. In fact, the captain found his authority was at stake; he saw that he had excited disaffection; he knew that the principal portion of his crew (many of them desperate characters) were not to be trusted, and the very men on whom he placed reliance—the Barfleurs—were disgusted with his treatment. To have receded, he considered, would have been an acknowledgment of error, and one triumph of the people would have been the prelude to more humiliating concessions. Thus he argued, and his very existence seemed to depend upon the issue.

* * * * *

It was one of those beautiful evenings in June, when the setting sun upon the verge of the horizon tinges the whole expanse of ocean with its golden brightness, that I stood upon the forecastle contemplating the glories of creation, and presumptuously arraigning Divine Providence for what I foolishly deemed an unequal distribution of good and ill.

The seamen were formed in groups along the gangway and waist, and the officers were pacing the larboard side of the quarter-deck, leaving the starboard side to the captain, who walked sullenly and alone. The lieutenant of the watch stood on the gangway, and did not join him; and there he strode, pale discontent upon his cheek, and keen mistrust in the restless glancing of his eye.

The evening was indeed lovely, and calculated to calm the raging passions of the soul. The sea was beautifully smooth, the sails slept deep and still, and though scarcely a breath was felt, yet the breeze upon the quarter was carrying the vessel almost imperceptibly at the rate of five knots* an hour.

I was but a boy,—a mere child, and whilst looking at the mild blue sky I thought of my home and of my mother. Poor Tom, too, he whose arms had cradled me in infancy! but what could I do?

Whilst my thoughts were thus occupied, a marine with his drawn bayonet appeared ascending the fore-ladder; close behind came poor Tom Brookes, and every tongue was hushed.

The captain caught sight of him and stopped; the officers continued their walk, but their eager gaze alternately changed from the captain to the suffering victim of his austerity; but no voice gave utterance to thought.

Poor Tom, I think I see him now! Ah! well do I remember the ghastly dolor of his look as he approached me; his eyes cast down, and his whole thoughts apparently riveted on one object alone,—but it is impossible to describe it. I touched his arm, for nature spoke within me, and I could not help it.

He paused for one moment, and a roseate flush suffused his cheeks; he seized my hand, and I felt that his was burning. I looked in his face, it was lightened up by a smile—but such a smile! It struck me he was thinking of his mother.

"Henry," he said, whilst grasping my hand, "Henry, your parents! Do me justice, I ask no more."

He drew his hand away, passed it over my face as he was wont to do when I was an infant, and as his features contracted with a long convulsive sob he added:

"Henry, your mother! Be good, be kind, be dutiful!" and turning round he walked forward to the bows.†

I felt as if something was strangling me; my blood rushed to my head, and a dread of I knew not what sickened my very soul. A

* Five miles.
† The head of a ship.

death-like stupor pervaded my faculties; but I was aroused from this state by the voice of the marine shouting, "A man overboard! a man overboard!"

The truth flashed upon my mind, and as the ship rounded-to (for the helm was instantly put down) I ran to the lee cat-head,* and saw the dark body as it sank in the gurgling eddy which the plunge had made.

Yes, it was Tom Brookes, and he never rose again. Some heavy shot were missing from the place where he had been confined, and these he had no doubt concealed about his person to facilitate the work of destruction. Poor Tom, the waters closed above his head, and who can read his doom!

May my young readers learn, from his untimely end, to temper judgment with mercy; and if power should ever be placed in their hands, to receive it as a sacred deposit for which they must render an account. May they use, but not abuse it; for a day is coming when the oppressor and the oppressed will meet before the same tribunal; when the individuals of whom I have been writing will stand with them at the bar of Omnipotence, and hear the sentence of that Judge from whose tribunal there is no appeal!

* A piece of timber projecting from the bows, by which the anchor is hoisted up for security.

DADDY DAVY, THE NEGRO.

"'A negro has a soul, an please your honour?' said the corporal, doubtingly.
"'I am not much versed, corporal,' said my Uncle Toby, 'in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.'"—STERNE.

"I HAVE now no written memorandums of the storms, the battles, the scenes which I have witnessed; no description of the beautiful shores of the Mediterranean, the ice-bound rocks of Greenland, the burning regions of the Torrid Zone, or the mild and salubrious climate of the Rio de la Plata. In my youth I trusted to a retentive memory, little thinking that time and the cares of the world would obliterate the recollection of past events."

Such was the apostrophe of my worthy grandfather, a veteran captain in his Majesty's navy, one winter evening, when a little orphan in my seventh year I climbed upon his knee (which he always called one of his timbers) and begged very hard that he would tell me some pretty story.

The candles were not yet lighted in the parlour; but the glowing fire sent forth its red blaze, and its cheering heat seemed ten times more grateful from a heavy fall of snow, which was rapidly collecting in piles of fleecy whiteness on the lawn.

My grandfather was a man of a kindly and compassionate heart; and though I used to play him many a sly trick and sometimes grieve his spirit, yet he was always lenient to my failings; and now that he lies in yonder village churchyard, this often causes me a pang of unfeigned contrition for the past.

It was my chief delight to hear him tell of the roaring of the guns when ships met in deadly strife, or the howling of the winds when the bitter tempest and the raging sea threatened destruction to the mariner; and he would so mingle his stories with the generous sympathies or his nature, that many a night has sleep dried the tears from my eyes as I lay on my pillow after retiring to bed.

I had taken my favourite seat on the evening I have mentioned, just as a poor negro with scarcely any covering appeared at the window and supplicated charity.

His dark skin was deeply contrasted with the unblemished purity of the falling snow, whilst his trembling limbs seemed hardly able to support his shivering frame; and there he stood, the child of an injured race, perishing in the land of boasted hospitality and freedom!

With all the active benevolence which my grandfather possessed, he still retained the usual characteristics of the hardy seaman. He discouraged everything that bore the smallest resemblance to indolence. The idle vagrant dared not approach his residence; but he prized the man of industrious habits, however lowly his station, and his influence was ever extended to aid the destitute and to right the injured.

On his first going to sea, he had been cabin-boy on board a Liverpool ship, which was engaged in that horrible traffic—the Slave-trade; and towards the poor anathematized descendants of Ham he had already imbibed erroneous prejudices, which after-years could not wholly eradicate, though they were chiefly manifested in the unmeaning jokes so common among British sailors. He had also held an official appointment for several years in the island of Trinidad, where

the negroes were more rigorously treated than in any other part of the West Indies, and where their debased condition rendered them more depraved in their habits and more treacherous in their actions.

In England, however, the very color of the skin is a passport to commiseration, and my grandfather no sooner saw the dark countenance of the perishing creature than he hastily rang the bell, and a footman entering, "Robert," said he, "go and bring yon pale-face here directly."

"Pale face, did you say, sir?" inquired the man.

"Yes, yes," replied my grandfather, "yon black fellow; fetch him hither to me."

The servant quitted the room, and it was not without some feelings of fear, as well as hopes of amusement, that a few minutes afterwards I saw the poor African stand bowing at the parlour door. The twilight had faded away, and except the reflection from the snow, night had thrown its sable shadows on the scene; but as the bright gleam of the fire shed its red hue upon the jetty features of the negro and flashed upon his rolling eyes, he presented rather a terrific appearance to my young mind.

"Come in!" exclaimed my grandfather in a shrill voice; but the poor fellow stood hesitatingly on the borders of the carpet till the command was repeated with more sternness than before, and then the trembling African advanced a few steps towards the easy-chair in which the veteran was sitting.

Never shall I forget the abject figure which the poor black displayed. He was a tall large-boned man, but was evidently bent down under the pressure of sickness and of want rather than age. A pair of old canvas trowsers hung loosely on his legs, but his feet were quite naked. On the upper part of his body was a striped flannel shirt, one of the sleeves of which was torn away; he had no covering for his head, and the snow which had fallen on it having melted in the warmth of the room, large transparent drops of clear water hung glistening on his thick woolly hair.

His look was inclined downwards, as if fearful of meeting the stern gaze of my grandfather, who scanned him with the most minute attention not unmingled with agitation. Every joint of the poor fellow's limbs shook as if struck with ague, and the cold seemed to have contracted his sinews; for he crouched his body together, as if to shrink from the keen blast. Tears were trickling down his cheeks, and his spirit seemed bowed to the earth by distress.

"Don't stand showing your ivories* there," said my grandfather; "but tell me, sir, what brought you to England, and what you mean by strolling about the country here as a beggar? I have a great mind to order you to be put in the stocks."

"Ah, massa!" replied the negro, "Buckra† neber hab stocks for nigger-man in dis country; yet nigger-man die, if massa neber give him something for fill hungry belly."

Whilst he was speaking, my grandfather was restless and impatient. He removed me from his knee and looked with more intense eagerness at the black, who never raised his head.

"But we have beggars enough of our own nation," said the veteran, "without having a swarm of black beetles to eat up the produce of our industry."

"Massa speak for true," replied the African meekly; "distress lib everywhere; come like racehorse, but go away softly, softly."

Again my grandfather scanned the dark features of the negro, and showed signs of agitation in his own.

"Softly! softly!" said he, imitating the black; "that's just your negro cant! I I know the whole gang of you; but you are not going to deceive me. Why, sirrah! I know you would sacrifice me and all I am worth for a bunch of plantains."‡

"Massa hab eat de plaintains den," responded the black; "and yet massa tink hard of poor nigger who work for make 'em grow. Gor Amighty send rain,—Gor

* Ivories is a common term among the negroes for teeth.

† White man.

‡ The plantain is a fruit which, when ripe, is very sweet; but roasted when green, it resembles a chestnut in taste. It is a general article of food instead of bread in the West Indies.

Amighty send sun: but Gor Amighty send poor nigger too."

"Well, well," said my grandfather, softening his voice to its accustomed tone of mildness; "the Omnipotent is no respecter of colors, and we must not let you be put in the stocks till the morning, daddy;* so, Robert, tell the cook to get some warm broth for this shivering piece of ebony; and bid her bear a hand about it."

"Gor Amighty for eber bless massa!" exclaimed the negro; and his countenance underwent an instantaneous change, as he listened to the order, and keenly directed his eye towards the person who had issued it; but my grandfather had turned his head towards me, so that his face was concealed from the grateful black.

"So I suppose you are some runaway slave," said my grandfather harshly.

"No, massa," rejoined the African, more assured; "no massa, me neber run away; I free man. Good buckra gib freedom; but den I lose kind massa, and——"

"Ay, ay," replied my grandfather, interrupting him. "I think you said something about Plantation Josef, in Trinidad?"

"Ky!" responded the negro as his eyes were bent upon his interrogator, who again concealed his face; "de buckra sabby [knows] ebery ting; him like angel of light for know de secret of de heart."

"Come nearer the fire, Daddy Davy," said my grandfather, as he extended his hand to the poker and bent down his body to stir the burning coals.

Never shall I forget the look of the African; joy, wonder, and admiration were pictured on his countenance as he exclaimed, whilst advancing forward:

"De buckra know my name too! How dis?"

My grandfather having rekindled a bright flame that illuminated the whole room, turned his face carelessly towards the black; but no sooner had the poor fellow caught sight of his features, than throwing himself at his feet, he clasped the old man's knees, exclaiming:

"My own massa! what for you give Davy him life? what for you give Davy him freedom? and now de poor nigger die for want! But no!" checking himself, "neber see de day for go dead, now me find my massa!"

"Confound the cold!" said my grandfather, thrusting his thumb and forefinger to his eyes, "how it makes one's eyes run! William, my boy," turning to me, "fetch that pocket handkerchief off the sofa."

I immediately obeyed, and felt as if the cold had affected me too; for I employed my grandfather's handkerchief two or three times to wipe the trickling drops from my face, before I delivered it into his hands.

At this moment, the footman opened the door to say that the broth was ready, but stood transfixed with amazement at seeing the half-naked black at his master's feet.

"Go, Davy," said my grandfather, "go, and get some food; and, Robert, tell the cook to have a warm bath ready, and the housemaid must run a pan of coals over the little bed in the blue room, and put some extra blankets on. You can sleep without a night-cap, I dare say, Davy; and, Robert, tell the butler to give you a bottle of Madeira; simmer half of it over the fire, and when heated beat up an egg in it,—it will be better than cold Sangaree, Davy; and d'ye hear, Robert, grate a little nutmeg on the top, and carry it to the pale face as soon as he gets into bed. There, go along, Davy, go along!" and the gratified negro left the room with unfeigned ejaculations of "Gor Amighty for eber bless kind massa!"

As soon as the door was closed, and I was once more seated on my grandfather's knee, he commenced his usual practice of holding converse with himself.

"What can have brought him here?" said he; "I gave him his freedom and a piece of land to cultivate. There was a pretty hut upon it, too, with a double row of cocoa-nut trees in front and a garden of plantains behind, and a nice plot of guinea grass for a cow, and another of buckwheat:—what has

* "Daddy" is a familiar term of kindness used by the male negroes to each other, as "aunty" is used by the females; and it is nothing uncommon to hear children, as soon as they can talk, calling one another "daddy" and "aunty."

become of it all, I wonder? Bless me, how time flies! It seems but the other day that I saved the fellow from a couple of bullets, and he repaid the debt by rescuing my Betsy —ah, poor dear! She was your mother, William, and he snatched her from a dreadful and terrific fate.

"How these things crowd upon my mind! The earthquake shook every building to its foundation, the ground yawned in horrible deformity, and your poor mother—we can see her grave-stone from the drawing-room window, you know, for she died since we have been here, and left her old father's heart a dreary blank. Yet not so, either, my child," pressing me to his breast and laying his hoary head on mine, "not so, either; for she bequeathed you to my guardian care, and you are now the solace of my grey hairs."

"But the earthquake, grandpapa," said I, "the earthquake."

"And your poor father," continued he, absorbed in his subject, "as brave a lad as ever broke a king's biscuit, to become a prey to the sharks, with the ocean for his grave!—but there, don't cry, my boy, don't cry; you shall never be wrecked upon a lee shore whilst I can keep you afloat; and when this old hull is stowed away in the ground tier, I shall leave you to the protection of HIM, who gives the fleecy coat to the tender lamb and feeds the young ravens when they cry. But it puzzles me a little to think how this black rogue got to England, and what he can have come for. He was a faithful servant, that Davy, and I picked him up in a strange way too,—a very strange way, for in another half-hour he would have been food for the fishes.

"It was in ninety-eight I commanded the Zephyr sloop of war. We were cruising off the river Plate, when a schooner hove in sight and showed American colours; so I bore up to speak to her, and just as we got within hail we heard the report of fire-arms, and saw a negro fall from the schooner's side into the water.

"At first, I thought it was some poor wretch relieved from his earthly misery whom they were burying. As he sank in the ocean, the billow closed over his dark form, but the next instant he rose struggling on the surface of the wave, and the white foam around him assumed a red and gory tinge. Again he sank, and again the sea rolled smoothly on; but that poor murdered wretch arose no more.

"We were now close to the schooner, and I commanded her crew to heave-to for a boat, which after some hesitation they obeyed. Curiosity, and perhaps a little compassion, induced me to visit the schooner; but oh, what a scene of horror presented itself! I have witnessed in my youth enough to make my heart callous, if anything could, but this exceeded all I had ever seen.

"The schooner had a cargo of slaves from the coast of Africa; but not men,—not women,—no, no; there were ninety-seven little children, from four to twelve years of age, in the most horrid and emaciated condition. The space in which they were kept was so confined, that they could scarcely sit upright; and having nothing but rough planks to lie on, the rolling of the vessel had chafed their joints into wounds; they looked as if perishing with hunger.

"You shudder, boy, and well you may. The helpless creatures were ranged upon the deck, and close by the gangway lay four young men, wounded and in fetters, but who did not seem otherwise much the worse for the voyage. Another was placed astride the gunwale, with his arms pinioned behind him.

"Seated on the companion abaft, appeared a stout tall man in a white shirt deeply stained with blood; his head was bandaged with new cotton, through which the blood was still oozing; his left arm was bound up, and he seemed to have suffered in some desperate conflict.

"This was the captain; and the crew, more or less hurt, showing visible marks of a recent fight, stood near, and every one displayed strong indications of intemperance. On the hencoop, by the captain's side, lay a long-barrelled pistol; the fellow to it was grasped in his right hand, and with the rolling eye of intoxication he first glanced at the instrument of death, and then at the poor

wretch who sat with an unmoved countenance on the gunwale.

"'You are just come in time, sir,' said the captain, 'to witness an act of justice; for I guess, though you have got the British bunting* at the peak, you come from the land of the stripes and stars.† But you shall see, sir, how cleverly I'll put a brace of balls through that mutinous rascal.'

"He raised the pistol to a level with his eye; his forefinger was on the trigger, when I hastily struck it up with my hand, and the bullets whistled over the negro's head without doing him any injury. But he had experienced only cruelty from white men; he had expected death, and could not suppose that one of the fair-skinned race would rescue him from the fate of his companion.

"As soon as he heard the report of the pistol, he fell forward on his face; but my boat's crew ran, and saved him from going overboard.

"'What is the meaning of all this?' said I, 'thou disgrace to manhood. I am a British officer, and to me you shall be accountable for your demoniac conduct. What has that poor creature done? and these, too, on the deck? Release them, my men;' and my boat's crew had soon broken off their fetters.

"The negro, whom I had saved from the murderous intention of the captain, could not exactly comprehend the scene; but when he found that he was safe and knew me for his deliverer, he clung round my knees—ay, just as the fellow did to-night, for it was no other than Davy himself. But I can't think what brings him here to England away from the pretty hut, and the cocoa-nut trees, and the guinea grass."

"But what became of the little black children, grandpapa?" inquired I, "and the other four men, and the wicked captain? and where did you take Davy to? and——"

"Stop, stop, child!" said my grandfather; "don't overhaul your questions so fast, and I'll tell you, for the sight of the dog is a memorandum one cannot meet with every day. The captain had freighted his schooner at Loando, in the Congo country, with one hundred and thirty male and female children and six fine young men. Thirty-three of the children had died on the passage, and been thrown overboard.

"The crew of the schooner, fearing nothing from the poor emaciated innocents and trusting to the half-starved weakness of the young men, indulged in drinking to excess. But to the surprise of the captain, these latter began to recover their sleek and healthy appearance, and he was calculating upon getting a handsome price for them in the market; when the very night before I fell in with the schooner, the young men rose upon the crew, they attacked the captain in his bed, and inflicted several severe wounds on his body and head.

"But what could these poor creatures do against a superior force, who were well acquainted with the use of arms? The negroes were overpowered and put in irons; and the wretched man, whom we had seen shot before getting alongside, was the ringleader.

"But now, mark me, my boy; on inquiry, I discovered that the plan had been a long time in agitation, and these injured and devoted children had daily set apart a portion of their own very scanty food, to strengthen the men for the enterprise. Most of them knew of the attempt, yet none betrayed the secret.

"I bought Davy of the captain, and went up the Plate as far as I could (for the schooner was bound to Monte Video), and then was compelled to quit her, for she was under the flag of a neutral power; besides, our own country was then engaged in the same traffic."

"And what became of the children, grandpapa?"

"All sold into slavery, my dear."

"And Davy, grandpapa?"

"I took him with me: but what he has done with the hut and the plantain ground, I can't tell."

"And the earthquake, grandpapa?" for I had not forgotten that.

"You want to know everything, boy, and

* Bunting is the stuff of which flags are made.

† The captain thought the vessel was in the service of the United States, their colours being striped red and white, except the upper quarter next the staff, which is blue, and bears as many stars as there are States in the Union.

you forget that my memory fails me; however, I'll try and recollect that too for some other night; but you must go to bed now, and to-morrow Davy will tell you all about it."

I afterwards learned that Davy had rescued my poor dear mother from destruction at the risk of his own life during an earthquake in Trinidad, for which my grandfather had given him his freedom, together with the hut and land. But the free black had no protection in the west: the slaves plundered his property; sickness came, and no medical attendant would minister to his wants without his accustomed fee; he contracted debts, and his ground was sold to the estate on which it was situated to pay the lawyers.

He quitted the island of Trinidad to go to Berbice; but being wrecked near Mahaica Creek, on the east coast of Demerara, he lost his free papers, was seized by the government, and sold as a slave to pay the expenses of advertising and his keep. He fortunately fell into the hands of a kind master, who at his death once more set him at liberty, and he had come to England in the hope of bettering his condition.

But here misfortune still pursued him; the gentleman whom he accompanied died on the passage; he could obtain no employment on his landing; he had been plundered of what little money he possessed, and had since wandered about the country, till the evening that he implored charity and found a home.

My worthy grandfather is now numbered with the dead; and I love to sit upon his grave-stone at the evening hour: it seems as if I were once more placed upon his knee and listening to his tales of by-gone years. But Daddy Davy is still in existence and living with me; indeed whilst I have been writing I have had occasion to put several questions to him on the subject, and he has been fidgeting about the room to try and ascertain what I was relating respecting him.

"I am only giving a *sketch* of my grandfather, Davy," said I.

"*Catch*, massa! what he call *catch?*"

"About the schooner, and Trinidad, and the earthquake, Davy."

"And da old massa what sleep in da *Werk-en-rust?*"*

"Yes, Davy, and the snow-storm."

"Ah, da buckra good man! Davy see him noder time up dere," pointing towards the sky; "Gor Amighty for eber bless kind massa!"

* Werk-en-rust, literally work-and-rest, is the name given to the burying-ground at Demerara; but here it is meant to apply generally to all places of sepulture

GHOST STORIES.

"*Glendower.*—I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hotspur.—Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come when you do call for them?"
King Henry IV.

I WISH my young readers had been acquainted with my worthy and excellent father, for he cared not a snap of the finger for ghosts and hobgoblins, and he would actually walk through a churchyard at midnight without feeling the smallest particle of fear.

Now, it may be supposed that his children (of whom I was the third) were naturally as courageous as their father; but from certain circumstances this was not the case. For whilst my worthy sire would have bidden defiance to a whole army of apparitions, myself and my brothers (there were five of us) would tremble at every noise after dusk, and when we were in bed, bury our faces in the blankets, lest something alarming should appear; nay more, not one of us would remain a moment in the dark without screaming, even if persons were in the same room; or be left alone in any place, though it was broad daylight and the sun shining in all his splendor.

I have said that my father was courageous; but then what ghost would have dared to attack him, or ventured to appear in his presence? He had fought many battles; he had braved the wind, and the storm, and the howling tempest: he had undauntedly looked death in the face, and the unrelenting tyrant had plundered him on every possible occasion, in his violent efforts to carry him off altogether.

Thus the brave man had at different times lost an eye, and an arm, the calf of his right leg, and sundry slicings and cuttings from various parts of his really handsome person; so that a thought of frightening him never could have entered the mind of any supernatural being,—at least, of any rational one. This was the opinion of us boys respecting our father; but as to ourselves, it was quite another thing.

We were children, and ghosts might rub their cold noses against our faces in the night, or start up out of the ground to terrify us during the day with impunity; for that there were such things as ghosts it would have been impossible to entertain a moment's doubt, having, as we certainly had, the undisputed authority of Susan the housemaid, backed by the matter-of-fact accounts of Jane the cook, and the whole fully authenticated by old nurse, who declared that she had actually seen a spirit; but I suspect it was at a time when *spirits* were pretty plentiful with her.

My parents were much out in company, and then the evenings were employed in telling the most horrible tales of murders, of sudden deaths, and of those who shortened their brief span of life on account of disappointments in love.

Oh! how often has a cold sick shuddering come upon my young heart at pictures of the diabolical cruelty of human nature, when "man became a wolf to man!" and how has terror shaken every joint in my childish frame to hear of the restless spirit of the murdered, clothed in corporeal semblance, escaping from its cold prison-house to haunt the guilty slayer! How frequently have the tears trickled down my pale face at the hap-

less adventures of blighted affection; and many a time did my infantile imagination follow the retributive form that constantly haunted the wretch who had broken the vow of fidelity and truth! Nor was there wanting a good sprinkling of *accurate* stories about highwaymen and housebreakers, gentlemen thieves for whom young maids wept when they considered them deserving a better fate.

The house we lived in was a very ancient but strong building, and exactly the sort of place to excite superstitious feelings—in fact, a sort of ghostery.

There were some strange tales told about it; and the unaccountable noises in the chimneys which frightened the birds that built their nests there, and the hollow murmuring sounds that proceeded, particularly in windy weather, from behind the old oak panels of the rooms, all conspired to do that which my parents had but little idea of,—namely, to unnerve the system and weaken the intellect.

Still I was no coward, for I would always defend myself against any boy of my size, and was ready to undertake the usual hazardous enterprises of children; but a subtle poison was working within, which bade fair to render the mind imbecile, and to undermine the constitution.

My parents became sensible of our altered condition, and, when it was almost beyond redemption, were made acquainted with the cause. My father, in his usual blunt manner, made use of a strong argument against ghosts.

"Boys," said he, "you are a pack of fools: remember this, that those who are gone to Heaven, are too happy to quit it; and those who are gone to a place of torment, the devil won't part with even for a moment."

Of course a change took place among the servants, who were blamed for instilling pernicious principles into our minds, but which they could not have done had my parents used a little more watchfulness to guard against it.

I was destined for the sea, and at an early age to sea I went. But though I had risen superior to many apprehensions which once tortured me, yet there were times when I could not entirely conquer former weaknesses; and a few weeks after the frigate to which I belonged had left Plymouth on a three months' cruise, one of the quartermasters of the name of Buckley died, and, as is the usual custom, the body was sewed up in a hammock preparatory to interment. The poor fellow had expired late in the afternoon, and the committal of the corpse to the deep was to take place the following morning.

Now Buckley had shown me a great deal of kindness, and taught me to knot and splice, and other parts of a seaman's duty; besides, he had always slept at no great distance from me, and both of us were in the same watch; yet I could not subdue the horror I felt struggling in my breast, at the thoughts of passing the night near the cockpit where I supposed the dead man to be laid.

I dared not mention a word of this to my messmates, lest it should have ruined my character for ever; and as I was to take the morning watch, I went early to my hammock—but not to sleep.

The close proximity to the corpse excited the most sickening sensations, which I found it impossible to get rid of; horrible phantoms floated before my imagination, and if weary nature exerted her prerogative and sank into repose for a moment, I started with dread lest the cold hand of the old man should be pressed heavily on my heart.

At length my mind was harrowed up beyond human endurance; the watch below had turned in; there was no light except the glimmering in the lantern of the sentry, and he sat dozing at his post. I thought I could catch the spot where the corpse was extended, and faintly discern the outline of his form.

To remain longer was impossible; the bell struck four,* and slipping on my jacket and trowsers, over which I hastily wrapped my watch-coat, I cautiously ascended to the deck; but, ashamed to be seen, I crept into the launch,† which was between the booms,

* Ten o'clock at night.
† The largest boat belonging to a ship.

and finding a hammock, which I supposed to have been negligently left there by one of the seamen, I laid myself down upon it, and pulling over me an old sail with which it had been covered, I was soon in a deep and refreshing slumber.

The corpse was to be committed to the deep whilst all hands were upon deck, during the relief of the watch at four o'clock in the morning; and exactly at that moment I was awokc by some one shaking me rather roughly by the shoulder.

In an instant I sprung up; horrid recollections rushed upon me: it was broad daylight; many eyes were staring at me, some with astonishment, others with mirth; but, oh! how can I describe the terrible thrill that ran through every vein, when on looking at the hammock which had served me for a bed, I discovered that I had through the whole of the night been sleeping with the dead man for my companion, the body having been removed to the launch late in the preceding evening!

I could not speak; I could not shriek; but I burst into an hysterical fit of laughter, and that saved me;—for the spectators, not knowing what was passing in my mind, took it for bravado. Many were the jokes respecting my attachment to old Buckley; and thus I was severely punished for my folly.

Two years passed away, during which I had occasional returns of terror and alarm, arising from my dread of non-existents, though I had been in two or three engagements and gained some applause for my conduct. The frigate I had first joined had been laid up unserviceable, and I was now in a beautiful eighteen-gun brig-sloop on the South American station.

The tale of old Buckley was no longer the subject of amusement to others and torture to me, for the circumstance was unknown to my new messmates; and I entertained hopes, that in the course of time I should be enabled to overcome the feelings which but too frequently oppressed me.

The sloop was attached to the expedition intended to subjugate (for any other design was futile) the city of Monte Video, in the river Plata; and, with several other vessels, we were employed to capture the island of Goretta, in Maldonado Bay.

There were three strong batteries, with long twenty-four and thirty-two pounders mounted, and these batteries were well manned with Spaniards; but they were compelled to yield to the intrepidity of our brave tars after a severe slaughter, considering the comparatively small number of men engaged. After the conflict, small parties were posted in various places round the island to prevent a surprise, whilst the main body with the commanding officer occupied a large building in the centre.

Midnight came,—a dark, dreary, cold, starless midnight, and I was ordered to visit all the outposts to see that the sentinels were alert upon their duty. The dead bodies of those who had fallen in battle remained unburied. I had looked upon many a bleeding and mangled form during the day; I had seen many a poor wretch writhing in the last pang of mortal agony; I had gazed with a sort of desperate wildness on the convulsive contortions which expiring nature had left upon the countenance; and now, in the stillness and solitude of night, to traverse the spot where they lay in promiscuous heaps as they had fallen,—my very soul was harrowed up! I would not disobey, and I did not dare to ask for attendance lest my secret should transpire.

Alone then I departed, every nerve agitated with the commotion that shook my trembling frame. Alone I took my way to the nearest outpost, often starting aside as some stiffened corpse lay stretched across my path. The hollow moaning of the waves breaking against the rugged rocks, came with a fearful sound upon the wind, which rushed past in hurried gusts, and now and then a half-stifled groan burst from some poor creature who yet survived the carnage and was recovering sensibility.

I had reached about half-way to my first place of destination, when my faculties became in a great measure paralyzed, on hearing something behind which emitted a strange and unnatural noise. I determined to face it, and turned round for that purpose.

The atmosphere was dense and hazy,

enveloping the earth in darkness; but amidst the gloom, a most horrible figure kept rising up to more than mortal height, and then again sinking to scarcely half the stature of a man; two immense projections issued from its hideously formed head, and a pair of burning eyes glared with vengeful fierceness upon me: all my old feelings returned; dismay crept upon my spirit, and making one desperate effort, I ran with amazing rapidity from this terrific object. But alas! I had not run far, when I stumbled over a dead body, and fell in the midst of several others. I stretched out my hands to assist me in rising, and they rested upon the cold clammy face of a corpse!

Once more upon my feet, I looked round; the monster was close to me, rising and falling as it had done before, and again I bounded away without knowing whither.

A building presented itself, which I hoped was one of the outposts, and hastily entering it, I fell about twelve feet into a space below, but sustained no bodily injury as the floor was covered with piles of seal skins.

Here, in thick darkness and insensibility, I lay for several hours, when I was accidentally discovered by a party who had clandestinely left the main body to seek for plunder, and were attracted to the spot by seeing an enormous *he-goat* near the entrance to the building. By the light of the lantern which they carried I was readily recognised, and soon rescued from my uncomfortable situation.

The fresh air and human voices speedily restored me to animation, and almost the first thing I saw, quietly standing amid the group of seamen, was the innocent cause of my alarm and misfortune,—*the great he-goat!*

My fall was attributed to accident; and, attended by the party, I visited the outposts and made my report to the commanding officer.

The account of my adventure soon spread, but the occurrence was attributed to anything except the real cause, as the different tale-tellers had each a story of his own to magnify my intrepidity; and thus my weakness not only again escaped detection, but I actually gained approbation for my courage.

From that hour my determination became more and more strengthened to resist the pusillanimity which, in spite of every effort, would at times attack me.

I was next employed in the capture of Monte Video, or rather the city of San Philip, which is the proper name,—Monte Video being a lofty mountain on one promontory of a deep bay, as the city of San Philip stands on the extreme point of the other promontory.

After the city was taken, I was stationed at night on the flat roof of a house which communicated with several others; having received orders to be very vigilant, and in case of anything material occurring to forward immediate information to the officer in command of the party, who was to dispatch the intelligence to head-quarters.

The post was one of extreme importance, and had been entrusted to me on account of my apparent fearlessness. It overlooked the gates leading to the shores of the bay, which, though in our possession, were frequently visited by guerilla bands, who secretly dealt death to the incautious sentinels.

I had been about one hour upon the look-out, and had suppressed the rising sensations of terror which had more than once attacked me, when, to my great surprise, a large empty earthenware crate, that stood in the corner of the next flat began to move slowly along the roof.

I had been leaning over the parapet of the house with my back towards the crate, but the slight rustling made by the movement caused me to glance over my shoulder without appearing to turn my head.

The motion ceased; but I could not doubt the fact, for the crate was not in the situation where I had first seen it.

I still remained in my position without stirring, but kept my eyes directed by a side-long glance towards the object.

Again it moved, but so slowly and noiselessly, that by a person possessing a mind of any other stamp than mine, it would have passed unheard, and consequently unheeded.

In vain I struggled to suppress my emotion,

—trembling imbecility was rapidly creeping upon my system,—all my former terrors were reviving, when at that moment the devices of the guerillas recurred to my recollection, and cocking the lock of a pistol, I stood in perfect readiness.

Again the crate moved, so as to get more into my rear; but a picket-guard passing through the street below, I called to the officer and instantly sprang over the breast-work that divided the two roofs, and ran to that part which was most likely to cut off a retreat if the crate had been moved by human agency,—of which, I confess, I entertained strong doubts.

These, however, were soon dispelled; for I had scarcely reached my station, when the crate was thrown up, and the tall, gaunt figure of a guerilla was for an instant seen against the dim light of the sky. But it was only for an instant: our pistols seemed to be discharged at the same moment of time.

I heard his ball whistle by my ears, and it left a tingling sensation that indicated how very close it had passed to my head: the smoke hindered me from seeing more, but I felt the sharp point of a knife graze down my breast,—I heard a heavy fall into the street below,—a fire of musketry succeeded,—then followed a wild shriek, and the guerilla was a corpse!

His knife had been intended for my heart, but a backward step on my part saved me: the skin was slightly scratched, and the instrument remained in my coat without doing further injury.

In what manner the desperado had gained the roof, I could not then divine; and I felt certain that he was not under the crate on my first taking the post, as I had carefully examined it.

I had afterwards an opportunity of witnessing the mode by which he had accomplished it, and it was simply through the efforts of a number of men, who were raised up successively on each other's shoulders. His design was assassination and plunder.

For my share in this transaction, I obtained the approval of Sir Home Popham, and was raised in temporary rank.

The next trial of my nervous system was at Sierra Leone. I was then in a frigate, and as fears were entertained that the French were about to make a descent upon some part of the settlement (a French squadron having been seen hovering off the coast), the free negroes were armed and enrolled as volunteers.

To effect this at a village about six miles in the interior, I was despatched with proper orders, and the boat landed me at the nearest point to my place of destination.

It was late in the evening before my duty was completed; and as I was particularly desirous to return to the ship and make my report, an officer of the York Rangers lent me a beautiful and spirited horse, which I mounted, though not without a few misgivings, which were much increased when I was jocosely requested not to fall in love with the "ghost" on my road.

On the wayside stood a lone and uninhabited house, where a trafficker in human flesh had murdered his wife: and ever since, the lady, or her apparition, had presented herself after dark before the gate.

Beyond this house were the remains of a negro village, which previously to colonization had been attacked by slave-dealers and burned. The aged inhabitants were massacred, the young were borne to slavery; and now it was asserted that the former visited their old habitations, and called aloud for vengeance to redress their wrongs.

Such tales were not calculated to inspire composure; but I strove to laugh at the jokes passed on me, and started off at full speed, declaring that "the ghosts should have a long chase, if they felt inclined to sport."

The empty boast still faltered on my heart and my tremulous hand could scarcely hold the rein, when the house of death, all desolate, appeared in view. Striking the spurs into the sides of the generous animal, he sprang forward on his way, and passed the dreadful spot without my witnessing any thing to excite horror.

Although the moon was up, yet storms were on the wind, and heavy clouds obscured her light. Often in imagination did I hear the shrieks of the slaughtered negroes as they

came howling on the gale, whilst I rapidly approached the ruined village which had been the terrific scene of blood.

A black cloud thick with darkness overshadowed the picture, and spread a gloomy wildness over every object. The horse buried his hoofs deep in the sand, and, like an arrow from a bow, continued his fleet career; when, in a moment, he stopped, threw out his forelegs and reared upon his haunches, while steaming foam issued from his nostrils.

It was with considerable difficulty that I retained my seat; and as the creature refused to proceed, I rode back a short distance and again made an effort to pursue my direct road, but in vain; the animal stopped at the same spot, and flew from side to side of the highway, nor could the whip and spur urge him to advance.

Several times did I repeat the same attempt; and though a chilling awe crept through my veins and made my blood run cold, yet nothing had presented itself to my sight, though it was evident that the eyes of the horse were fixed upon something supernaturally terrific.

At length the moon shed her dim light through a fleecy cloud, and then with horror and amazement I beheld the cause of terror; for right in the middle of the road appeared a long black coffin, and the pale beams of the moon glanced on the white escutcheons fixed on the top.

Every feeling of the soul was racked to the extreme; every fibre of the heart was nerved to desperation; and, mustering all my breath, I uttered the great and awful name to which both quick and dead must pay obedience. The lid of the coffin was thrown up,—a figure slowly raised itself and gazed upon me, whilst my whole existence seemed quivering on the verge of eternity. The horse pawed the ground with uncontrolled fury; the howling of the gale seemed more dreadful;—when a hollow voice, with distinct utterance, vociferated:

"Don't be alarmed, 'tis only Uncle Joey! —So, so, poor fellow! so so!"

The horse, hearing a well-known sound, became pacified; and then I ascertained that Uncle Joey, a corporal in the newly raised volunteers, had been to town to fetch an *arm-chest*, which had been made by a carpenter to deposit the muskets in.

Having, however, drunk rather freely, he had found himself drowsy on his way back; so getting into the chest (which was painted black with a tin plate on the lid) and shutting himself in, he had enjoyed a comfortable nap, till the snorting of the animal and my shouting brought about his resurrection.

I hardly need say how much my heart was lightened by this explanation, and that I parted with Uncle Joey and his shell in much better spirits than had attended our meeting.

Since that time I have had occasional returns of panic, but they have gradually diminished, and I am now almost as daring as my late excellent father, and except during temporary fits of nervous relaxation, care neither for ghost nor goblin; and I trust, that whilst my readers who are parents will keep a watchful eye that servants do not instil pernicious feelings into the breasts of their offspring, my young readers will rest satisfied on the assurance of an old man, that all ghosts are in reality mere Uncle Joeys.

FRERE DU DIABLE.

"Some said he was a wizard wight,
Some said he was a devil."

WHOEVER has visited Italy must retain a lasting remembrance of its romantic beauties, its delicious climate, and the balmy odours exhaled from the glowing productions of its soil. It was in one of the most delightful parts of this luxuriant country, that Joachim Galeazzo cultivated his extensive vineyards; and his wealth and influence rendered him of considerable importance, not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but throughout the province where he resided.

Possessed of a fine manly form, and endowed with a countenance of mild benevolence, it could be no wonder that he was united to a female whose loveliness first attracted his attention, and whose sweetness of disposition secured the best affections of his heart. Smiling little cherubs blessed their union, gladdening prospects crowned their industry, and happiness shed contentment on their days.

It was delightful to see the interesting family group, after the heat of the day had subsided, assembling round the margin of the clear fountain to enjoy its refreshing coolness, or revelling on the verdant lawn and sporting in their innocence and gaiety.

But this was a bliss too pure to continue long. That plague of kings and scourge of nations—ambition, urged Napoleon on to conquest; and war, with its attendant horrors, spread devastation through the fertile valleys, while ravages heightened by ruthless ferocity marked the progress of the invaders.

In vain did the peasants rush to defend their country and their homes; the army of the conqueror advanced amid smoking ruins and burning villages, the ashes of which were quenched only by the blood of slaughtered victims. Galeazzo possessed a soul of undaunted courage, and he determined to exert his utmost efforts to repel the approaching storm. He assembled a band of the bravest of his countrymen, and a solemn oath was pledged upon the altar, that they would expel the sanguinary invaders from their native soil, or die in the attempt.

It was an affecting sight to see those self-devoted heroes parting from their families and friends. Mothers and maidens, amid all the anxious emotions which fill the female heart with apprehension, looked with glowing pride upon the men they loved; and the small but firm phalanx bade adieu to their peaceful habitations, and to those whom danger bound more strongly round their hearts, determined that no disgrace should tarnish their fair fame.

Galeazzo and his band of patriots marched towards the enemy, and nearly the whole of them fell in the desperate struggle for liberty. They had, however, inspired their countrymen with fresh vigour, and the career of Napoleon was for a short time checked.

The gallant conduct of Galeazzo, who still survived, pointed him out as a fit person to assume a higher command; a number of select and well-tried men were therefore placed at his disposal, and without risking a general engagement, he commenced that species of guerilla warfare which afterwards became so terrible to the French.

But fortune, which at first crowned the efforts of Galeazzo with success, at length forsook him. In an evil hour he fell into a snare that had been laid to entrap him: his

men were either killed or dispersed; and, wounded almost to death, he returned to his own estate to aid the flight of his family to the mountains.

Almost fainting with the loss of blood, he arrived at the midnight hour on the borders of his vineyards. But the hand of the destroyer had been speedy; the red hue of the crackling flames streamed upon his sight, and, overpowered with agony and weakness, he sank to the ground behind a hedge of myrtle that screened him from observation.

Insensibility would have been a blessing, but it came not; for though unable to rise from the spot where he had fallen, his mind was still acutely alive to all that passed within his view. He saw his little innocents butchered by the murderous hands of the inebriated troops; he saw his beautiful wife struggling in vain against the brutal violence of the soldiery; he beheld the bodies of his children—

"Their silver skins laced with their golden blood,"

thrown among the burning embers of their once happy home; his soul sickened at the spectacle, and his senses forsook him.

At length, the ruthless passions of the troops were satiated; demolition ceased, for there was nothing more to destroy, and they quitted the work of their impious hands to immolate other victims, and to offer fresh sacrifices at the shrine of Napoleon's ambition.

Morning dawned upon the wretched sufferer, who awoke once more to sense and misery; yet all around was calm, except when the solemn stillness was broken by the piercing death-shriek of some poor wretch in his mortal agony, or the distant discharge of artillery, which told a tale of slaughter. Still serenely beautiful was the clear blue sky, tinged with the golden radiance of the sun; and the blushing flowers that had drunk the moistening dew breathed forth their odours to the morning breeze, blending the soul of sweetness with the cooling winds. But the song of the peasant, as he early plied his wonted task among the purple clusters of the vine, was heard no more. The very birds, scared by the blackening smoke that curled towards the heavens and like the blood of Abel cried from the ground for vengeance, had left the spot where desolation triumphed.

Life was rapidly passing away from the wretched Galeazzo; his wounds had burst out afresh in his struggles to rise, and he felt approaching dissolution spread its film over his eyes. Still he continued fearfully sensible of his situation, and waited for the hour when his mortal agony should cease.

At this moment, the whole expanse was filled with a wild unnatural yell, like the mingling laugh and shriek of the tortured maniac; and a female figure, her hair dishevelled and hanging down her bare and bleeding bosom, her white dress rent and deeply stained with human gore, appeared upon the lawn. Her left hand was writhed in the hair of a French soldier, who was wounded beyond the power of resistance; and with strength almost surpassing nature, she dragged him towards the still glowing ashes of her once joyous habitation. Her right hand grasped a dagger, which was reeking with blood, and there she stood like another Hecate over her fallen prey. There was a maddened laugh—a scream—a shout of triumph—as she buried the ruddy steel in the body of the soldier; then flashed it in the sun, and again plunged it to the hilt in his breast. She gazed on her prostrate enemy with the fiend-like expression of a demon, and seemed to feel a terrible gratification in turning over every mangled corpse that bore the uniform of France, and with a direful vengeance thrusting the dagger into many a heart that had long ceased to beat. Unsatiated by revenge, she looked round for fresh offerings to her fury, and at length came to the spot where Galeazzo was crouched,

"Breathing the slow remains of life away."

She looked upon his sunken eye and hollow cheek, and raising the weapon in her hand, "Die, wretch!" said she; for thou hast nought to live for now. But nature refused compliance with her purpose; the dagger dropped from her unnerved grasp,

and she fell senseless by his side. It was his wife!

* * * * *

The French army continued to advance almost unmolested, and thousands fled to the mountains to escape the ravages of war. But though these remained quiescent and passive at first, yet when the impulse of terror had subsided, the guerillas again formed themselves into an organized band, and swore eternal enmity to France. Their leader was a man of dauntless intrepidity and cool determination. Ever foremost in the conflict and always the last in the retreat, he soon became a conspicuous object to the invaders; and when the army encamped near Capua, his single hand performed prodigies of valour. The outposts were constantly attacked; the sentinels, even in the very centre of the main body, were found dead upon their post; and but a few of the foraging parties ever returned to supply the wants of the soldiery. All succour was cut off from seaward by the British cruisers, and provisions began rapidly to diminish in spite of even the masterly commissariat of Buonaparte.

The officers had been accustomed to make excursions into the surrounding country; but this was at last forbidden, for there was scarcely a jutting crag or thicket that did not conceal a desperate enemy, whose shining blade or long fusee was prompt to deal destruction. In vain were whole brigades called out to scour the country; the guerillas were secure in their mountain-holds, and bade defiance to their foes. Attempts were made to dislodge them from their positions, but they were utterly fruitless; for though a few prisoners fell into the hands of the French, and after suffering torture were hung upon the branches of trees as spectacles for their companions, yet this did but instigate them to firmer resolve and to deeper revenge.

The chief had been known repeatedly to visit the camp of the invading army in disguise; and once, on being detected and pursued, the bullets whistled round him in every direction; but he escaped unhurt, and superstition whispered that his body was impervious to shot. The sentinels declared that they had seen him assume a variety of shapes, for he was sometimes perceived in the form of a wolf stealing from bush to bush, and then he would suddenly emerge in all the vigour and prime of manhood; but pursuit seemed useless, for he was said to disappear so suddenly, that none but those who were under the protection of superhuman agency could otherwise have escaped. A general consternation spread among the soldiery; even the commanders caught the infection, and this desperate leader became known to the whole army under the appellation of Frère du Diable. Large rewards were set upon his head; many of the officers bound themselves by oath to take him dead or alive, but their oath was generally sealed in death. Oftentimes when the wine was set upon the convivial board, and the canvas walls echoed to the sounds of mirth, the alarm was given that Frère du Diable was in the camp, and every weapon was prepared and every eye alert for action. Oftentimes at the evening hour, when the generous wine had warmed the flagging courage, would some one or other, more bold than his companions, laugh at their pusillanimity and swear to destroy the common foe; but the morning light generally saw him a corpse, with some certain token that either Frère du Diable or one of his comrades had dealt the blow.

It was about this time that Sir Sidney Smith commanded a fine frigate in the Mediterranean, and few men were better adapted for the conducting that sort of amphibious warfare which attended the hostilities on the shores of Italy. Dauntless intrepidity and daring resolution were mingled with a skilful knowledge of his profession; and there was a certain degree of romantic enthusiasm in his enterprises, which strongly displayed his adventurous and chivalrous spirit. The defeat of the French at Acre, and other places, was an incontestible proof how well he could conduct operations on land; and in boarding and cutting out the vessels of the enemy from under the embrasures of well-mounted batteries, or in storming the batteries themselves, his cool courage and his steady skill

were regarded as pledges of victory by the intrepid seamen. But his chief delight was to lead his men under the cover of the twilight glow of an Italian night through the dark mazes of the forest, or winding among the huge masses of rock that lined the coast, where the wild guerilla crossed his path or joined his band and gave intelligence of the enemy.

It would be impossible for language to do adequate justice to such a scene. The slow movements of a hundred men, who crept from bush to bush without a whisper,—the cautious and silent advance upon the enemy, —the red watch-fire that marked the temporary encampment of the French, and the occasional challenge of the drowsy sentinel at the outpost, which died away upon the breeze as tranquillity was restored,—the crouching down in breathless silence till suspicion was lulled,—oh! there was a degree of enchantment in the whole which then was realized, but cannot now be described.

To the seamen these expeditions were a source of real amusement, and they afforded them repeated opportunities for indulging in their characteristic humour. When the word was passed for the boats to be manned, (and none but volunteers were permitted to go with the captain,) the hoarse voice of the boatswain's mate followed his shrill pipe, and as the words "Bush-fighters away!" resounded down the hatchways, every man fore-and-aft knew the purport of the summons, and all would have gladly joined the party for the shore.

But though I say all, it must be admitted that the old master was an exception; he would have fought the devil himself in his ship, or would have run her flying jib-boom into the very quarters of his satanic majesty if he had caught him afloat; but he had no idea of "land privateering," as he termed it. "A sailor," he said, "always gets out of soundings ashore, and without knowing his bearings and distances, generally runs upon a false reckoning." The fact was, he was as much a piece of the frigate as any timber-head in her hull; and nothing short of being wrecked or blown up could have separated them.

Sir Sidney had obtained intelligence that Frère du Diable was in the neighbourhood of his cruising ground, and wishing to communicate with him for the purpose of ascertaining the precise situation and operations of the French, the boats were manned and armed, and an hour before daybreak the whole party landed in a small cove formed by rocks that entirely concealed from view the means of debarkation.

Leaving the principal portion of the men by the boats, with strict orders to the officer not to suffer any one to stray away, but to be extremely vigilant, Sir Sidney, with a lieutenant, two midshipmen, and twelve men, proceeded on his way over rock and stone, through bush and briar, towards the spot where it was most probable the guerilla chief would be found. It was a lovely morning; the stars still glistened in the clear blue heaven of an Italian sky, and there was that sort of dubious light which greatly added to the beauty of the romantic scenery. Sometimes the party had to climb by aid of their hands and knees to the summit of the frowning precipice, and at others to slide down huge masses of rock; so necessary was it to keep from every beaten track, for the purpose of avoiding any stragglers from the enemy's camp, who might raise an alarm.

At length, after considerable exertion, and just as the sun appeared above the verge of the horizon, they arrived at a place in the interior of a thick forest and nearly at the extreme height of the mountain, which evidently displayed strong lines of defence, but so inartificially contrived as to appear more the work of nature than the hand of man. Huge trees lay piled in various directions as if thrown down by some gust of the wild tempest, yet in such positions as to afford occasional shelter to a retreating party, and offering an admirable post for harassing an advancing foe.

Scarcely was the first of these barriers passed, when a shrill whistle sounded close to them, and in a few minutes they burst into an open space that had been cleared of the underwood, and some of the trees now formed a pleasant alcove. Here the scene became highly interesting; it was one of

those such as Salvator Rosa would have gloried in transferring to the canvas. In one corner, upon an elevated mound so as to command a view of the whole area, sat a majestic-looking figure, with a countenance of mild serenity, but yet of a commanding aspect. Over his shoulders was hung the skin of a wolf, and the lower part of his body was enveloped in a cloak of furs. The butts of his pistols were just seen as they stuck in his broad girdle; a heavy sword and a carbine lay by his side, and in his hand he held that peculiar kind of knife so well known as the favorite weapon of the guerilla. Resting upon one knee, and with her arm leaning on his shoulder, was a female of great beauty; she was gazing tenderly upon him, but at intervals there was a fierce flashing of the eyes, an agitated contortion of feature, that rendered her terrible to the sight. There was nevertheless a fascinating beauty still, though it was constantly changing from the glance of fervid affection to the fiend-like expression of a fallen angel. These were Frère du Diable and his wife: or in other words, Galeazzo and Camilla.

The guerilla band were assembled in separate groups, yet so connected as to be ready for action at a moment's warning. Some were stretched upon the ground and still buried in the deep sleep which exertion and fatigue render so delicious to the weary frame; others were awakening from their slumbers and stretching their sinewy limbs, whilst a few were examining their arms and polishing their knives.

The shrill whistle again sounded, when a single blast from a bugle aroused every soul in an instant, and carbine in hand, they stood prepared for battle. Sir Sidney advanced, was immediately recognised, and a loud shout of joy proclaimed his welcome. The guerillas laid down their arms, and received the seamen with demonstrations of attachment. The chiefs met and embraced in token of amity, whilst the beautiful Camilla testified her satisfaction at seeing the enemies of the French. A multitude of conflicting feelings seemed to agitate her soul as she pressed the hand of Sir Sidney to her heart, and called upon him as "the avenger of blood."

As soon as order was restored, the two chiefs held a conference together; after which refreshment was spread upon the green sward, consisting of dried venison, hard cheese, bread, fruits, and wine. On the elevated mound Galeazzo, Sir Sidney, Camilla, and the British officers, were seated upon the grass. Behind the guerilla chief, a little to the right, stood the bugleman, and on the left the sword-bearer, both prompt to obey commands. The seamen joined in the messes of the band, and the utmost harmony prevailed. A few minutes had elapsed since these arrangements were made, when suddenly a bright flash was seen among the bushes on the opposite side to that where the chief sat, and as the report of fire-arms echoed among the rocks, the bugleman fell dead upon Sir Sidney's shoulder. All parties were instantly on their feet, and the chiefs dealt mutual looks of distrust at each other. It was evident that the ball had been designed for one of them, and suspicion pervaded the minds of both that treachery was at work.

The dauntless look of defiance was exchanged; but it was only momentary, for the shrill voice of Camilla was heard.

"Do they seek the lion in his den?" she exclaimed with bitterness. "On, on, and destroy the common foe!"

The features of the guerilla changed; he grasped Sir Sidney's hand with impetuosity, gazed for a moment on the corpse, and then seizing the bugle, blew a blast so loud and shrill, that every rock and glen re-echoed the sound. He ceased, and the whole band stood in breathless silence, watching their leader who appeared like a statue; but no sound was heard, except the gentle rustling of the leaves in the morning breeze. Again with wild haste the chief raised the bugle and sounded louder and longer than before, and again all subsided to the deepest attention. At length, answering blasts were heard in different directions, and the chief, dashing the bugle on the ground, gave orders for the immediate departure of the band. Sir Sidney wished to accompany him, but this offer was politely declined; yet, turning to Camilla, he requested her to remain with the English

captain till his return. She gave her husband a look of stern reproach.

"Am I not bereaved?" said she. "Is not the blood of my offspring on their hands? Will not the wolf fight for her whelps? and shall I shrink? On, on, Galeazzo! the death-shriek of my murdered children is ringing in my ears, and nought but deep and terrible revenge can satisfy me now!"

The chief raised the wolf's skin from his shoulders, and drawing the head-part over his own so that the nostrils covered his brows, he assumed that terrific appearance which at all times rendered him so conspicuous an object in his encounters with the enemy. He again grasped Sir Sidney's hand, and requested him to return to his ship; and as soon as he saw a smoke rising from the spot on which he then stood, he might consider it as a signal for him to retrace his steps to the place of rendezvous.

The guerilla band spread themselves into small parties and pursued different routes, though only at such distances from each other as to be ready to unite into one body should it be neeessary; and in a few minutes not a vestige of the troop remained, except the corpse, the broken food, and the half-emptied flagons.

The British party returned to the frigate, and a careful watch was set to look out for the concerted signal. The officers were constantly directing their spy-glasses towards the spot, but nothing was seen; and the day passed away in restless impatience, not unaccompanied with suspicion of Frère du Diable's intention.

Night came,—a beautiful clear Italian night,—reviving in the mind all the strong fervor of romance. The deep blue of the sky, reflected on the transparent wave which gave back its lovely hue, was beautifully contrasted with the dark foliage and the rocky masses which bound the shore, affording no indication of human dwelling—all was still and passionless. The eye was eagerly strained towards the thick wood, which frowned in gloom and pride; when about the middle of the first watch, light wreaths of smoke curled upward above the trees, followed by bright flashes, and in a few minutes the red glare of ascending flames gave a grand and terrific change to the quiet of the scene.

The boats were again manned, and soon sweeping through the liquid element to the spot they had quitted in the morning; and in an hour, Sir Sidney, with a more numerous retinue than before, arrived at the appointed place. But though the scene of the early day was striking, it was a mere tranquil spectacle when compared with the present, where wild ferocity was heightened by intoxication and hellish cruelty. In the centre of the space, the dry trunks of trees were piled on end, so as to form a spiral elevation, and terminate almost in a point at the summit. They were burning with great rapidity, and cast a red tinge on the horrible figures that were spread around. The chief leaned upon his heavy sword near the fire, and his wife stood laughing by his side; but that laugh was utterly destitute of human pleasure,—it was like the laugh of a fallen angel exulting over mortal agony. She was terrible in her beauty, and the soul trembled before her demoniac gaze. A loud shout proclaimed Sir Sidney's presence, and he immediately advanced towards the chief, who received him in the most cordial manner; whilst Camilla in wild accents exclaimed, "They would seek the lion in his den: but more blood has been shed as a sacrifice to avenge my murdered babes!" and she threw another log on the flames.

The chief informed Sir Sidney that the pursuit of the guerillas had not been unavailing, for they had followed the delinquent (who proved to be a French soldier under pledge to destroy Frère du Diable) down to the very outpost of the enemy's camp, where, after a slight skirmish, he was captured and brought back to the stronghold of the band. "And see!" said the chief, opening the blazing pile with his sword, and showing the mutilated remains of a human body consuming in the flames, "thus perish all our enemies!"

"Ay, perish, perish for ever!" responded Camilla.

"This is he," continued the chief, "who fired the shot this morning. He confessed that it was designed for me, but thus—thus am I avenged!" The miserable victim had been burnt alive!

THE FISHERMAN'S FAMILY.

"As he spoke,
A sea burst o'er them, and their cables broke!
Then, like a lion bounding from the toil,
The ship shot through the billow's black recoil;
Urged by the howling blast—all guidance gone—
They shuddering felt her reeling, rushing on—
Nor dared to question where; nor dared to cast
One asking look,—for that might be their last."

"COME aft here, my lads, and haul down another reef in the mainsail!" exclaimed a hoary veteran, who stood at the helm of a fishing smack which was buffeting the waves at the entrance to the British Channel one October evening, when the lowering of the clouds and the freshening of the breeze gave strong indications of a south-westerly gale. The order was promptly obeyed; and the snug little craft again breasted the lofty surge, like a bird upon the wing, skimming the foaming tops of the billows.

"We shall have a rough night, father," said a middle-aged man, whose hardy countenance had borne the washing of many a salt sea spray; "the sun is setting in yon bank, and tinges the ocean with his reddening hue. The summits of the Scilly Isles appear like dying watch-fires through the haze; and these, you know, are sure prognostics of a rising gale."

"Then let it come," replied the veteran. "He whom the winds and the seas obey, can, when it pleaseth Him, allay their fury and command them 'Peace, be still!' But go, Richard, have the try-sail ready and get the storm-jib up; for by the long swell from the westward, I am of opinion there has been bad weather to windward, which will be down upon us before long; so let us have all low and snug before dark, my lad. And, James," continued he to a noble-looking, fair-haired lad; "James, set St. Agnes' lighthouse by the compass, for the fog will thicken presently; and yon Seven Stones*—worse than the plagues of Egypt to a sailor—look far from tempting, crested as they are with feathery foam."

"I hope mother will not be uneasy about us," rejoined the youth, as he laid the edge of his hand upon the compass, directing it towards the lighthouse; "we have been a fortnight at sea, grandfather, and the tempests must have howled round the cottage fearfully o' nights; it has blown hard ever since we came out, and not a fish caught, besides losing part of our nets."

"What, still uttering complaints!" exclaimed the veteran. "Look at your brother yonder, on the windlass end; how fearlessly he sits and watches the ill-omened bird† which triumphs in a storm."

"He does not think of home," replied the youth. "But what would become of mother, and Jane, and the little ones, should the Fisherman's Family go to wreck?"

"The Fisherman's Family go to wreck!" reiterated the old man, stamping his foot upon the deck; "she'll weather many a gale yet, my boy! Look at this white head!" and as he uncovered his hoary locks that wildly wantoned in the breeze, he presented a fine picture of Time steering inexperienced youth through the dangerous channels which

* The Seven Stones are dangerous rocks lying between the Scilly Isles and the Land's End.

† A small bird, like a swallow, that is scarcely ever seen except previously to or during a gale of wind. It is viewed with a superstitious feeling by seamen, who call it "Mother Carey's Chicken.

beset human life. "Look at this white head!" he exclaimed; "the snows and storms of sixty-seven winters have passed over it, yet was I never deserted in peril by HIM in whom I have placed my trust. Your mother knows what a fisherman's life is. Ay, boy, it was my pride to fortify her mind against adversity. But go, James, and help your father reef the bowsprit; for we shall have the gale here presently."

And a gale indeed they had; for scarcely was the glory of the day departed, when the wind, like a destroying angel, came sweeping over the surface of the deep, and dashing the billows up to heaven with fury. Night shed its blackness on the scene, whilst the dense fog rendered it more drear and horrible. Poor James thought of his mother and his happy home; whilst his brother Ned, though two years his junior, seemed like a child of the tempest, exulting in its lavish wildness.

The Fisherman's Family (for such was the name of the smack) rode buoyant on the waves; she rose and fell with the heave and set of the sea, like the swift-winged swallow when it stems the tempest; and the small bark scarcely felt the roughness of the billows, where larger vessels would have laboured fearfully with their heavy burdens.

It was about ten o'clock, when the crew of the smack thought that amidst the roaring of the storm they could distinguish the reports of signal-guns at a distance, and every ear was anxiously inclined to discover the quarter whence the sounds proceeded. At length they became more distinct, and it was soon ascertained that the vessel must be nearing them. The fog was still thick and gloomy, yet occasionally there were intervals of partial clearness; and it was during one of these breaks that a ship was descried drifting at the mercy of the wind and waves, for it was evident, from the wild course she was pursuing, that all management was lost. Her foremast, bowsprit, and main topmast were gone; and having nothing aloft to steady her, the billows beat against her sides and dashed raging over her. The smack showed a light, which was immediately answered, and two guns fired to acknowledge the near approach of succour.

"That ship has lost her rudder as well as her masts," exclaimed the old man; "she has struck somewhere; and now, my lads, to render them assistance!"

"Oh, if we should get her safe into Mount's Bay, grandfather," said James, "and a good salvage* awarded, what would mother say to us then? I should not mind the loss of the nets."

"Let us save their lives," said Ned, "at all events; and if we can save the ship too, so much the better."

In the course of another hour the smack was hailing the ship, and found that her rudder had been knocked away upon the rocks at the same time that the masts and bowsprit had fallen with the shock. She had also sprung a leak under the bows, and the pumps could barely keep her free. As, however, no immediate danger was apprehended, the smack kept near the shattered vessel until daylight, when the father of the youth contrived to get on board, by running close alongside and catching a rope with a noose at the end, which he passed securely round his body and was hauled through the water by the ship's crew. The smack then dropped astern with a stout rope, and by her judicious movements acted as a rudder to the large vessel, which was got before the wind for the Bristol Channel; but the tow-rope parted soon after, and the gale increased to a downright hurricane.

Upon an eminence on the coast between Penzance and the Land's End stood a substantial dwelling, which, though designated a cottage, presented every token of homely comfort. A quantity of fishing materials, hung out to dry, showed it to be tenanted by those hardy sons of the ocean, who brave the greatest dangers to procure fish for the markets; whilst the air of neatness and enjoyment also proved it to belong to one of that class of men, who risk their existence to save the lives and property of others—the undaunted pilot. A winding and declivious path led to the shelving rocks below, which formed a small inlet or bay for vessels of a

* Salvage is a sum of money allowed to individuals who are instrumental in saving a ship from being wrecked.

light draught, that had received the name of the Smuggler's Gap, from its having been frequently used by those daring outlaws in their illegal trade.

On the same evening that has been already mentioned, an anxious mother quitted the cradle in the cottage to look out towards the sea for those whom, next to heaven, she loved best. Her foreboding eye had witnessed the same prognostics of the gale, and with a heavy heart she resumed the mother's watch over her sleeping infant. A fair and beautiful female, about fifteen years of age, was attending to the duties of the house; a boy of ten years sat by his mother's side gazing on her care-marked countenance; whilst a girl of three years was sharing her supper with a rough but favorite dog on the hearth before the fire.

"I must feed poor Dorey, mother," said the little one, "for James told me to be kind to him. Poor Dorey!" continued she, patting his head, "I wish James was here."

"You should remember, Mary," replied the mother, "there are also your father and your grandfather."

"And Edward," added the boy; "I miss him very much; for he used to help me up the rocks, and I am afraid to scramble along alone."

"All are equally dear to us, William," rejoined the mother, "and all are equally under the care of Providence. Yes; I trust the Fisherman's Family is safe."

"Who gave her that name, mother?" inquired William; "you promised to tell me."

"I did, my child; and as my heart is heavy, I will now relate to you how it happened. Your grandfather in his younger life was brought up to expect a genteel competency, for his father was a wealthy ship-owner at Liverpool. He was sent to sea early, whilst his brother remained at home to manage the business. But that brother was cruel and treacherous; he weaned his father's affections from the poor sailor, and got a will made entirely in his own favor. Your grandfather, not suspecting the wickedness of his brother, was frequently absent on long voyages; and when only in his twentieth year, he married a poor girl, who had no other recommendation than her beauty of person and integrity of heart. He married, too, without the sanction of his father, who from that hour forbade him his presence, and never saw him more—for the angry parent died a few months afterwards. On arranging his father's affairs, your grandfather found himself disinherited; and his brother, who had dissipated a great portion of the property previous to the old man's dissolution, gathered the residue together and embarked for the East Indies. But your grandfather was not wholly destitute; he had saved something handsome to begin life with, and purchased a share of a ship, of which he obtained the command. Still adversity pressed upon him: his ship was captured by the enemy, and he returned (for they did not detain the prisoners then) to England almost penniless. My mother had relations at St. Ives, and thither the poor sailor and his wife repaired. They were received with welcome; and he, unwilling to leave my dear mother for any length of time, commenced his career as a fisherman and a pilot. Success crowned his labors; and he not only obtained a handsome maintenance, but was enabled to purchase a vessel of his own. In this house I was born, and when I grew up, was married to your father and had a family. The old vessel was broken up and a new one built, which was called by the name it now bears. Oh, how many anxious hours does your father pass for the Fisherman's Family ashore, and how many days of earnest solicitude do I endure for the Fisherman's Family at sea! But go, my children, the storm is coming on. Go to your beds; but first kneel to the Creator and humbly implore his guardian care for the poor mariners."

Heavily passed the night with the apprehensive mother; often did she approach the dizzy edge of the steep cliff, but no other sounds were heard except the continued howling of the tempest and the roaring of the breakers. Fervently were her petitions offered up before the throne of Omnipotence; and amidst the appalling demonstrations of almighty power did the creature of his will plead with her Creator. His voice was

heard upon the storm, proclaiming dominion and majesty; but hers mingled with it, as in prostration of heart she earnestly supplicated mercy.

Morning appeared, but the desired vessel could not be distinguished. The sea presented one wide sheet of foam, with here and there a dark object driven like the ocean weed upon the waters. At the close of the day, a dismasted ship with a smack in company was seen through the dim haze, drifting towards the shore. They were yet several miles distant; but hope for the ship there was none, unless the gale abated. The intuitive eye of the mother readily recognised the little bark that held, as she supposed, her father, her husband, and her two sons; and all the several relative bonds were linked more closely round her heart. Their occupation was manifest,—they were waiting to assist fellow creatures in distress; and the abundant prayer for the safety of all spontaneously ascended from her lips.

Night veiled them from observation; but the bold seamen of the neighbourhood, headed by the reverend pastor of the village as a magistrate, remained in readiness to act as circumstances required. Apprehension sat on many a furrowed countenance, and dark anticipations filled many a feeling breast. But language would fail to describe the agony which suspense and fearful agitation wrought in the mother's heart.

At length, about midnight, the report of a heavy gun echoed among the rocks, and told that the devoted ship was near at hand; the flash had pointed out her position, but nothing could yet be seen. The pastor with his resolute band of determined boatmen hastened to the shore; report followed report; fires were lighted on the rocks to show that land was near, but still no object could be discerned.

The storm came more heavily, and vivid lightnings rent the frowning clouds; then, when the glaring flash threw its stream of awful splendor on the feathery foam, that fated ship was seen struggling with the waves. As a last resource she had let go her anchors; and there she lay, like the soul of the mighty, wrestling with despair. Another gun—and yet another—but help was hopeless. From the shore no assistance could be given; every attempt to get through the raging surf was useless; and the brave boatmen were compelled—an unusual circumstance—to be sad spectators of the scene.

The ship rode heavily as the long rolling waves came foaming in. Suddenly a shriek was heard upon the shore—a wild cry: the vessel had parted her cables, and the streaming lightning showed her careering towards the rocks with resistless force. Onward she came (as was now plainly visible) through the hissing foam. Still onward, onward she urged her desperate course, till a tremendous crash—a loud yell—proclaimed that her stout timbers were shattered, and many a stouter heart was buried in the waves.

The ship had struck on that part of the shore where the rocks were steepest; and the wreck remained wedged in firmly between two craggy knolls not more than one hundred fathoms from perfect safety. But even that was a fearful space; for the heavy breakers rolled over the sunken rocks and dashed with wild fury. Body after body came on the surge, and were thrown upon the land; but life had fled, and no effort could restore animation to the mangled and disfigured corpse.

The inhabitants of the adjacent village, young and old, were crowded on the strand; and amidst the group was the venerable rector. Often, when the vivid flash illumined the foaming billows and showed the deck of the rending vessel, he rushed with his horse towards the sport; but the barrier was impassable, and the bitter shriek rang upon his tortured ears. "Oh, that I could die for them!" he exclaimed. "Father of mercies, stretch forth thine hand and save!" Willingly would he have given his life for theirs; for he was prepared to meet his God, whilst they would be hurried into the presence of their Maker without a moment for repentance.

Morning began to dawn, and dawned in horror; but with its earliest beam the smack was seen about a mile from the shore under snug sail and apparently in safety. The

anxious mother was with the villagers, but the children remained at the house upon the cliff. Sleepless had been their night; and at the break of day the terrified Jane, with William and the little Mary, stood upon the shelving rock above the yawning gulf which had already entombed many of their fellow creatures. They could see the Fisherman's Family, as the light became more clear; and it was evidently the intention of those on board to run for the Smuggler's Gap,—a small red flag having been hoisted at the mast-head to require the boatmen on shore to hold themselves in readiness to give assistance.

At this moment, whilst the children were standing gazing at the vessel, the heavens seemed to be rent asunder, and the red blaze of the forked lightning darted forth; it struck the smack, and masts and sails came tumbling down in one general wreck. "My father! my father!" shrieked the horror-stricken Jane, recoiling backward and grasping her brother round the neck, as if she feared that he too would be torn away. The little Mary clung on the other side, and even the poor dog looked with instinctive dread towards the ocean.

But though the smack was dismasted, her hull still continued to float, and every wave drove her nearer to the shore. Oh, what an agonizing sight was that to the fond mother and her children! The former ran hurriedly among the boatmen, exhorting and imploring them to use their best exertions to snatch her relatives from death. Her spirits seemed to rise in proportion as their peril increased; and she labored to forward the preparations which were making as a last effort to rescue the little crew.

The ship still continued grinding between the rocks, and victim after victim was hurried into eternity. From portions of the wreck which had drifted on shore, it was conjectured that she was a free trader from Calcutta; and the number of hands and passengers were calculated at seventy. The boatmen had made repeated efforts to get a rope from her, but all their attempts had failed. At length, part of a mast with five individuals clinging to it was seen to be rent away from the body of the wreck, and lifted by a mountain surge clear over the craggy rocks. Another wave came rolling in; but just before it reached them, it raised its awful crest, and with a tremendous roar, like the famished panther when seizing his prey, dashed furiously upon their heads. They were seen for a few moments hurled confusedly amongst the bubbling eddies, and then disappeared. Once more the shattered mast floated, but there were now only three, who clung to it with desperate energy as they neared the shore and hopes of life revived. The next wave was still more raging than the last, but its fury was spent before it reached the swimmers; and "they're safe! they're safe!" was shouted from the shore. The boatmen plied their oars with redoubled strength, and in a few minutes the three men were hauled into the boat, which immediately made for the safest landing-place.

The villagers hurried to the spot, and the anxious mother, hoping to hear tidings of her family, stood foremost amongst them as the boat ran upon the strand. But who can paint her joy and her terror, her delight and her agony, when she saw that one of the individuals saved was her husband! They were soon clasped in each other's arms; but the bitter recollection that lives infinitely precious to them were still in jeopardy with scarcely a hope of rescue, roused them to exertion. Richard turned to the boat and assisted an elderly man to land. The moment the latter touched the ground, he fell upon his knees and offered up a thanksgiving to the Creator; he then clung round the neck of Richard, and blessed him as the instrument of his preservation. "I should have sunk," said he, "but you supported me; you snatched me from death and—but I have power to show my gratitude."

The other man saved was a seaman, who reported the ship to be the "Isabella," from the East Indies. How many had perished he could not tell; but there were yet more than one-half of the crew and nearly the whole of the passengers on board. By the aid of their glasses, the boatmen could discern the hapless creatures as they watched the success of those who had been saved,

and several launched themselves upon the fickle element lashed to broken pieces of the wreck. The boats were again on the alert, and the boatmen had the satisfaction of picking up all that the billows allowed to come within their reach.

But now the principal attention of the men on shore was devoted to the smack, as she neared the craggy barriers for security. The old man with his two grandsons and two men, who formed the crew, had been actively engaged in getting up a boat's mast, on which they hoisted a small sail so as to give the vessel steerage way; and it seemed to answer the required purpose, for the little bark with impetuous haste rushed onward to the Smuggler's Gap, as if bidding defiance to suspense.

Pale anxiety sat on every countenance. "Is there any hope?" inquired the rector, addressing a grey-headed veteran, who from infancy had been inured to the tempest, and had the character of a bold intrepid sailor. Report made him the associate of a gang of smugglers; but humane as he was brave, many a shipwrecked seaman was indebted to Donald Ferguson for his life. "Is there no hope?" inquired the rector. A look of melancholy anxiety was the only answer. The rector repeated his question.

"Sailors never despair, sir," replied Donald, "and if they once get well in the—but stop: I have no right to disclose to anyone, much more to you."

"Yet," rejoined the rector, "when yon gallant ship has been lost, can so small a vessel be saved?"

"Have hopes, sir," replied Donald; and then turning away, "Ned," he exclaimed to a rough, hardy-looking fellow, well drenched with the surf, who immediately approached him. They whispered together for a few minutes, and then Ned ran from place to place selecting the strongest and most daring of the boatmen for some particular purpose.

"Ned," exclaimed Donald again, "overhaul the hawser down, ship the capstan bars, and be all ready. Remember, it is life or death, my hearty! I myself will hook her on."

"No, no," said Richard, "that shall be my doing; you are old, Donald."

"But not feeble," replied the veteran; "your anxiety would betray you; besides, you have a wife and other children, but if old Donald goes, nobody will miss him. Do as you are bid, my boy; and now for the marks!" He waved his hat, and two conspicuous objects were instantly raised at different distances on the rocks, to act as a guide to those in the smack where to make their passage.

Who can describe the feelings of the spectators, as they looked on with doubtful apprehension and silent astonishment! The smack was now so close to the shore, that every one was visible. No bustle nor confusion prevailed: all seemed ready with cool intrepidity to attend to their several duties. The old man stood stationed at the helm, and with steady gaze kept his eyes fixed upon the beacons. Now she was lifted up to heaven, and borne with amazing rapidity through the outer breakers; again she sunk and disappeared beneath the hollow seas.

"She's gone! she's gone!" exclaimed the rector; but in an instant the vessel again mounted on the topmost wave, and rushed with surprising swiftness through the foaming surge. At this moment a dreadful broken sea came, raging with all its fury; it burst upon the deck, and seemed to bury the little craft in the dark abyss. Breathless, agonizing fear filled every heart, and groans and shrieks mingled with the gale. But again the smack rose, though the helm was now deserted, and the vessel seemed abandoned to her fate. Once more, however, was hope revived; for young Edward with cool determination ran to the tiller, and directed her headlong course.

The vessel had reached the secret channel known only to the illicit trader; she neared the beach; the sea again struck her, and she was carried by its force through the inner breakers. A wild shout of joy arose from the shore as the smack gained the smooth water, agitated only by the receding swell; but at this instant she struck the ground heavily and rent in twain, the retiring surge carrying back the shattered fragments towards the rocks. And now the hardy race

of brave boatmen, reckless of danger, plunged headlong in the waves. Old Donald took the lead; he grasped the arm of the lad James and turned towards the shore; the surf threw them up with violence and would again have returned them to the sea, but Donald seized the rope which had been overhauled down and kept his firm grasp; in a few seconds more they were safe on land. Richard succeeded in saving his father-in-law, aided by the boy Ned, who swam like a fish, and seemed to triumph in the element. Not a soul was lost of that little crew; and relatives and friends flocked round, rejoicing in their deliverance.

The grandfather, with Richard, his wife, and the whole of the fisherman's family, accompanied by the stranger who had been saved from the ship, hastened to the cottage on the cliff. They entered the abode with congratulations, and the stranger was ushered into the best apartment. He sat down, blessing his deliverer, and forming schemes in his own mind to testify his gratitude. Suddenly his eyes were riveted on a picture that hung suspended over the mantelpiece; it was a portrait of the unkind father who had disinherited his son, through the false representation of a still more cruel brother; but it had been preserved by the old man as the last relic of his family. The stranger gazed upon it with earnestness, and he then eagerly turned to the aged fisherman:—their eyes met, and again both looked at the picture. The stranger covered his face with his hands and groaned bitterly.

"I do not value the loss of the vessel," said Richard, "so that we have all met together again. But come, father," he continued, "let us kneel and offer up our grateful praises to the throne of grace."

"Stop, stop!" cried the stranger convulsively; "my presence would be a clog upon your prayers. I too had a father—that picture was his," he continued, falling on his knees before the venerable old man, "and you must be—you are my noble-minded, my much-injured brother."

Oh, what a meeting was this! Animosity had long since subsided, and the word "brother" revived all the attachment of their boyish days.

What need of saying more? they knelt together; and whilst without the storm raged, within the cottage

> "The peace of God, beyond expression sweet,
> Filled every being humbled at his feet."

They rose, and the stranger—stranger now no longer—was received into the circle with delight. A man entered the room, announcing that several of the seamen who had been saved from the wreck were waiting outside the house, to know if they might take shelter in some outbuildings. The kind-hearted mother would not permit this, but succoured them under the same roof with her children, and gave them plentiful refreshment. The stranger went amongst them, and they instantly rose from their repast with the utmost respect. From them he learned that the whole of the remaining portion of the crew and passengers had quitted the ship. About thirty had perished; but the rest, nearly forty in number, were safe on land. Another man now entered, and addressed the stranger as Sir William Russell. Yes! he was great, he was wealthy; and from that hour his influence and his wealth were devoted to the promotion of the happiness and welfare of the FISHERMAN'S FAMILY.

THE RED FLAG AT THE FORE.

"Come, sit thee down by me, love; come, sit thee down by me,
And I will tell thee many a tale of the dangers of the sea,—
Of the perils of the deep, love, when the stormy tempests roar,
And the raging billows wildly dash upon the groaning shore.

"The skies are flaming red, love, the skies are flaming red,
And darkly rolls the mountain wave, and curls its monstrous head;
Whilst clouds and ocean blending, and loud howls the bitter blast,
And the daring tar, 'twixt life and death, clings to the shattered mast."

NEVER shall I forget my emotions on first ascending the side of the ship, in which I commenced my career as a sailor. It was just about the time when Nelson and the Nile was the universal theme of conversation; our theatres echoed to the shouts of "Rule Britannia," and the senate-house rang with plaudits for the achievements of naval valour. But ah! how few who rejoiced in the triumphs of victory gave one thought to the hardships, privations, and oppressions under which the gallant seaman labored. Boy-like, I thought it was a jovial life; and when standing on the deck, with the British ensign floating at the peak, and the bull-dogs (cannon) peeping from their port-holes, I felt, "ay, every inch a hero." Besides, there was my handsome uniform, with bright gilt buttons bearing the impress of the anchor, and my dirk, just long enough to spit a partridge, swinging like a cook's skewer by my side, and a leathern belt with two fierce lions' heads in front, and that summit of a schoolboy's ambition, the cocked hat and gold rosettes. What child of twelve years could resist the temptation! So I e'en kissed my poor mother, who used to compare the rattling of the rain, as it ran down the spout into the water-butt, to the roaring of the waves, and for whom gilded buttons and cocked-up hats had no charms,—shook my father by the hand, as he gave me the bill for my outfit, to make me (by calculating the expense) more careful of my clothes,—threw my arms round the neck of my weeping sister, who slyly thrust something into my waistcoat pocket, which I afterwards found was all her own private little store of cash,—and away I started with glory in my eye, to leave "home, sweet home" far, far behind me.

The ship which I was going to join was a fine dashing frigate, commanded by a friend of my father's friend, to whom I received the most handsome recommendations. I say friend of my father's friend, for such he was represented to me; but the fact is, my worthy dad was a freeman of no contemptible borough, besides holding a considerable influence over a certain number of *independent* voters, and one of the candidates, whilst canvassing for the general election, had declared that "I was cut out for a sailor,"—that "he had interest at the Admiralty," and made no doubt that by diligence and attention I should soon carry the "red flag at the fore." I thought so too; but what the "red flag at the fore" meant, I was just as ignorant as I was of cuckoo-clock making. Nevertheless, it sounded well, the candidate became an M.P., and I was sent on board a stranger amongst strangers, and about as much patronised as a widow's pig upon a village green.

I had never seen a ship,—I had never seen the sea; and when the wide ocean burst upon my view, rolling its mighty billows in majestic grandeur, I began to think that they

were not the most pleasant things in life to play with, particularly for such a little fellow as myself; but when the stupendous bulwarks of Britain appeared, as they lay at anchor in the bay, with their shining sides reflected on the waves and their bright ensigns flashing in the sun, fear gave way to admiration, and I began to sing—

> "I'm a jolly roving tar,
> Fearing neither wound nor scar,
> And many a tightish breeze then have I seen."

But, bless your heart! I had seen nothing then; nevertheless, I thought of the "red flag at the fore," and as the boat lightly skimmed the surface of the dark blue waters, a feeling of honest pride swelled in my little breast;—henceforth I was to be devoted to my king and country.

The first-lieutenant received me very graciously. The wonders which everywhere presented themselves almost overwhelmed me with astonishment and delight. But, alas! this was not of long duration; for a youngster about my own age accompanied me to the cockpit, where I was to take up my abode. The dark cavern which formed the mess-berth, where a ray of daylight never entered, seemed rather horrible to my imagination, and the motley group of all ages from ten to twenty-five that filled it did not inspire me with much confidence.

At the door stood a stout negro, scarcely visible except by his white teeth and his rolling eyes, which strongly reminded me of Robinson Crusoe's monster in the cave, and a little sprig of a midshipman was venting imprecations on him for not having the dinner ready. Surrounding a table inside the berth, which was illumined by two *dwarf* candles, that appeared as if they had never reached their proper growth, sat eight or ten small officers, employed in various ways. One was playing a difficult piece of music on the flute, with the notes placed before him, propped up by a quart bottle; a companion, to annoy and ridicule him, had put his pocket comb between two pieces of paper, and applying it to his mouth, produced a sound more execrable than the bagpipes, yet still endeavouring to imitate the tune. Two youths in the farthest corner had quarrelled, and were settling their dispute in a boxing-match. Another seemed totally abstracted from the scene, and leaning his elbows on the table, was contemplating the miniature of a fair-haired girl, whose mild blue eyes beamed with love and constancy. On the opposite side of the table two youngsters, with a treatise on seamanship before them, were arguing in no very gentle terms on their own proficiency in naval tactics. At the head of the table an old master's mate was exercising his authority in preserving peace; but as he was engaged at the same time in mixing a good *stiff* glass of grog, his orders were either disregarded or laughed at. But there was one pale-faced lad, with a countenance full of intellectual expression, whom I shall never forget. He sat by himself, with a small writing-desk before him, and on it lay a letter, the writer of which, not satisfied with filling up each page with black ink, had crossed the lines with red, and this letter he was endeavouring to answer. The noise had disturbed him, for sheet after sheet had been torn up, and lay in a pile by his side. He looked at the combatants, and a gentle murmur escaped him; he turned to the musicians, and a smile lighted up his features; he cast his eyes towards the youth whose thoughts were with the pole-star of his affections, and a shade of melancholy sat upon his brow. At this moment he caught sight of me, as I stood at the door, undetermined whether to advance or recede, and his hand was instantly extended. He closed his desk, remarking that "his sister must wait another day," and—but why need I recount every particular?—from that hour we were friends.

Ay, how often when the pale moon at midnight has thrown her silver beams upon the bosom of the wave, or when the star-gemmed canopy of heaven has glistened with its myriad of glories, have we two stood together holding sweet converse on the past, and picturing bright scenes of future fame. Yes! hand in hand, we have stood like brothers, talking of those sweet spots, endeared by every tie of fond regard, where first we revelled in our infancy. Yet, oh God!—the vision is even now before me—when I beheld that pale-faced youth struggling in the agonies of death,—those features

full of mild benevolence, still more deadly in their hue and hideous in convulsive writhings, —the hand that I had so often pressed with real unabated friendship, dyed in the life-stream from his heart, as he worked his fingers in the deep wound that dismissed his noble spirit! It was in action, when rage and vengeance lashed the passions into fury. Yes! there he fell, and the ocean was his grave.

But to return to my introduction. Almost at the same moment that I entered the berth, a quartermaster came down and inquired if Mr. Moriarty was below. A fine handsome young man, about two and twenty, immediately answered in the affirmative. "Here's a letter for you, sir," said the quartermaster, "with the Admiralty seal on the back, and a direction full of sheep-shanks and long splices on the face of it."

"Ay! ay! Johnson," replied the young officer, "the old story, I suppose:—'the door of promotion is shut,' and by-and-by, I dare say, they will send me word that the key's lost. But let us see, you old sea-dragon, and don't stand turning it over and over there, like a Lapland witch at her incantations!"

The veteran was examining the letter with rather an inquisitive eye; for his other eye was on an equally inquisitorial visit to a full bottle of rum that stood upon the table, and he hesitated to give up his charge to the young officer, who I now perceived had his right arm in a sling in consequence, as I afterwards learned, of a wound received in the battle of Aboukir.

"Cantations or no cantations, sir," replied the old quartermaster, "this here letter weighs heavy, and I've been close-hauled for these two days past; and it's dry work, sir, that tack and half tack."

"Well, well, Johnson," rejoined the midshipman, "you want a glass of grog, and you shall have it; so, steward, give him one, d'ye hear. And now hand over the scrawl."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Johnson, "and if it aren't freighted with a pair of white lapels—put some more rum in, you black angel!—then call old Johnson a lubber, that's all." Moriarty laughed; but it was evident that he took the letter with some degree of tremor, especially as one of the youngsters jocosely addressed him as *Lieutenant* Moriarty.

"Hold your prating, simpleton," said he, "you won't find commissions so plentiful when you come to my age, unless you happen to be a stray slip of nobility, or have strong parliamentary interest to back you."

The old quartermaster had been wrangling with the black steward for another drop, and then holding up his grog, exclaimed, "Your health, Lieutenant Moriarty! and I hope I shall live to see you carry 'the red flag at the fore.'"

"With all my heart, Johnson," replied Moriarty, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, for the letter was now unfolded; "and see, here is the first step up the ratlines, sure enough; whether I shall ever reach the masthead or not is another thing."

It was an order from the Admiralty to go on shore and receive his commission, and every one crowded round him full of congratulations. I cannot say but I felt a little jealous about the "red flag at the fore," for I considered *that* as my exclusive right, though utterly ignorant of what it meant. But I was soon enlightened upon the subject, for being naturally communicative, I mentioned my expectations of getting "the red flag at the fore" during dinner, and several of the little midshipmen nearly choked themselves with laughing at me. I then learned that the "red flag at the fore" was the distinction of a vice-admiral of the red; a station that not more than one officer in five thousand ever attained, and even then only through very distinguished merit or peculiar good fortune. Nevertheless, I was nothing daunted, and the "red flag at the fore" urged me on.

We sailed a few days afterwards with a convoy for Bombay and China, but destined to cruise ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. We had not quitted port more than a week, when we encountered a very severe gale. It was the first time I had beheld the sea in such commotion, and the spectacle was awfully grand. The noble ship was borne like a weed upon the ocean at the mercy of the tempest, which

howled through the rigging so as to deaden the shouts of the seamen while furling the heavy sails upon the yards. Billow after billow beat over us, and as the rolling waves dashed up their frothy crests to heaven, roaring in the wildness of their fury, I could not help thinking how different the noise was from the comparison of my poor mother, when she heard the rain patter into the water-butt. The convoy, too, heavy-laden Indiamen and transports with troops, were scattered in every direction; but now and then we could distinguish one or two, as they appeared for a moment on the summit of the foaming surge, like dim specks upon the verge of the horizon.

Night came and brought its frowning horrors; a pitchy darkness, which seemed almost palpable to the touch, hung with a funereal gloom above, whilst the wild waves, lashed by the raging tempest into sparkling foam, served but to render the blackness of the heavens more dense and horrible. At the commencement of the gale the wind was dead against us, and the ship was hove-to under a close-reefed main-topsail; but towards midnight the wind veered in our favor, and we flew through the liquid element with astonishing rapidity. The shifting of the gale had produced a still wider commotion in the waves, which seemed to be struggling for the mastery. Wave after wave came raging after us and threatening to ingulf the frigate; but, like a bird upon the wing, the gallant vessel lifted to the swell and rushed down the steep abyss, tracking her path with brilliancy and light.

I cannot say but the spectacle rather terrified me, and more than once I wished the "red flag at the fore" at the——

"Stop," says the reader, "and do not conclude the sentence." But really, gentle reader, I must; for I was merely going to say that I wished the "red flag at the fore" at the mast-head, and myself snug in my own little bed-room with my poor mother to tie my nightcap, and to tuck me in.

Ossian or Byron, I forget which, says: "Once more upon the waters, yet once more, and the waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider;" but I found a vast deal of difference between mounting the speckled waves and riding my own pretty little piebald pony. Morning at length appeared; the wind had again changed, and the ship was once more hove-to. But if the gale of the preceding night had been furious, it now came with redoubled violence, and the stately vessel which had so lately steered her course in majesty and pride, lay writhing and groaning between the billows like the soul of the mighty struggling with the last pangs of mortality.

Orders were given to furl the foresail, and about sixty of the best seamen sprang aloft to execute the command. Already had they extended themselves upon the yard, and were gathering up the folds of the heavy canvas, when a tremendous sea came like an Alpine mountain rushing towards us. As the poor wretch, when the fierce eye of some famished beast of prey is glaring on him, stands fixed and immovable, so did the seamen suspend their labors when they saw the waters of destruction approaching. No human voice could warn them of their danger, no hand could be outstretched to save. There seemed to be a momentary stillness in the storm, and a shuddering instinct crept through every spirit,—a horrible dread of they knew not what.

Still onward rolled the wave; it struck the vessel on the bows, and threw its ponderous burden on the deck. A crash mingled with a wild tumultuous yell ensued, and when the spray had cleared, it was found that the foremast had been swept away, and upwards of fifty brave fellows were buried in the waves. Some still remained entangled in the rigging, but man after man was washed away till one alone was left. We could see him—we could speak to him—but only that Power who holds the tempests in his hands could rescue him from death. There he struggled; blank despair in every feature, as his strong limbs writhed round the shattered mast, and with convulsive agony he buffeted the waves. Of what avail was human strength in such an hour of peril? His hold relaxed;—it became weaker, and slowly he settled in his watery grave.

I need not describe the effects which such a scene produced upon the mind of a boy not thirteen years of age, and even at this moment,—so strong are first impressions,—the crash, the yell, and the agonized contortions of that drowning man are present to my mind in all their horrors.

The wreck was cleared, the storm abated; a jury-mast was erected, and once more the stately frigate held her way upon the glossy surface of the azure wave. The first duty was to collect the convoy, and heavy forebodings of their fate were whispered among the crew. One by one, however, they gathered round us, showing manifest indications of the recent storm.

There is something peculiarly interesting to a seaman in the assembling of ships after a gale of wind; it occasions a sensation which a landsman can never feel, unless it is that sort of melancholy satisfaction when friends meet who have surmounted adversity together, but with the apprehension of similar calamity before them. Several of the convoy were yet undiscovered, and as the evening was closing in, the heavy report of a distant gun came booming on the waters. Another and another followed in rapid succession, and the frigate's course was directed towards the spot from whence the sounds proceeded.

The sun went down in glory; its radiance tinged the bosom of the liquid element, but it never rose again on those whose signals of distress we heard. They must have seen his last beams arching the heavens with their golden brightness, and light and hope must have expired to them for ever.

The wind opposed our progress, and the swell still rolled against us, though now it was only the heaving of the sea without its breaking violence. Still we approached nearer to the object of our search, as the noise of the guns was more distinct, and the flashes were plainly visible. At length, about midnight, by the help of glasses, a dismasted ship was distinguished rolling like a log upon the waters. Every nerve was strained, every effort was made to intimate that assistance was at hand, and the boats were prepared to give succour, or to snatch from destruction. The sight was eagerly bent towards the spot where the clear horizon was broken by the dark object of our good intentions. Suddenly the curve appeared connected; in vain the eye sought the vessel in distress; for nothing obstructed the view of sky and ocean, and "She's gone! she's gone!" was simultaneously exclaimed by officers and men.

Yes! she was gone; and the gallant ship, that had endured the fury of the tempest, sunk when its wrath was spent. But that tempest had doubtless shaken her stout frame and rent her joints asunder. Yet it was hard to perish almost within the grasp of safety.

Hopes were still entertained that some, if not all, had escaped in the boats. Our own were hoisted out, and having neared the supposed spot, were immediately despatched. The morning dawned in magnificence and splendor; the sun rose in glorious majesty, but his earliest beams glanced on a scattered wreck that told a tale of death. The boats were actively employed in passing to and fro, but no appearance of human being could be discerned. The launch was discovered bottom upwards, and another boat broken nearly in two. The truth was soon disclosed, for the name, ATLAS, on the stern of the launch, informed us that nearly two hundred victims had perished in the deep. How the catastrophe had happened could only be matter for conjecture.

One of our boats fell in with some floating spars, which were lashed together so as to form a kind of floating raft; and on turning them over, a scene presented itself that filled every soul with anguish. A young female, apparently about twenty-two, with an infant fastened round her body, had been secured to the timber,—perhaps the last sad office of a tender husband, who, in the affectionate solicitude of his heart, had vainly hoped to rescue them from death. They were taken on board the frigate, sewed up in a hammock, and again consigned to that element at once their destruction and their grave.

One other ship was still missing; what became of her I never heard; but after waiting a proper time, we pursued our way to the island of St. Jago, the place of rendezvous. A succession of fine weather soon deadened

the remembrance of the past, and by the time of our reaching the Cape de Verds, the "red flag at the fore" had once more gained the ascendancy. The novelties which presented themselves at Port Praya, the oranges, the cocoa-nuts, and above all, the monkeys sporting in their native cunning unrestrained among the green foliage, were delightful; whilst the waters in the bay were so clear and transparent, that fish could be distinctly seen at the depth of from thirty to forty feet, swimming above the silver sand that covered the bottom.

Having refitted and watered, the anchor was once more weighed, and we again directed our course to the place of destination. At the latitude appointed, we parted from our convoy, and then were left alone. Days, weeks passed on, and no sail ever appeared in sight to change the dull monotony. It was still the same unvaried scene of sky and ocean, and not unfrequently severe and boisterous weather. At the end of five weeks, we were gratified by the sight of a ship steering towards us, and in a few hours had retaken a fine Indiaman, prize to a French frigate. No time was lost in securing her, but the irreparable devastation caused by scurvy among our crew rendered it necessary to proceed with our recapture to Madras; and thither we hastened.

On our arrival, fresh scenes that appeared like enchantment opened upon me. The natives on their catamarans, formed of three or four logs lashed together, dashing without dismay through the tremendous surf that rolled upon the beach with everlasting roar, and the manners and habits of the people, filled my young mind with wonder and admiration. I regret that my first letter to my poor mother is not forthcoming; in fact, the worthy soul considered it such a concentration of genius and talent,—I much question whether there was not some little exaggeration in my descriptions,—that she wore it completely out by carrying it in her pocket to show to all her friends and neighbours.

We remained three years in the East Indies without anything material occurring, and then the cry was—"Huzza for old England!" But it would be an almost endless task were I to enumerate all my adventures, perilous and humorous, and sometimes a combination of both, in my strenuous endeavours to attain the "red flag at the fore." Before my six years had expired, I had been in seven different engagements, received three wounds (one of them severe), been once shipwrecked, and once taken prisoner, but escaped. Storms I had weathered many; had visited the coasts of Africa, South America, and New South Wales; but still I endured everything for the sake of the "red flag at the fore."

At the expiration of six years, I passed my examination for lieutenant and received my certificate of qualification; which, after waiting a modest time, I forwarded with a memorial to my patron, who had been elevated to the House of Peers. His answer was, that "things were materially changed since I first went to sea; the same individuals were not now in office, and he much questioned whether he could obtain my promotion; indeed he hinted that it would be better for me to quit the service, and apply myself to some other profession." I cannot describe my disappointment and vexation. Through the representations of this man, I had given up the sweets of childhood to endure the severest hardships and privations. I had toiled unflinchingly in my duty; I had fought the battles of my country, and could show my honorable scars; and thus to have the "red flag at the fore" torn down by the hand I expected to raise me!—my pride, and every feeling of my heart, revolted against it. I was determined to persevere.

Other six years passed away, in which I was a partaker of some of the most brilliant achievements of the war, when I was honored, after thirteen years' servitude, with a lieutenant's commission. But even then it was not gained by any desperate act of valour, or by those feats which are dear and precious to every British sailor's heart; but simply by obtaining (through the present of a handsome Cashmere shawl) the interest of a fair lady, highly esteemed by the First Lord of the Admiralty. However, I got the white lapels, and that was, as Moriarty observed, "the

first step up the ratlines" towards the "red flag at the fore."

After this, things went on tolerably ill among some sharp fighting and many hard knocks. My poor mother slipped her cable for the blessed haven of eternal rest. My sister got married to a pirate, who plundered my father's property, and then cast her adrift upon the world. The old gentleman's grey hairs were brought with sorrow to the grave, my sister's coffin was soon placed upon his breast, and I was left desolate.

Still the "red flag at the fore," like a will-o'-the-wisp, lured me on. I conducted one of the fire-ships at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the French fleet in Basque Roads; had the command of a gunboat at the storming of St. Sebastian, and was with the army at the sortie from Bayonne, in which I got a crack on the head—not big enough to jump in, to be sure, but it set my brains spinning for a month. I commanded a fast-sailing schooner charged with despatches for Wellington, when he was expected to occupy Bordeaux, and entered the Garonne in the dead of the night, lighted on my way by the flames of a French eighty-gun ship that had been set on fire to prevent her falling into the hands of the English; and having anchored in a secure position, left my vessel in a four-oared boat, passed the batteries undiscovered, and executed my orders as the brave marshal stood in the great square, with white flags and beauty greeting his arrival.

Peace came: Buonaparte was elbowed off to Elba, and the "red flag at the fore" was as far off as ever. My vessel was paid off, and after many years of activity, I entered upon a life of indolence. But as Dr. Watts very wisely observes in one of the hymns which I was compelled to learn at school when a child,—

> "Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do;"

so I e'en got married. The fair lady (she is now peeping over my shoulder) attracted my attention at church by the broad and bright ribands that graced the front of her bonnet. They reminded me of the "red flag at the fore," and an inglorious sigh escaped. Now everybody knows that a sigh is the beginning of love, for Byron says,

> "Oh, love! what is it in this world of ours
> That makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why
> With cypress dost thou wreath thy bowers,
> And make thy best interpreter a sigh?"

Well, but to make short of it, I got married; but no sooner had Napoleon returned from Elba, than I was again at my duty. I was sent by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, then naval commander-in-chief at Ostend, with a party of seamen to man the great guns in the army under Wellington on the plains of Waterloo, and the "red flag at the fore" once more opened on my view. It was on the very morning after the decisive battle, that between Brussels and Bruges, I met the first detachment of prisoners coming down from the field, and was ordered to take charge of them to Ostend. There were about two thousand officers and men, most of them wounded and without a single application or dressing to the mangled parts; yet their devotion to Napoleon was unabated, and with their stiffened limbs sore with laceration, and their bodies gashed and scored with sabre cuts, they still shouted, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The battle of Waterloo ended the war; Buonaparte was despatched to St. Helena, and all prospects of promotion are over. My noble patron has accomplished the number of his days, and no "red flag at the fore" will ever fall to my lot, unless indeed I include a certain Bardolphian tinge to the most prominent feature of my face, which has been *red at the fore* for some years past; but excepting the half-pay of a lieutenant, a small remnant of prize-money, and a wife and seven children, I am as poor as a churchwarden's charity-box.

THE PRISONER.

"It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public and in private worship, whose taste is grateful and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change."—STERNE.

TWENTY years had floated down the stream of time since my escape from a French prison, and my almost immediate embarkation for the East Indies with cheerful prospects and with a glowing heart. Hope and enterprise urged me on in my career, and the efforts of my industry were crowned with complete success. But ah! how dear the purchase; an Asiatic clime had undermined my constitution, and ill health had rendered me peevish and discontented; so that I determined once more to visit the land of my nativity, and I embarked in an Indiaman for that purpose.

Only those who have been long estranged from the home of their fathers, and are returning to it with ardent expectation and thrilling apprehensions—only those can tell the mingling sensations of pain and pleasure that agitate the breast, as the tall ship urges on her course—"splash, splash, along the wave,"—while the anxious mariner, day after day, calculates his distance from the shore and sighs to find it is yet so far away.

At last, I trod on British ground, but how changed were all things since my departure! The authors of my being were no more; the companions of my youth were scattered upon the wide world, or numbered with the dead; while others whom I had folded in my arms at parting, and felt my cheek bedewed with their tears, now received me with distant politeness and cold reserve. No cheering heart-descriptive smile of affection welcomed my return, and I found myself alone, unfriended and unblest. Society became my aversion, and withdrawing from the world to the cottage where I first received existence, my days were passed in nurturing the melancholy that consumed my heart, and my chief gratification was to pass the hours of solitude near the tomb of my parents. There I would pour out my griefs, and pray to join them in the blissful realms of immortality; but a life like this, working upon a debilitated constitution, soon shattered my intellects, and my reason became impaired.

One lovely evening in August, I had taken my usual position, and the stillness of the hour, the serenity of the air, the surrounding scenery, teeming with the choicest blessings of nature's store and gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, operated like enchantment on my mind; while the solemnity of the lone churchyard, spread with the turf-raised tenements of death, wrought upon my disordered imagination, and filled me with a superstitious awe. The darkening shades of twilight fell heavier on the landscape, and I gazed around with indescribable sensations, fearing my eyes might rest on some unearthly form, yet desperately wishing to know the secrets of the clay-cold prison-house.

At this moment, as the full round moon shed her pale lustre on the monumental stones, bleached by many a winter's storm, —at this very moment, my sight fell upon a strange mysterious figure, crouched near a new-made grave. Every fibre of my heart was racked to the extreme, every nerve was strung with maddening resolve. I rushed toward the spot; but what was my horror, what were the sickening sensations of my soul, when the figure raised his pale face, and as the moon-beams fell upon it, I beheld the well-remembered countenance of one who

had shared the pastimes of my boyhood, who had been my fellow-prisoner at Verdun, whose untimely death I had deplored, and whose mortal remains I had myself seen consigned to the silent grave. It spoke; the voice seemed to be the same, though mournful and sepulchral, and every faculty of my mind seemed to be suspended. Again it spoke, and recognised me,—changed as I was,—called me by name, and rising from the earth, stretched forth its hand to welcome me. I shrunk back for an instant, my brain was suddenly as if on fire, and then again was chilled to icy coldness; life seemed to tremble on the verge of eternity. I sprang forward, grasped the extended hand, and fell senseless to the earth. On again recovering, the spectre was gone, but the recollection flashed upon my mind. I hastened towards my cottage, and entered it a maniac.

Months passed away in this unhappy state;—sometimes the attendants were animated by the faint glimmerings of hope, at others they were prepared to resign me to the angel of death. However, contrary to every expectation, I slowly recovered my reason and my health, when after a careful explanation, the fancied spectre again visited me, and was received as my old, my intimate friend; in short, we had been deceived respecting his death and burial through the infamous intrigues of the commandant, Wirion, and from his own lips I heard the following account:—

"You may remember, B——, the kindness which many of the prisoners experienced from the inhabitants at Verdun, and the tender attachments that united numbers of youthful hearts together, softening the loss of liberty, and lightening the bonds of imprisonment. Can you forget Adele,—the beautiful, blooming, innocent Adele? Do you not recollect the first time we saw her at the gathering in of the vintage, when her luxuriant auburn hair was entwined with the green leaves of the vine, and she presided as the queen of the festival? Have you forgotten the sweet voice that warbled forth such strains of harmony? Yes! you may forget, but I never can.

"From that moment I loved Adele; from that moment our hearts were firmly knit together, and every interview served to strengthen our fond regard. She was an orphan, her parents had perished in the sanguinary conflicts of the revolution, and she now resided with a widowed aunt, whose only daughter had pledged her affection to our fellow-prisoner, Robinson. Euphemia was light-hearted, gay, and full of spirit; Adele was firm, cheerful, and enthusiastic, but at times a deep melancholy overshadowed her disposition, nor would she reveal the cause.

"A few months after our first acquaintance, several officers had broken their parole and escaped, the consequence was a rigid restriction on the freedom of the rest; but still money at all times could overcome the watchfulness of the guard. One evening, Robinson and myself had bribed the *gens-d'armes* to permit our straying as far as the vineyard. We found Euphemia at the cottage, but Adele had walked to the verge of the grounds near the town, expecting our approach, and as we had been compelled to enter them by another path, she was not aware of our arrival. I immediately hastened towards the spot where I expected to find her, when a low murmuring sound, followed by a faint shriek, arrested my steps. They were repeated still louder, and the sound directed me to the place from whence they proceeded. The cry of distress was enough for a British heart, and forgetting my situation as a prisoner, forgetting everything but that some one stood in need of my assistance, I rushed forward. The shrieks continued, though fainter, and in a few seconds I reached the spot where Adele, my own sweet Adele, was struggling with a brute in human form. In an instant he was prostrate at my feet, and the fainting, innocent maiden clasped to my breast; but turning my eyes towards the wretch who thus had forfeited all pretensions to the character of man, I saw my fate was sealed,—it was the infamous, the cruel Wirion.

"Before I could recover from my surprise, the villain had sprung upon his feet and advanced towards us; but, stopping short, he gnashed his teeth, and shaking his clenched hand, exclaimed, 'Eh bien, monsieur;' and

instantly retreated. 'You are lost,' cried Adele, 'my Henry, you are lost! 'tis his persecutions have made me wretched, and I did not dare to tell you, lest it might lead to dangerous consequences.'

"We ran to the cottage, related the events which had occurred, and then bidding the sweet girls farewell, with heavy, dejected spirits Robinson and I instantly returned to our quarters.

"Day after day passed on, but no public notice was taken of the transaction. No! the villain played a deeper game. Our minds were kept in a state of continued alarm by mysterious hints, rigid watchfulness, and harsh regulations; till at last, in conjunction with our faithful adherents, who sacrificed all selfish feelings to secure our safety, we projected our escape, and they prepared to supply us with every requisite for the purpose. Oppression had stirred up my spirit, and I longed once more to tread the deck in the service of my country; yet to leave Adele, whom I so fondly loved, and to leave her too exposed to such a monster,—my heart sickened at the thought.

"I was sitting in my apartment, agitated by struggles between affection and duty, reflecting that every means would be employed to shorten my days if I remained, and the many chances there were against my escape, when a lad entered and intimated that there was a peasant waiting below, who wished to deliver a message. The person was introduced, and we were left alone; but what was my surprise to find, under a peasant's garb, my beautiful Adele. She had brought the disguises we were to assume, and came, as she said, "to weep her last farewell!" Often did I declare it was impossible to leave her; and as often did she press my departure with an earnestness that surprised and distressed me.

"Everything at last was finally arranged, and on the ensuing night, Robinson and myself were to repair to a particular spot, where, upon a concerted signal, a faithful guide would be ready to attend us. Short was our interview,—I pressed her to my heart,—we pledged our solemn troth,—and —she tore herself away.

"The following morning Robinson received his instructions, and to avoid suspicion, we kept within doors through the remainder of the day. At dusk we sallied forth, and passed the gates just before they were closed, not without suspicion, but our disguises were so admirably contrived, as to deceive the penetrating looks of the guard. The night was dark and stormy, and it was with great difficulty we reached the suburbs near the vineyard. Here poor Robinson formed the resolution of once more seeing Euphemia; and though I pointed out the danger, yet my own heart was involuntarily attracted towards the cottage. We approached, but were compelled to abandon the design, as the *gens-d'armes* were evidently on the watch.

"We returned to the spot where our guide was to be in waiting, and made the signal; but it met with no reply, and we dreaded lest by delay we had forfeited the opportunity of escape. Crouched behind a jutting rock, after remaining some time longer in anxious suspense, we saw a figure moving at a short distance; the signal was again given, and by being answered, we knew it to be our guide. He appeared, from his stature, to be a mere lad; but the darkness of the night and a broad-brimmed hat concealed every feature of his face. Not a word passed on either side, and we commenced our march over a rugged track winding among the rocks, that greatly impeded our progress, till we came suddenly upon the main road, and the next moment were surrounded by a troop of cavalry. They interrogated our guide, but he was silent; they addressed us, and suspecting we were betrayed through the machinations of Wirion, I was on the point of venting my indignation on the guide, when he prevented it by answering we were peasants. The reply not satisfying the officer, and the guide preparing to pass on, he struck him a severe blow on the head with the flat of his sword; a piercing shriek followed, that wrung my soul to agony,—such a shriek as had once before fell upon my tortured ear; it was Adele,—the generous, self-devoted Adele,—and she fell into my arms breathless and bleeding.

"The officer and several of the troop alighted on discovering that our guide was a female, and every means were used to restore animation, which, after considerable exertion, proved successful; and we were informed that our condition was well known, as they had only a short time before seized the conveyance which was to carry us beyond the frontiers, and had extorted the whole plot from the driver.

"There are some situations to which human nature may be exposed, that come like a blight upon the heart, chilling every faculty, and such was my case now; an icy coldness crept through my whole frame, and a faint sick shuddering shook every nerve. Adele was still supported in my arms, but I experienced neither grief nor pleasure; her blood ran streaming down my breast, but excited neither horror nor resentment; not a single murmur escaped from my lips, yet an insupportable weight of anguish pressed heavy on my soul. I heard the curses and execrations of our captors with indifference; but when they came to force her from me, then—then my spirit was aroused,—then my dormant faculties awakened from their stupefaction, and clasping her closer to my heart, I swore to hold her there till death. The courageous girl clung round me with all the powerful strength of maddening desperation, but how futile were our efforts against the united force of such a band! we were forcibly torn from each other; I saw her tender arms pinioned with cords; I saw her mounted on one of their horses; my stupor returned, and I patiently suffered them to bind my hands. Robinson and myself were conveyed to the citadel, and put in close confinement.

"On the following morning, Wirion came to our prison, and a ghastly smile of infernal satisfaction played upon his features. Every epithet my tongue could lavish on a villain was poured on him. At first he shrunk back; but approaching nigher, I heard his detested voice in a half whisper muttering between his teeth, 'Remember Adele!' My hand was instantly writhed in the wretch's collar, but the bayonets of the guard were presented,—nay even pricked my breast, and the pain compelled me to quit my hold, and we were condemned to solitary confinement for breaking our parole. Oh! how many hours and days of agonized suspense followed close upon each other; and though a cheerful gleam would sometimes break upon our dreary solitude, yet the uncertainty as to what had become of those we loved, clouded the brightest moments. In vain exertions were used in our behalf; we were considered dead to the world, and all its enjoyments.

"Among the soldiers who did duty near our prison, was an old grenadier, and sometimes we surprised him gazing at us with deep and marked emotion; but the moment he found himself observed, he would resume his ferocious countenance and turn away. On a particular day of festival, when discipline somewhat relaxed from its severity, our grenadier was sentry over us, and having looked cautiously around, he growled out a curse at the English prisoners, and thrust his bayonet towards the grated bars of the window. At first, I thought he designed to stab me; but observing something like white paper screwed up in the muzzle of his firelock, it was instantly in my hand, and the piece withdrawn. Hope once more played round my heart; it was a note in broken English, expressive of sympathetic feeling, and promising assistance. The writer had been a prisoner in England, and had shared the generous hospitality of my countrymen; but what conveyed the greatest delight to my mind, was assurances of the safety of the dear girls. After reading this unexpected epistle, we looked down towards the veteran; but no effort could again draw his attention, he continued pacing his post till relieved, without taking the slightest notice. Means of communication we had none, and several weeks of intense anxiety passed away without again seeing the grenadier. Wirion would frequently come to glut his brutal malice, and never failed to drop some threatening hint of his future intentions.

"One afternoon, the grenadier again appeared before our prison; but the other sentinels were too near for him to convey anything of which he was possessed, though it appeared evident that such was his intention. Recollecting the mode of receiving

the last communication, I uttered a torrent of abusive and provoking language; he seemed to understand my meaning, and thrusting the bayonet through the bars, my hands grasped the paper, and unfolded an affectionate yet mournful epistle from Euphemia and Adele. The latter had been imprisoned, and every method resorted to which was likely to effect her destruction; but, happily, she had escaped all the machinations of the villain Wirion. Her wound had been healed, and she was again restored to liberty. This letter was enclosed in a paper written on, I believe, by yourself with a pencil."

"I remember it," said I; "it was to give you hopes of escape, as several had united in the cause, determined to set you at liberty; but the commandant traversed our design. A Frenchman we entrusted, betrayed our secret."

"It was so," he continued; "and from time to time the veteran supplied us with information. By his means we were furnished with tools to cut through the bars which confined us; but this was a work of time, and could only be attempted at those hours when our friend was on sentry, as the least noise of the file would have betrayed us to the man at the next post. At last, after a sickening interval of several months, our task was accomplished, and we waited in anxious expectation for further instructions.

"It was on a stormy day in November, poor Robinson and myself were sitting together on our only chair, conversing about home and recalling to memory the transactions of our childhood, when parents, brothers, sisters, and the companions of our juvenile amusements alternately occupied our attention. From them the conversation turned to the land of our nativity, and there was something so peculiar in Robinson's manner when speaking of his country, as to excite painful sensations in my mind. His spirits were exceedingly dejected, though at times an enthusiastic expression of devoted attachment to his king and his profession lightened up his pale features with a glow of animation; but it would presently sink again, and grasping my hand, while a tear trembled in his eye, he uttered, 'You will see them again, you will once more tread on British soil, whilst I—yes, my grave will be made in the land wherein I am a stranger. Yet tell them, —tell my parents that Robinson never disgraced his cloth, or committed an act for which they could blush.' I endeavoured to divert his thoughts from such ideas, but my efforts were useless. I know not whether there is anything like presentiment; but in many events which occur in our journey through life, there are some strange mysterious coincidences that would almost prompt the credence of it, and thus it proved with poor Robinson.

"The heavy bell of the citadel tolled four, and in a few minutes we heard the relief-guard beneath our windows. The officer and his men passed on; we listened to the measured tread, as their steps receded, and then cautiously advanced; but the sentry was in his box, and again we resumed our seat. The theme of our conversation turned upon the dear girls, who had risked so much for the poor prisoners; and here Robinson was again sad and melancholy, conjuring me, if my life was spared, to give his last and tender farewell to the amiable Euphemia.

"At this moment a noise was heard, like the fall of a firelock on the pavement, but it passed unnoticed; however, when a short time had elapsed, it was repeated, and on going to our grating to ascertain the cause, we saw our faithful old soldier on the post. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and the weather was excessively cold, so that most of the other sentinels were glad to keep under shelter. After taking two or three turns without looking up, he suddenly halted, raised his bayonet to the window, and we received a small scrap of paper, which contained these words, written in a hand we did not remember to have seen before. 'At ten o'clock to-night, when the relief comes round, be ready to remove your grating and descend. Upon the ramparts, under the muzzle of the third gun from the sentry-box, you will find materials to assist in your descent, and below are disguises to put on. Be firm and resolute.'

"There was a something in the manner of

this note that did not altogether please me; it raised suspicions I found it difficult to suppress; but to give any information of this to the grenadier was impossible; he returned to the spot no more. The next consideration was, how we were to descend; but that was readily suggested, by tearing our blankets into slips, and then twisting them together. To tell you the torturing suspense we endured, while the time passed heavily on, is beyond my power, but there was a novelty in our situation which lifted us to hope. Nine o'clock came, and our hearts beat in tumultuous disorder; we listened to the chiming of the quarters, and silently prepared for our removal. At last, we heard the first warning for ten, and we grasped each other's hand with convulsive agitation. Every stroke of the sonorous bell vibrated on our hearts with sickly apprehension; it ceased, and all was silent, except the howling of the wind and the pelting of the rain. Shortly afterward, the sentinel challenged the relief, and hope and despair alternately took possession of my breast, but both urged me on in the same determined course.

"The night was uncommonly dark, tempestuous, and dreary, so that we could not discover the fresh sentry as he paced his post. After walking backwards and forwards several times, the noise of his footsteps ceased, and we heard the butt of his firelock brought to the ground as he entered the box. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, when we removed the bars, and secured our blanket rope. I descended first, without making the slightest noise; but poor Robinson slipped and struck the loose grating above, which instantly fell into the room. The sentinel started from his box, we heard the rattle of his arms, but all was instantly hushed, and the howling of the gale deadening the sound, he did not advance. Stretched on the wet pavement, while the rain poured down with impetuous fury, we remained motionless for nearly half an hour; when finding the sentry had returned to his box, we cautiously crawled away upon our hands and knees, till having attained a proper distance and rising on our feet, we slowly and silently followed the directions which had been given.

"Again the bell tolled eleven, as unseen we reached the spot; but the sentry here was on the alert, and we had just time to secrete ourselves, by lying at full length on the sloping descent of the rampart, when he passed the place; this he continued to do repeatedly, and we could distinctly hear his movements at every turn. At last, after a painful suspense, the heavy tread ceased; and stretching our hands out in various directions, we found, beneath the muzzle of the gun, a rope coiled up. To secure one end to the carriage and pass the other down through the embrasure, was the work of a few minutes, and sliding over the battlements, the cord passed swiftly through my glowing hands; but what was my distress, on reaching the lower extremity, to find it was too short to allow of my touching the ground, and the darkness prevented my seeing what distance there was to fall. It was impossible to apprise my companion, for just at this instant I felt the rope violently agitated from above; the next moment it gave way, and I was precipitated down the rocks. How long I laid insensible, I cannot tell; a confused recollection sometimes passed across my mind of a piercing shriek mingling with the gale; but the fall had completely stunned me.

Dreadful indeed were my feelings, on recovering from the shock to see, by the light of glistening flambeaux, two *gens-d'armes* standing over me. I stretched out my hand to raise myself up; but oh, horror, horror! it fell upon the death-cold cheek of poor Robinson. Yes, there he lay by my side a mangled corse—literally dashed to pieces by the fall. I tried to rise, but found every effort ineffectual; in short, both my ankles were dislocated. The barbarous wretches lifted me on my feet; but I again fell, and received another severe contusion on my head. Finding I was unable to walk, they extinguished their torches and carried me on their shoulders through the gates, till they stopped before a heavy grated door; here they were joined by a third person, closely wrapped in a horseman's cloak. He opened the door, and taking from beneath his cloak a dark lantern, I was rapidly borne forward

to those horrid dungeons, where a ray of daylight had never been admitted.

"After passing several massive entrances, they halted at a low door, and it swung upon its hinges; here they threw me down with bitter imprecations, and the *gens-d'armes* withdrew. The individual who carried the lantern then approached me, and purposely turning the light upon his face, I beheld the fiend-like countenance of Wirion; it was like a blasting vision to my sight, and the powers of utterance were denied me. He tried to laugh, but it resembled the yell of a demon. He gnashed his teeth, exclaiming, 'Remember Adele!' and turned the key upon his wretched captive. Oh, what was my agony as the last feeble glimmering of the lamp disappeared, and all around became the darkness of the grave,—still living—still breathing, yet, as I thought, entombed for ever! Happily, insensibility crept over me for a time, but of its duration I am unable to speak. I was awoke to recollection by a confused sound which appeared to come from a distance, and then died away. Again the clashing of bayonets and the heavy tread of armed men seemed to approach, but my head was strangely bewildered. In a few minutes, however, I could distinctly hear voices, and recovering in some measure from my stupefaction, as they drew near, I gathered sufficient from their impetuous language to ascertain that another victim was about to be incarcerated in the dreary dungeons, and that victim our faithful friend — the grenadier. When they had reached my dungeon, he refused to proceed,—reproached them with their cruelty to an old man, and added, 'Life, at the longest, must be of short date to me; here satisfy your brutal malice!' A heavy rush and the rattling of bayonets instantly succeeded, mingled with the curses of the guard; a yell—a wild yell followed, and something fell, like a leaden weight, against the door of my dungeon; a bitter groan, as when the heart-strings break, vibrated through the vault, and a convulsive struggling noise, as if some poor wretch lay quivering in his last death-pang.

"The brutal soldiers exulted over their victim, and then slowly retraced their steps. Hitherto I had been silent, but now wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, I raved with desperate mudness, entreating them to return and release me from my misery. In a few minutes they halted, and a dead silence ensued. Again I shrieked, and the rocky vaults prolonged the sound, as if a thousand voices joined my cries. The guard growled out their imprecations and departed. In vain I tried to get upon my feet; every effort increased my anguish, and as I extended my hands upon the stone floor of my cell, they fell upon some slimy reptile that filled me with abhorrence and with disgust. After repeated painful struggles, I crawled to the door; but receded on finding my hands immersed in what I first imagined to be water, but a heavy groan, and then the tremulous gurgling of the breath in the throat of the dying man, convinced me it was blood. I called to him, but no answer was returned; I spoke with tenderness, mentioned who I was, but still all was silent except the groans of the wretched sufferer. Oh! how did I pour out my heart in prayer, for heaven to support me under the accumulated load of horror, or to remove me from existence.

"In about an hour afterwards, as near as I can conjecture, the door was violently shaken by his struggles; a sudden shriek, with the grinding of the teeth, and then a heavy deep-drawn sigh, told me the last efforts of frail mortality were over.

"But why need I enumerate the trials I underwent, the sufferings I endured. My daily scanty pittance was brought by an individual, upon whom every attempt to gain a single word was unavailing; so that at last I refrained from speaking. Often have I been compelled to wait hours beyond my time, racked with hunger and burning with feverish thirst. Once in rising too eagerly, I dashed the jug from the jailer's hand, and no entreaties could move him to supply me with more. My raging thirst brought on delirium, and I fell into a lethargic stupor. Well do I remember it,—sweet dreams came over me, and I fancied I was ranging through some lovely meadows, where the eddying streamlet murmured over its shingly bed, clear and transparent as crystal. All the

friends of my youth were surrounding me, and I heard their sweet welcome to my home; my mother pressed me to her heart; my father grasped my hand with joy, whilst sisters and brothers hung in my embrace, and wept with rich delight. Then we sat down to the feast, and every luxury which could refresh the grief-worn prisoner was eagerly devoured. Oh! the agony of awaking from such a dream! Scorched with fever, and parched with burning heat,—it is impossible to picture it.

"How long I had remained in confinement was unknown to me. I had endeavoured to keep some trace upon my memory by the return of my food, but that was soon lost in the number. By almost constantly sitting with my legs extended, I recovered the use of my feet; but the cell was so low and contracted, that walking was impracticable. My clothes were in tatters; I was unwashed and unshaven, and my hair hung down in thick and matted flakes. How many victims of sanguinary malice have I heard in their last dying agonies; how many secret murders have been perpetrated in those vaults,—even at this moment I shudder at the recollection!

"When I was in a state bordering on brutalized indifference, my keeper was changed, and one of milder manners brought my food; this too was augmented, and I was indulged by many little acts of kindness to which I had long been a stranger. I had been sitting anxiously waiting his appearance, when sleep overpowered me, and the luxury of clean straw contributed to the sweetness of repose. I was awoke by some one gently shaking my shoulder, and raising myself beheld—oh! what were my sensations—it was Adele. 'I am mistaken,' said she, gazing at my haggard looks, and trembling with alarm. But when I called her by name, she sunk senseless by my side. What a moment was that, when after every hope had vanished, when those sweet feelings which are best and dearest to man were dying in my heart, thus to be recalled to life,—to be awakened to the world, and once more to hold in my arms the dear treasure which bound my spirit down to earth!—Forgive me, my friend, for I cannot restrain my feelings.

"When she recovered, she stared wildly upon my emaciated face, and then springing up, tore herself away. 'Rise!' said she in a tone of bitterness, 'rise! and follow me!' But this was no easy task, and the voice of command from Adele struck heavy on my heart.

"I had been so little used to exercise, that walking was almost death to me. Adele perceived it, and in a tone of softened tenderness she implored me to lean on her, and burst into tears. 'Why are you here, Adele?' exclaimed I; 'why are you my deliverer, and how could you discover my prison?' She indistinctly murmured the name of Wirion, and the truth instantly flashed upon my mind. 'You are—Adele, can it be?' and I felt a suffocating weight upon my breast. 'Adele, you have sacrificed yourself for me!' The exertion overpowered my weakness, and I sunk senseless at her feet.

"On recovering my recollection, I found myself in a comfortable apartment, and an attendant sitting by my side. 'Where is she?' said I, 'where is Adele?'—'Alas! alas!' replied the man, shaking his head, '*monsieur est très mal à la tête.*' 'Tell me,' exclaimed I, 'tell me, I conjure you, where I am, and where is—but no, no, I recollect it now.' The man again shook his head and repeated his observation. At this moment an aged female entered the room, and finding me rational, she sat by my side, and from her conversation I learned that I was in Germany, having been brought thither about a fortnight before in a state of insanity by some French troopers. That since then the fever had been very powerful, and my life had been despaired of. 'And Wirion?' said I. She made no answer, nor did she appear to comprehend the question;—indeed I afterwards found that she was totally unacquainted with my history, but that a sum of money had been left to provide for my maintenance.

"By wholesome food and kind treatment my recovery was rapid, and I was soon enabled to return to my native land. But misery seemed to follow me still; my parents

were numbered with the dead, and the report of my untimely fate had hastened their departure. Their property was divided amongst my brothers and sisters, who were most of them married, and they now treated me as one who had risen from the grave to rob them of their rights. Disgusted and sick at heart, I once more embarked in the service of my country, and received the reward dear to every British officer's heart—promotion.

"Fortune now smiled upon me, and her golden favors were showered with an unsparing hand. Still Adele, the beautiful, tender, self-devoted Adele, constantly occupied my mind; in dreams, in visions of the night, Adele was ever present to my memory, and through the duties of the day the debt of gratitude was never banished from my heart. I heard that Wirion had been summoned to give an account of his stewardship; but unable to meet the frowns and sentence of Napoleon, had done justice upon himself and perished by his own hands. But all inquiries after Adele had been useless; yet I had sworn never to love another, and my oath was kept inviolate.

"As soon as peace between the two countries was declared, I crossed the Channel, and from thence hastened to Verdun. The vineyard still remained, though in ruins, and the ashes of the cottage were strewed upon the plain. No one could tell me of Adele.

"The inhabitants of the house at which I had lodged were mourning for the loss of their brave sons, whom Buonaparte had compelled to enter the army; age had dimmed their sight, but sorrow more. I told them who I was, and they recoiled fron me in doubt and perplexity. However, I soon convinced them, and then I heard that Wirion had buried poor Robinson, and reported that both our remains were contained in the same coffin, and interred in the same grave. I inquired for Adele and Euphemia; the latter was dead, but of the former they could give me no information, and after a fruitless search I bent my way to Paris.

"One day having dined with several British officers, we took a stroll in the evening through the city, and on arriving at the *Palais Royal*, a number of persons had assembled round an itinerant singer; but as she was not then engaged, we were passing on, when our steps were suddenly arrested by a sweet plaintive voice, pouring forth those thrilling notes which, like inspiration, almost enchant the soul. We drew near the crowd, but how shall I describe my agitation when I heard the self-same *chanson* which Adele had sung so exquisitely when I first beheld her? Old remembrances rushed upon my mind, and unconsciously putting aside those who opposed my progress, I advanced close to the singer. Her back was toward me, and her voice seemed faltering as if shaken by bitter recollections; but when she arrived near the close, her tones were scarcely audible. At that moment she turned; I gazed upon her features, and the next instant she was in my arms,—it was herself—it was Adele!

"Why need I repeat every transaction? Together we returned to England, and she became my wife;—yes, mine by every tie, both human and divine. She told me her tale of sorrow, but I cannot relate it now. Her sufferings had been on my account, and I was determined to heal the wounded spirit and bind up the broken heart. The world condemned and shunned me, but what had I to do with the world? Adele was all to me, and in her dear society I forgot my sorrows. Not but that she was changed: circumstances had much altered the natural sweetness of her temper, and the mode of life she had pursued contributed to deaden the finer feelings of the heart; but she was the deliverer who saved me from destruction, and I thought only of our meeting at the gathering in of the vintage.

"We lived happily together, away from the bustle, the turmoil, and what is falsely called the pleasures of life. A small cottage in the country was our home, and there we enjoyed peace and contentment. My fortune was ample, with but few desires to be gratified; and I have deeply to regret that I was unacquainted with your residence in my neighbourhood, for your society would have been an additional happiness.

"But ah! how fleeting are all our joys. It was on the early part of that day, when you saw me kneeling over a new-made grave, that I had consigned the last remains of my Adele to the narrow home appointed as a resting-place from earthly trouble. Yes, she is gone, I trust, to the realms of everlasting bliss, where no sorrow can disturb, no pain be felt; but where there is fulness of joy for evermore!"

THE CONVICT.

"Alas! the constancy of my sad mind
Is put to dreadful proof."

It was some short time after the storming of Monte Video by the British troops, when the guerilla bands were formed in the neighbourhood of the city, that a party of young men took it into their heads to ride into the adjacent country; and though the inhabitants were decidedly hostile to the English, yet with the carelessness and impetuosity natural to youth, they resolved to *seek* adventures, cost what they might. With hearts elate, and mounted on swift horses, they passed the city gates and swept round the bay that forms the extensive harbour. After riding through some villages, they considered it as not accordant with their plan to keep the beaten road,—nor indeed was there any road which merited the name, after they had gained a certain distance from the town. The meridian sun saw them scouring across the plain, where neither tree nor shrub could mark their track, or serve as guides for their return. Frequently, from behind the jutting rock, the *paysáno** would display his hardened and ferocious features, and muffling himself in his *poncho*, or long robe, grin defiance at the adventurers. His long fusee held in one hand, with his *lasso* coiled at his side and a terrific knife stuck in his girdle, the marauder stood undaunted by danger and undismayed by the fear of death. The young men had frequently been led to pursue the wild ostrich in its course, and to chase the numerous deer; but this hunting produced consequences which might have terminated seriously, for it scattered the number into parties of two or three, who might easily have been cut off and destroyed by the enemy:—and now for my own individual portion of the excursion. Having been, with one other, separated from the rest, we used every possible exertion to discover them, but without effect. Whenever we shouted, our voices reverberated from the rocky piles that reared their heads upon the plain like monuments of ancient grandeur, and seemed to revive recollections of the field of graves.

The sun, whose journey was even more rapid than our own, threatened to leave us in obscurity and darkness; and when once his beams had disappeared, we had no certain direction to ascertain our way. It was in the month of June, and consequently winter in that part of the world; but accustomed to privations of almost every kind, we cared but little for the season, and as for attacks—we had weapons of defence. Yet still, at times, an indescribable emotion agitated my heart. The countenances of the *paysános*, and the certain death which awaited capture—death, too, the torture of which might be increased by malignity and rendered lingering in the extreme, left no very pleasant sensation on the mind. The recollections of home crowded upon me—for the delights of domestic society never come more sweet to the memory than when they threaten to be torn from us for ever. Still we had come out for adventures, and the buoyant spirit of sailors urged us on. We had already travelled, at a moderate calculation, upwards of twenty miles without seeing a habitation, or the least trace of civilized society, when the bright luminary of day disappeared from the western horizon, and

* Literally, countryman, or peasant; but here designed to represent a guerilla.

all became murky gloom and darkness. To have continued on without knowing whither we were going, (for not a star was visible to act as a friendly pilot in our navigation,) would have been downright madness; so reining in the horses, we suffered them to pursue their own way. Often could we hear the jaguar growling near us and the enraged buffalo would dart across our path, while the bellowing of the wild cattle from the distance floated on the breeze. Frequently misled by the false light above the fen, we had nearly plunged into irretrievable destruction, and then imagination would (as the bleak wind passed across our eyes) make us fancy that we saw some dwelling near at hand of safety and security. Hunger, too, attacked us, for we had tasted but little food since our departure.

Three hours had been employed in suffering the horses to take their own course, during the last of which neither of us had spoken much, when my companion suddenly exclaimed, "We are stopped; here is a gate!" and sure enough the gate, with large wide folding compartments and a mud fence—as far as the darkness would allow our sight to extend—was distinctly visible, though no habitation nor the trace of human being could be seen.

Immediately alighting and securing our horses to the gate-posts, we cautiously reconnoitred; but all ingress by that way appeared impossible, without climbing over. To propose and to perform were synonymous, and in a few minutes we were safely landed within the walls.

Following the track of a narrow path for about a quarter of a mile, our progress was arrested by hearing the strains of music, and shortly afterwards a female voice, of exquisite tone, commenced the evening hymn to the Virgin. Sailors are naturally superstitious, and at this moment, yielding to the romantic fervor of my disposition, all seemed enchantment. Never, perhaps, was there a voice more harmonious, or more calculated to work upon the softer emotions of the soul. There was no labored execution—all was pure nature, offering up its sacrifice of heartfelt devotion. The sounds ceased.

"Surely," said I to my companion, "those are the sweetest notes that could ever charm the coldest nature."

"Truly," replied he; "for now we shall get something to eat, at all events!"

This answer called me from my *heroics*, and we proceeded onwards. Not a light was to be seen—not the least vestige of a house in view; yet we followed the path till a low but extensive range of buildings displayed itself. It was on one floor, and on turning the corner, a sudden blaze of light burst upon us.

In a small but neat chapel, such as is usually attached to country residences among the Catholics, a number of wax candles illuminated the altar. The grey-haired sire stood before it, whilst his wife, children, and domestics knelt in a semicircle round him. He raised the emblem of redemption in his hand, and pressed it upon his breast; then kneeling down, his aged head reclined upon the cross as he poured forth his fervent petitions.

Rising from this attitude, he replaced the crucifix upon the altar, and turning towards the assembled group, his hands were outstretched to dispense a parent's blessing. There was something in the whole scene so truly descriptive of a patriarchal benediction, that I felt all the emotions of my breast indulging in their full energies.

"Sidney," whispered I to my companion, "this is indeed delicious. What fervor, what devotion, what——"

"Nonsense," said he, "let us see the roast beef and a bottle of wine, and then I'll talk to you."

We introduced ourselves at the close of the service, and were received with the most hospitable welcome. Servants were despatched for our poor jaded horses, we were ushered into a large hall, and the table soon groaned with substantial fare, amongst which was hot beef, cooked in the hide. Our host informed us we were upon a farm belonging to himself, and after refreshing ourselves, he introduced us to his family. They were nine in number, nor was I long in discovering from whom those dulcet warblings had proceeded, which made such

an impression upon my mind. It was the old man's pride,—his eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year. In that country, nature is extremely bountiful to females; sixteen is considered the age of maturity, and few marriages are contracted after that period. Mariqueta was lovely, yet it was not that sort of beauty that strikes the beholder with mere admiration; it was a loveliness that interested the heart.

Among the attendants was one who seemed to watch our movements with marked attention; he almost anticipated our wants, and I frequently observed the shades of deep sorrow pass across his features. He had once been handsome, but age had dimmed the lustre of his eye, and I fancied that his countenance still bore marks of hurried passion and guilty daring.

Of the Spanish language, myself and companion scarcely knew anything, nor was there an individual in the place to interpret; nevertheless, we contrived to hold something like a conversation, though frequently the subject was left to chance for decision. The old man expressed his undisguised resentment against the invasion of the English, but scorned to withhold hospitality from benighted travellers, though they were his enemies. He spoke of the *paysános* as terrific people, and rejoiced that we had not fallen into their hands.

On retiring to rest, he placed a hand on each of our heads and offered up a prayer. We then saluted the family round, and never were my lips pressed to those of a female with more unblemished purity or chastity of thought, than when they touched the cheek of Mariqueta.

After a night of sweet refreshing slumber, we arose and contemplated the surrounding scenery. The farm was erected in a secluded spot, far in the interior, for the purpose of catching wild cattle, and jerking or salting the flesh, which at Monte Video formed a great branch of commerce. The hides and tallow were also carefully preserved.

At a short distance from the house was a large garden, tastefully arranged, and beyond this was an orchard. There was an air truly English in the decorations and manner of laying out the grounds that caused very great surprise, as being totally different from anything else I had seen in this part of the world; but I could gain no other information on the point, than that it was performed by the attendant, or chief man, whom I have mentioned before. Suspecting he might have been in England, I spoke to him; but he shook his head and seemed totally ignorant of the language.

After breakfast we prepared for our departure, but the old gentleman, our kind host, would not suffer us, as he feared danger was abroad and we might be attacked; nor was he altogether wrong, but how he derived his intelligence, we did not discover. Thus another day was passed at the farm, and passed in the society of Mariqueta. Young, ardent, and enthusiastic, the folly of entertaining any partiality or affection for a female, whom a few hours would probably separate from us for ever, did not enter my thoughts. I felt she was amiable—I saw she was beautiful, and the difficulties which presented themselves only served to enhance the treasure. The attendant frequently addressed her, and I could plainly perceive his language was in my favor, while the aged parent seemed rather to encourage than to repel my assiduity.

The following day our horses were led to the gate, and the attendant was ready to conduct us on our way. We bade farewell to the parents, and Mariqueta in their presence bound a bracelet of her own hair round my wrist, while I pressed upon her acceptance a plain gold ring. As soon as we had reached the road, our guide stopped; then coming close by my side (while Sidney was some distance in advance) and addressing me in my native tongue, said, "Sir, I am an Englishman, your countryman; I have written a few particulars on this piece of paper, which I request, if possible, you will attend to. Be secret and be faithful; do not let your friend know who or what I am, and now farewell."

Having uttered this, he wheeled his horse round, and the swift animal soon bore him from my sight. In a few hours we arrived safe in the city, and found every one of the

party, for though each had *met with adventures*, yet all had returned uninjured. On perusing the paper so mysteriously given to me, it contained, as near as I can recollect, as follows:—

"I am the son of a clergyman, who for an alleged crime was convicted and sentenced to transportation. The convicts seized the ship and brought her into the River Plate. In this I had no participation, but the guilt rests upon me, and I must die a stranger in a foreign land. My acquaintance with the Spanish tongue has deceived many into a belief that I am a native, but there are others who wish to drag me into battle against my countrymen. I will see you again, and then be prepared to say whether I can entertain a hope of escape. If not, provide me with a few books, particularly a Bible and Prayer-Book, and be secret, as my life is now in your hands."

There was no name signed, and I immediately recollected the circumstance of the convicts taking the ship Jane Shore from the crew several years before; but why the man should place such confidence in me seemed inexplicable. However, I instantly set about an inquiry as to his prospects of protection, but the grounds were not sufficient to warrant any assurance of it; and as he had not mentioned when I should see him again, the affair would most probably have been soon forgotten, had it not been for the memorial of Mariqueta and the recollection of herself.

There are some feelings in the human mind so exquisitely delicate in their nature, and yet so firm in their endurance, that neither time can impair nor distance efface them. Who is there, even when "their strength becomes labor and sorrow," that does not with a retrospective eye glance back upon his early days, and call to remembrance the scenes of his youth in all their sunny vigor? Oh, there is an enchantment in it which sweetens life and lightens toil! But to my tale.

Upon an enthusiastic mind, nothing fixes an impression more deeply than the danger attendant upon an enterprise and the difficulties of accomplishing it, and such I experienced in my attachment to Mariqueta. The remembrance of her beauty, her retiring modesty, and her kindness to an enemy and a stranger, filled my thoughts day after day; while, in the stillness of night, fancy renewed the vision in my dreams.

The risks which myself and companions had run in our excursion, produced an order from the commander-in-chief forbidding similar undertakings, except to a certain distance from the town; and often have I rode to the very verge of the precincts, entertaining the flutterer Hope, yet destitute of expectation.

It was about three weeks after my visit to the farm that Sidney accompanied me in my ride, and on our return we were overtaken by a storm, which raged with the utmost fury. The rain came down in torrents, and was swept like sheets of foaming spray across the plain. The wind in its fury tore up the trees and scattered the branches in every direction, threatening to crush us beneath their ponderous weight. Completely drenched with rain and worn with the efforts to keep our horses under curb, we arrived at the first village in our homeward path. A straggling place it was, formed of a few miserable cottages, or huts, with a chapel in the centre.

We stopped at the wine-house (the only decent place), and put our frightened animals into a shed; after which we entered the room appropriated for travellers, and found it was nearly filled with Spaniards. Near the fire were ranged several persons attached to the commissariat department, who had come from the city to bargain with the hunters for cattle. The hunters, arrayed in their *ponchos* and broad-brimmed hats with small crowns, were mingling with the former and carrying on a traffic, using the most violent gesticulations.

Stretched in one corner lay several guerillas with their fusees by their side, ready at a moment's notice in case of alarm. They were soundly sleeping; but even in this placid state their features retained the most hardened ferocity. Distinct by himself, in another corner, sat a man in the guerilla costume, who, on our entering, muffled up his face as if he wished to be concealed from

observation. Conviction instantly flashed upon my mind that this was the individual I had been seeking, but prudence dictated that the present moment was no time to recognise him.

Our entrance produced a momentary silence, and all eyes that were not closed in slumber were directed towards us. The guerillas, whom noise could not disturb, instantly awoke at the cessation of it, and raising themselves up, stared with a gleaming fierceness upon us; but finding we were alone, they growled a few indistinct curses, and again resumed their former position.

Without betraying any surprise at the strange company we had fallen into, we drew near the fire, but nevertheless I determined to quit the place as soon as we had obtained refreshment, preferring rather to trust to the storm, than run the hazard of the long and shining blades which each guerilla knew so well how to use.

The day was waning apace when the marauders suddenly took their departure, and, in a few minutes afterwards, the man who sat alone followed them. In a country where, among the lower orders, wild and lawless passions usurp the place of reason, and baleful revenge steels the heart against every generous feeling of humanity, the departure of the guerillas came across my mind like a prophetic warning of evil intentions.

I walked to the door; the storm still raged as these desperadoes were slowly putting their horses in motion. No time was to be lost; one half-hour's ride would place us in security at the British outposts, where a company of the —— regiment was stationed.

As soon as the guerilla band had disappeared, we hastily mounted and pursued our way. But darkness came stealing upon us, and the plain was so inundated that we found it difficult to keep the beaten track; while the lightning, rendered more visible by the gloom, alarmed the spirited animals we rode, and greatly impeded our progress.

When we had gained midway between the village and the outpost, the road lay through a deep ravine, formed by two craggy and almost perpendicular rocks. It was a wild and dreary spot, where several skirmishes had taken place, and many a mangled body still lay beneath huge piles of stones.

Scarce had we advanced a few paces in the defile, when a shot was fired from above, and several others immediately succeeded it. Happily, our horses knew the road, and dashed forward with amazing swiftness; but the guerillas also were well mounted and possessed every advantage over us, though after the first discharge I trusted to the state of the weather to prevent them firing again, and so it proved.

Still, however, we could distinguish them in close pursuit, the leading men gaining rapidly upon us. The outpost was in view, when I heard the noose of the lassoo whistle past my ears, and saw it encircling the neck of the horse. The moment was one of desperation, yet I had the presence of mind instantly to check the animal and stand still. By this means the lasso was slackened; but while I was endeavouring to clear him from restraint, the guerilla was by my side, and his arm upraised to strike the fatal blow. My hanger was unsheathed, though fighting on horseback was something new to me, but death from the unerring aim of the ruffian seemed inevitable.

At this very instant, while the glittering blade hung over me, I heard the report of a gun, and the guerilla fell backwards from his horse in the agonies of death; but so vengeful had been his purpose and so strong his arm, that the knife designed for me was buried deep in the shoulder of his generous steed. This, however, was only a reprieve, for others came pressing on, and no doubt we should have been sacrificed to the memory of their companion, but for a whole volley from about fifty men who had advanced from the outpost. The guerillas immediately wheeled round, and sought safety in flight.

On joining the party who had thus snatched us from destruction, the first object that met my view was the man whom I had seen at the wine-house, and recognised as the attendant or chief man at the farm, and to him I was indebted for rescuing me from the party.

I have already mentioned that he quitted the house directly after the guerillas, and leading his horse to a distance, in a contrary direction to them, he had there mounted and sought the British outpost; where giving information of our danger, the commanding officer instantly despatched a party for our protection. The attendant acted as their guide, and from his fusee it was that death was dealt to my opponent at the critical juncture, when my own life was trembling upon the verge of eternity.

On reaching a place of safety, I told him that his expectations could not be complied with; but, from the recent service he had performed, I would make a proper representation to the commander-in-chief, and hoped to succeed. He then inquired for the Bible and Prayer-Book, which were given to him, as I had constantly carried them about me, under the hope of falling in with him. His gratitude for the gift I shall never forget; he pressed them to his heart, and the tears flowed down his furrowed cheek.

He opened the Bible and read these words, "Yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread." A sudden ejaculation of—"Oh, my father!" followed. It came with double force upon my heart. His father had been a holy man; but there was another parent, whose name he had been taught to lisp in early infancy, as "Our Father, which art in heaven;" and though his earthly sire could no longer pour the balm of consolation on his mind, yet HE whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, hath respect unto the lowly and heareth the contrite in heart.

As soon as grief would give him utterance, he told me of his early days, and then the conversation turned upon his present situation. He had nothing to complain of as to treatment, but his soul still clung to the land of fond remembrances. He mentioned Mariqueta, and I had to ask some questions which respect for his sorrows had restrained. "She was well," he said; "but the gaiety of her heart had fled, and her chief pleasure was to sit in the little chapel and sing the evening hymn which had so delighted me. She frequented those spots where we had been together, and her whole conduct manifested a remembrance of the stranger, which became more deeply rooted by time. But," continued he, "I must depart; those demons, if they knew who had frustrated their design, would wreak their vengeance on the innocent and helpless." He struck his forehead,—"I must away, yet do not forget me. I claim no memorial for what I have done, but think that a fellow-creature, a countryman, sues for your pity, and may the Almighty reward your efforts."

Having uttered this, contrary to every persuasion, he prepared to go. In addition to the books for the attendant, I had also carried with me a present for Mariqueta; it was a miniature of myself, plainly set, but allowed to be an excellent likeness, and with this and my ardent expressions of regard, he bade me farewell.

As soon as I had reached the city, no time was lost in making the necessary representations to the commander-in-chief, and I pointed out the extreme danger to which the family would be exposed in the event of the guerillas discovering that they had afforded shelter to Englishmen, and that one connected with the farm had given intelligence against them. My persuasions and my entreaties had their weight, and the following afternoon I was despatched with a party of men to take post at the farm, and escort the family into the town.

Never shall I forget the feelings which agitated my breast as the guide conducted us the nearest route to the spot, and when the gates appeared in view, my heart throbbed with tumultuous agitation. I should see Mariqueta—I should press her in my arms and conduct her to a place of safety. The gates stood open, and a damp hung upon my spirits, as I had witnessed the caution with which they had been closed as evening approached. Still a herd of cattle might have entered, or a hundred things have occurred to prevent it; so without stopping to conjecture, we entered within the walls. But deeming the appearance of so large a party might alarm the inmates, I dismounted, and giving my horse to one of the men, requested the whole to wait until my return.

With a light elastic step I bounded on. The night was beautifully clear, the stars shone in their effulgent glory, and the beautiful cross of the south was at its meridian height. I reached the building, but all was calm serenity. In the little chapel a single lamp burned by the side of the altar, while a dark substance screened its feeble rays. I entered the door, and beheld a negress sitting on the steps of the sanctuary, with her face concealed in her hands, which were resting on her knees. To the left of the altar lay several persons, covered over, apparently wrapt in slumber; while in front, upon a raised platform, spread over with white satin, was a dead body.

The noise of my footsteps aroused the negress, who, upon seeing me, shrieked most piteously, and taking the lamp in her hand beckoned me to advance. An instinctive impulse urged me on. I sprang forward, and, as the pale gleam of light fell upon the corpse, beheld the perishing remains of the still lovely Mariqueta. Yes, there she lay, like a lily blighted by the tempest, or a flower seared by the lightning's flash. The hand of the destroyer had indeed been speedy, for those whom I had deemed at rest were also in the cold sleep of death. Parents, kindred, all cut off, and there was none to deliver. Oh, the agony of that moment!

Years have since passed away, but years cannot efface the recollection from my mind; and even now, a sick shuddering creeps upon my soul. Yes, there lay the beautiful Mariqueta—beautiful even in death. The negress removed the coverlet, and displayed a deep wound in her bosom, from which her pure spirit had escaped.

Frenzy took possession of my reason. I tore the cover from the bodies beside the altar, and the first countenance that met my view was the aged sire. Near him lay the other members of the family—all cold—all dead. Full of desperate resolve, I called my party, pointed to the bleeding bodies, and urged my comrades to avenge their fall.

We searched the house, but all displayed marks of the bloody hand of the plunderer. The negress informed us that the guerillas had attacked the farm the day before, and committed acts of atrocious barbarity. The gentle Mariqueta had received her wound while shielding her father from the fiends; who, after murdering all they could find, had carried the attendant and the servants away as prisoners. She had escaped by secreting herself beneath the altar.

"The Englishman had fought," she said, "and some of the guerillas had fallen."

With this vague intelligence, after leaving a guard at the farm, we sallied forth, our guide undertaking to show us the haunts of the murderers.

The face of the heavens was still, calm, and clear; but, in my state of mind, the whirlwind and the tempest would have been more congenial to my agitated feelings. The stars still glittered in their brightness, but the deed of blood I had just witnessed gave to my sight a red and gory haze that dimmed the sparkling lustre of the glistening orbs. The soft persuasions of humanity were deadened in my breast, and vengeance alone reigned with all its cruel terrors.

Eagerly we pursued our course, and after one hour's smart riding, our guide suddenly pulled up and informed us we were close to their retreat; but it would be necessary for one or two to go before with him and reconnoitre, while the others slowly advanced. Taking two men with me, and leading our horses, we approached a wild romantic spot, formed of stunted shrubbery and craggy rocks, beneath which the mouths of many caverns yawned in darkness—but all was solemn stillness.

Entering one of these dismal dens, a deep groan arrested our steps. The guide shouted in the Spanish language, but no answer was returned. A gun was fired, but all remained tranquil; and it became evident that the guerillas had not been there, or else had withdrawn on our approach. Another groan decided me on searching the interior of the cave, and having procured a light, by flashing some powder on a flambeau, we advanced through several intricate windings to an inner apartment, when another sight of horror was presented.

Stretched on his back upon the damp floor

lay the Englishman, weltering in his blood; round his ankles and his wrists strong ropes were fastened, the other ends of which were secured to pegs driven firmly in the ground, so as to stretch his extended limbs to the extreme of torture. Nor was he the only one; two others appeared in similar situations, but their sufferings were over. We lost no time in releasing the Englishman from the rack, but his state of insensibility, from loss of blood, left but small prospect of recovery.

Time was rapidly hasting away, and our guide informed us that all pursuit was fruitless, as he had no doubt the guerillas had retreated to the mountains; we therefore retraced our steps to the farm, from whence I despatched a communication to the commander-in-chief. The same night a reply was brought, stating that the priests refused to officiate or attend at the removal of the bodies; I was therefore directed to inter them wherever I could find a place most suitable.

In the orchard attached to the farm was an avenue or grove of orange-trees, and at the extremity of the walk, a rural seat (where I had sat with the sweet girl) was formed beneath the spreading branches; and this was the spot I selected as the last resting-place of murdered innocence.

At the still midnight hour the bodies were laid in their narrow home; no chaunt of voices gave notice of their burial; but the ritual of our church was solemnly read over them. No pomp attended the funeral; but the honest tear of the veteran, as he consigned the last remnants of frail mortality to the dust, was a memorial far more precious. No monumental inscription marks the spot—the name of Mariqueta, engraven on the green bark of the orange-tree, formed the only memento.

The Englishman was removed to the city, where by excellent medical attendance he slowly recovered, and under the protection of the commander-in-chief he returned to his native land. But he found his parents had long been consigned to the tomb; the friends of his youth were either dead or estranged, and after lingering a few months, tortured by remorse, he entered upon that "bourne from whence no travellers return."

In early life he had been nursed in the lap of luxury, and received a good education, but in an evil hour he had committed a felony to answer the demands of a gambling debt. He had been tried and sentenced to die, but through powerful intercession his punishment was commuted to transportation for life. The ship Jane Shore, in which he embarked, was seized upon by the convicts, and carried into the River Plate.

From that hour, no ray of pleasure beamed upon his mind, but all was cheerless melancholy, bordering upon hopeless despair. Oh! may "he who thinketh that he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

THE BURNING SHIP.

"A dismal heat, foreboding death,
Came stiflingly on every breath;
And many a shuddering mother clasp'd
Her infant to her breast, and grasp'd
In strong despair some kindred hand,
Which shook her off."

We were both born in the same village, and drew our nourishment from the same source in infancy. Yes, we have lain encircled in each other's arms in the same cradle, and fond affection grew with our growth. But ah! how different were our conditions in life;—she the offspring of one who could boast of rank and wealth, whilst I was brought forth in comparative obscurity and poverty.

Agnes was the daughter of a baronet, to whom my father was head gardener; her mother resigned her existence in giving birth to her child, and the first tears of the infant were shed upon the cold inanimate bosom of that being to whom she was indebted for her life. My maternal parent having been confined about the same time, was selected as a wet-nurse on account of her excellent health and gentleness of disposition, and the little Agnes was removed to our cottage, which was surrounded by a shrubbery tastefully laid out, and situated in the most delightful and romantic part of the ground.

Sir Edward Melville was generous and even condescending to his inferiors, as long as they preserved an unqualified respect for his dignified rank; but if any one aimed at superior station, or failed in due reverence to himself, he became vindictive and revengeful. His principles were of so aristocratic a nature, that he considered it an ordination of divine authority for riches and titles to rule, and for humble obscurity to be content with tacit submission.

Soon after the decease of his lady, he was appointed envoy to a foreign court, and a maiden aunt officiated as mistress at the castle during his absence; but the pride and malice of her heart rendered her hated and feared by all around her, and it was only at the cottage of her nurse in which Agnes always found an affectionate bosom as a depository for her griefs, and where the soothings of tenderness were ever ready to calm the perturbation of her mind.

It is impossible to define the feelings of childhood, for as we grow more advanced in years, the softer sympathies become deadened by intercourse with the world and witnessing the scenes of misery which everywhere present themselves. Solomon hath said, "Childhood and youth are vanity;" yet what would I not give to possess the same innocence of heart, the same purity of thought which I enjoyed in my early years.

In our amusements, Agnes and myself were inseparable; and when removed from the haughty control of her aunt, we indulged in those little endearments which innocence inspires. Although my father's condition in life was humble, he nevertheless possessed a cultivated taste, and was well acquainted with the works of the best writers of the day, —his leisure hours being occupied in reading (for through the kindness of the steward, he had free access to Sir Edward's library, and could obtain the loan of any book he wanted) and imparting instruction to myself. At the age of six, I could read tolerably well and understand what I read; but no book delighted me so much as the affecting tale of

Paul and Virginia, which was my favorite volume, and often has the sweet Agnes mingled her tears with mine while perusing its pages.

Agnes had an elder brother, but he seldom associated with us, for his aunt had centred all her regards in him, and instilled into his mind every notion of high birth and exalted parentage. Yet he was not happy; for when he did deign to share our childhood's sports, I can well remember the bursts of passion which agitated him if I did not immediately comply with his wishes and submit to his caprice.

But the last two years before Sir Edward's return, he had been under the management of a tutor, whose kindness I shall never forget.

This worthy and excellent man was also a constant visitor at the cottage whenever his duties would permit, and to his instructions am I indebted for whatever portion of knowledge I possess.

When I had attained my eighth year, intelligence arrived of Sir Edward's return to England, and his intention of visiting the castle; yet much as I desired to see the father of Agnes, still I can remember a dejection came upon my spirits, young as I was, and I seemed to dread it as something which foreboded evil.

At length he came, and received me with great kindness as the foster-brother of Agnes; but never shall I forget his terrible look, when, with the playful familiarity of childhood, the dear girl put her little white arms round my neck. It was the first time I had ever witnessed such a display of rage, and it left an impression on my mind which time can never efface. I was removed from the castle, and nothing but the persuasions of a nobleman who accompanied him would have prevented the dismissal of my father from his situation.

In a few days afterwards, the baronet with his sister and children went to the metropolis, and four years elapsed before we met again; but though nothing is sooner erased from the memory of a child that past events, yet the remembrance of the companion who shared our infantine amusements seldom quits us through life: and so I found it with Agnes.

Since we had parted, I devoted myself assiduously to learning, and had made great proficiency in writing and drawing, to the latter of which accomplishments I was particularly attached. Nor was I deficient in athletic exercises, for nothing gave me greater delight than skimming through the liquid element, climbing the lofty mountain, or breaking through the thick mazes of the forest. The scenery in Paul and Virginia raised a desire in my mind to imitate the former, and often have I ascended the highest tree, sitting for hours on its topmost branches and gazing towards the road where I had last seen the equipage of Sir Edward disappear.

We were now in our twelfth year; the baronet was gone abroad taking his son with him, and Agnes with her aunt, who had married a gouty old colonel, took up their abode at the castle. The colonel was an "Honourable," but the very reverse of his lady or her brother; he was destitute of their pride, and I was frequently permitted to pass whole days at the castle in reading to and amusing him.

In these pursuits Agnes was generally at my side when the absence of her aunt allowed it, and I number some of those hours as the happiest of my life. Her instructress was a mild and amiable woman, of Christian meekness and piety; she had drunk deep from the cup of sorrow, and there was a pensive melancholy imprinted on her countenance which powerfully interested the best feelings of the heart.

Thus passed two happy years, during which I felt my soul more strongly linked with everything that concerned the gentle Agnes. I was as yet unacquainted with the cause of these feelings, and the first time that the truth opened to my heart was on my fifteenth birthday. My father, whom I had occasionally assisted in his labors, gave a little fête in remembrance of it. It was the height of summer; the most respectable youths and lasses in the village were assembled to a dance in the park. The colonel was wheeled to the spot in his garden-chair, and her aunt

being absent on a visit, Agnes graced the festival.

It was a happy and a lovely group beneath the wide-spreading branches of the trees, and when the dance commenced, Agnes became my partner. Oh, then I felt how precious she was to my happiness, as her light airy form was pressed in my arms! but when I contrasted the coarseness of my apparel with the delicate texture of her dress, a pang of deep humiliation stung me to the quick.

At this moment, a young man in a travelling dress advanced towards us; it was Sir Edward's son. His face was flushed with anger; he seized the arm of his sister with a wild impetuosity that caused her to cry out, and I immediately interfered; he raised his riding-whip and struck me—yes, struck me to the earth. I sprang upon my feet, but was instantly held fast and forced to the cottage, whilst Agnes was hurried away to the castle. Ah! then I felt what it was to love, and despair took possession of my mind; all other considerations seemed swallowed up, and I determined to fly from the place. Parents, kindred, all but Agnes were forgotten, and ere the dawn broke upon the cottage or the castle, I was far on my way from home.

In the early part of the morning I was accosted by a gentlemanly man, who offered me a seat in a post-chaise. This I gladly accepted, and found he was a naval officer about to join his ship at Plymouth, and he proposed my serving my country. The world was all before me, and to my romantic mind there was a magic in the expression, and before another day had elapsed I was entered on the books of the Amphion frigate as a volunteer.

There was no time for reflection; I was wearied with my journey, sleep overpowered my faculties, and before the dawn arose the ship was out at sea. Never shall I forget my sensations when I first beheld the expanse of ocean, without a single speck to break its monotonous appearance. Blue waters all around and the clear heaven above, while the tall ship, reflecting her image on the waves, passed majestically through the briny element.

I was ignorant of etiquette, and without ceremony respectfully addressed my friend, the lieutenant; but he repulsed my familiarity with coldness, and directed a lad to take me to his cabin, where he immediately joined me. Here he explained the nature of the service, and the distance which it was deemed necessary to keep up between the officers and crew.

He then made inquiry as to my clothes, and generously supplied me with some linen from his own stock. The ship's tailor altered one of his jackets, and in a short time I was equipped as a sailor.

But ah, how many hours of bitter mortification and anguish did I undergo! I had everything to learn, was often ill-used, and every day increased the distance from all I loved, without being able to inform them of my situation, as the frigate was bound to the East Indies.

Remorse preyed upon my mind; I had not contemplated leaving England, much more leaving it without letting them know where I was; but now their affectionate hearts were wrung with my indiscretion. Agnes too!—but the remembrance of the sweet girl was ever accompanied by the recollection of the blow I had received from her brother, and I determined to persevere in the profession in which I had engaged.

The lieutenant was my sincere friend; he took every opportunity to promote my interests, and I endeavoured by all the means in my power to profit by his kindness and to testify my gratitude. At first, I was much persecuted by the seamen and the other boys; but when they found me desirous of learning and attentive to my duty, every one conspired to render me assistance, and I soon became a favorite with both officers and men.

On one occasion, whilst the ship was lying nearly becalmed, one of the junior midshipmen, as he was playing about the rigging, fell overboard; I instantly dashed into the sea, and supported him from sinking till a boat was lowered down and took us up. This act, for which I claim no merit, brought me under the immediate notice of the captain, who witnessed it, and I was removed to the quarter-deck to do duty as a midshipman.

Every one expressed satisfaction at my promotion, and my new messmates vied with each other in manifesting their generous feelings.

After a passage of four months, we arrived at Madras, and I lost no time in acquainting my parents with my destination; but unfortunately the letter never reached their hands, as the ship which conveyed it was wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, and every soul perished. Scarcely had we time to refit and victual, when orders were received to proceed to the China seas, as two French frigates had been seen cruising among the islands.

Thither we hastened, and continued our search after them for six months, but without success, and at the expiration of that time we returned to Madras. It would be useless for me to enumerate the many places we visited during our stay in India, which occupied upwards of three years. Despatches were prepared for us, and we sailed for England.

Throughout the whole period of my absence, I had never heard from home; but still the fond remembrances of early enjoyments in that sweet spot clung to my soul, and Agnes in all her loveliness was ever present to my imagination, prompting me to many an honorable action and restraining me from everything which could bring discredit on my affection; indeed, I may truly say, that to her I was indebted for the respect and esteem I enjoyed from every one on board. Often did I rejoice in my heart at the prospect of once more embracing those who were so dear to me, and as often did the sickening sensations of distracting doubt agitate my breast.

One lovely evening, the sky was beautifully serene; the ocean like a clear mirror reflected the golden rays of the setting sun, and the light breeze just lulled the spreading sails to sleep, propelling the ship almost imperceptibly along at the rate of three knots* an hour.

It was one of those evenings that baffle the painter's art, and only the poet can portray. The first watch was drawing to a close; it had struck seven bells;* the seamen on the look-out had proclaimed "all's well," and everything was again hushed to solemn stillness.

I was standing on the gangway full of pensive musings, watching a bright star just kindling on the verge of the horizon. It beamed like a ray of hope, irradiating the gloom which hung heavy upon my heart; suddenly it expanded like the glowing meteor, and the ocean was illuminated with a red and gory tinge. I was struck with astonishment, but at the same moment an exclamation resounded fore-and-aft, "A ship on fire! a ship on fire!" and the horrid conviction was, alas! too evident.

In a few minutes the flames were distinctly visible, and the ship was pronounced to be about five miles distant. Never before did I witness such alacrity among our crew, as in that hour of peril. The captain and every officer and man were on deck immediately; and as it was impossible for the frigate to approach in sufficient time to rescue the sufferers, before ten minutes had elapsed from the period of first noticing the fire, every boat was in motion towards the scene of danger.

It fell to my lot to command the captain's gig, a swift-pulling boat with seven men, who bent to their oars with all the might of brave and generous spirits. As we drew near, the destructive element raged with increasing fury, and the shrieks of the wretched creatures came mingling with the crackling of the flames and the crash of falling masts.

The frigate had fired guns and hoisted lights to show them succour was at hand, and the boats' crews occasionally cheered to announce that they were approaching to their rescue. The shouts were returned from the burning ship, but so wild, so fearful, that they sounded like the yell of expiring agony that still clung to hope and life. I would have dashed instantly alongside, but the old coxswain respectfully warned me of the danger of such a measure.

We were now within a short distance of the vessel, and oh, what a sight of horror was presented! The ports were all open,

* Three miles.

* Half-past ten o'clock.

and the flames pouring from them as from so many mouths, seemed eager for their prey. Numbers of poor creatures were swimming towards us, whilst others held pieces of shattered spars with a strong convulsive grasp. The fore part of the ship was nearly consumed, and the upper part abaft was rapidly falling in. Those who could swim we left for other boats to take up, and pulling under the stern, we lay unobserved by the gun-room ports, while the fiery fragments came tumbling thick about us.

Trusting to my skill in swimming should it be deemed requisite to jump overboard, I instantly entered the port-hole, and the ship having fallen off before the wind, what little air there was, drove the greatest part of the smoke forward; yet there was an almost insupportable heat, and the suffocating vapours bade defiance to my efforts to penetrate further. A feeling I could not account for, an indescribable feeling urged me on, and I reached the gun-room ladder, at the bottom of which lay a human being whose sufferings apparently were over. I passed my hand quickly to the heart to feel if any palpitation yet remained, and discovered that the individual was a female. She was yet living, and in a few minutes was safely in the boat.

Again I returned with three of my crew, and soon had the satisfaction of rescuing eight poor wretches, who lay in a state of insensibility, and must soon have perished. Stimulated by success, we penetrated to the burning deck above, and never shall I forget the horror of the spectacle. Here all was brilliancy and light; and the devouring element, rolling its huge volumes over many a devoted victim, roared in its fierceness, as if to stifle the thrilling scream of the last death-pang. Several half-burnt and mangled bodies could be distinguished in the flames, and many others lay in a senseless state, unaware of the awful doom awaiting them.

Near the transom abaft, sat a woman with an infant in her arms, seeming unconscious of any object moving near her. She saw not our approach, but her eyeballs wildly glared upon the red hue of the burning fabric. I spoke to her, shook her arm, but her eyes still continued fixed: alas! the film of death was on them. She heeded me not, but clasped her infant closer to her bosom, gave one wild, one dismal shriek, and mortal agony was over.

The moments became exceedingly precious, and the smiling infant—for it smiled amid the horrors of the appalling scene—was secured, and several poor wretches were dragged to the gun-room scuttle, where they were thrown down, risking their limbs to save their lives, and the boat was completely filled, almost to sinking. Yet numbers were still left behind, and roused from their stupor by the increasing heat, came rushing to the port, and plunging headlong into the sea. It was but changing their mode of death, for the watery element, equally fatal with that from which they strove to escape, ingulfed them in its dark abyss, at once their destruction and their grave.

I was compelled to put some of my rescued party in the launch, and then pulled briskly for the frigate. The female I had thus saved was still insensible; but yet, as she lay extended in the stern sheets of the boat, with her head resting on my knees, I could feel the tremulous palpitation of her heart, and Hope whispered that she might yet recover. She appeared to be young, but her dark hair hung in thick flakes down her face, so as to conceal her features. The worthy coxswain had wrapped the infant in his jacket, and it was now sweetly sleeping in the box by his side. Several of the sufferers, restored to fresh air, speedily recovered; but it was only to lament some one whom they supposed had perished.

In the bows of the boat an elderly man raised his white head, and with incoherent language inquired where he was. The bowman soothed him, and tried to explain his situation; "But my son! my daughter!" he exclaimed, "where are they?" then turning to the burning ship continued, "wretched—wretched man, they are lost—lost for ever—and I yet live!" He struggled to throw himself into the sea, but overcome with weakness, fell backward.

At this moment, another voice faintly uttered "My father! my father!" A cry of

ecstacy burst from the old man's lips:—it was his son. The youth lay near him, and the exclamation drew my attention towards him; he started up like one awaking from a frightful dream, and glared wildly around. But, oh God! in what language can I portray the various feelings which alternately took possession of my soul, when fixing his look on me, I saw the countenance of Sir Edward's son. A sick shuddering came upon me.

The old man had called upon his daughter, and in an instant the inanimate body of the young female was raised in my arms. I parted the dark tresses that obscured her face, and as the red glare of light shone upon it, recognised my Agnes. Yes, it was she; my arm had encircled her neck—my hand had been pressed upon her heart; but then I knew her not, and now to find her thus! Sobs of anguish and tumultuous bursts of joy followed in rapid succession.

"You have saved her, sir," said the coxswain, and a glow of pleasure filled my heart.

Sir Edward and his son had relapsed into stupor, and shortly afterwards we reached the frigate. I sprang upon the deck to inform the captain who it was that I had brought, and then returned to the boat to see my only—my richest treasure safely conducted up the side. In my arms I carried the dear girl to the captain's cabin, and stole one kiss from those lips which I had pressed with such delight in early infancy—clasped her to my heart, and then hastened back to my duty.

Once more I reached the ship; but all approach was now impossible, and we could only pick up those who were enabled to swim, and occasionally by great hazard run so close as to receive some poor sufferer from the wreck. Yet there were many who still remained, and dreading to trust themselves to the sea, hung tremblingly between two deaths. My boat was once more filled, as were also all the rest, and we made for the frigate, which had arrived within a short distance.

Suddenly an awful explosion shook the whole atmosphere; the glare of light was for a moment increased, and the next succeeding minute a shower of blazing timbers fell in every direction around, and the pale moon alone shed her silvery effulgence on the transparent wave. No shouts—no shrieks were to be heard; the bitterness of death was passed, and all was as tranquil as the grave. Happily the burning ruin had struck none of the boats, and we soon afterwards put the sufferers on board the frigate.

The boats then again repaired to the place, but except the shattered remnants of the wreck, no trace was left. The swelling billow rolled smoothly on, and that gallant ship with many a stout heart, was buried beneath its deceitful surface. Still we passed across and across in every direction, and long after the sun had kindled up the day, our search was continued; but nothing met our view, except mutilated fragments of human bodies and pieces of blackened timber. All hands repaired on board, the boats were hoisted in, and the frigate pursued her course for England.

On getting aboard, I hastened to the surgeon and inquired the state of Agnes and her friends. They had all recovered, and were composed in slumber. Etiquette forbade my entering the precincts of the cabin uninvited, yet I lingered near the door, and the steward gave me all the information I could obtain.

Duty compelled me to attend in another part of the ship, after which I hastened to my berth and equipped myself in uniform for the forenoon watch. The master's mate had been promoted to a lieutenancy, and I had been appointed to fill the vacant station, and never was I more studious in adjusting my dress, whilst a feeling of pride animated me under the reflection that I had endeavoured to earn my present distinction solely by own efforts.

We had saved ninety-seven people, including passengers, out of one hundred and forty-three. The ship was an East Indiaman on her passage out, and Sir Edward was going to Bombay to fill a high official station. No one could tell how the fire had originated, but it was supposed to have been occasioned by the communication of some combustible

matter with the fodder stowed in the orlop deck for the live stock. But so amazingly rapid had been its spread, that the boats were rendered useless before they could be got out, excepting one small jolly-boat, which sunk soon after it was lowered down.

Notwithstanding my attention to dress, it would be impossible to describe the tumult of agitation under which I labored. Parents —home—Agnes, all rushed upon my heart, and the cruel blow which had occasioned my departure mingled with the rest.

When relieving the watch I found my friend, the lieutenant, upon deck, and to him I briefly related my situation. He had heard parts of my story before; but when I told him all, he advised me to suffer things to take their course, to manifest a becoming spirit, and by no means to show resentment. He said the captain had spoken very highly of me for my exertions and humanity, and was greatly pleased with my conduct. Praise is sweet from those who despise unmeaning flattery, and this came like a reviving cordial to my drooping mind.

Soon after ten o'clock, Sir Edward awoke considerably refreshed, and with his children returned thanks to Heaven for safety. They afterwards came on deck, and as the young man ascended, a feeling of indignation filled my breast; but it was momentary, and I walked forward to conceal my agitation, which became almost insupportable, particularly when I heard the captain's voice hailing me, and guessed the purport of his call.

Mustering all my resolution, I approached them as they stood abaft, but who can paint the different looks, of father, son, and daughter, as the captain presented me to their notice. The recognition was immediate, and each seemed to have a conflict of passions in the breast.

Sir Edward took my hand with coldness, and then pressed it ardently; his son walked away, giving me a glance that betrayed humbled pride, whilst the sweet countenance of Agnes spoke volumes to my soul, and told me I had been treasured in her memory with fond affection. I would have inquired for my parents; but while the question hung upon my lips, a well-remembered face displayed itself,—it was the old butler of the family.

As soon as it was possible, I took the old man aside, and from him learned every particular. My father had been dismissed from his situation, and had struggled with many difficulties; but a relation of my mother had left them a handsome competency at his death, and their only unhappiness proceeded from ignorance of my fate. They had mourned my loss as for one who would never return. I briefly ran over my adventures to him, and only on one subject was I silent; but this was unnecessary, as he told me of many circumstances which gladdened my heart.

Being officer of the forenoon watch, it was my turn to dine with the captain. This I would gladly have declined, but it was impossible without a breach of regulations; and at the appointed hour, after putting on my full-dress, I entered the cabin, and at the captain's request, took my seat by the side of Agnes. Sir Edward looked displeased and bit his lips; his son arose from the table and muttered something about "plebeian rank"; whilst the sweet girl was almost fainting with alarm.

The captain had noticed a strange peculiarity at the first interview, and, as I understood afterwards, had answered many inquiries respecting me. My friend, the lieutenant, had also given him some hints, but he was not the man to see honest humility abused; for he himself had risen from an obscure origin, and through his own merits had climbed every gradation to his present command. Beloved by his crew and universally respected in the service, he despised the proud aspirings of those who considered high birth as the greatest recommendation. Without discomposing himself, he directed the steward to remove the young gentleman's plate to another table.

Sir Edward keenly felt this, and rising up, demanded whether his present condition had so far reduced him in the captain's estimation as to render him the object of insult?

"Sir Edward," replied the captain calmly,

"when you have explained your meaning, I shall be better able to answer you; at present I am involved in mystery."

"Look there!" said the baronet, pointing towards me, "the son of my gardener! Look there!" continued he, turning to his son, "the heir to the richest baronetage in Great Britain; and that"—pointing to Agnes, "to my shame be it spoken, is my daughter."

I offered to withdraw.

"Sit still, Mr. ——," said the captain, rising at the same time himself with all the dignity that marked his character. "Sir Edward," he coolly answered, "it is not in my nature to taunt any one with obligations. I view mankind as united to me by the strongest ties, and whether it was a beggar or a duke, should consider I had only done my duty in snatching a fellow-creature from destruction. But where, let me ask, would your baronetage have been, had not this young officer stepped between you and the grave? Where would your ungrateful son have been, but for his timely aid? And where would this sweet girl, of whom any father ought to be proud,—where, I say, would she have been, but for the youth whom you despise?" He grew warm. "By heaven! Sir Edward, you would have found the sharks no respecters of rank or riches; they revel in the glorious spoils of death without troubling themselves whether their prey is of noble or ignoble birth, and you long, ere now, might have satiated their ravenous appetites." The baronet shuddered. "As for this young officer, he has been upwards of three years under my command; I have watched him silently and secretly; he is a noble fellow, and shall never want a friend while these old timbers hold together! If he has injured you or your daughter, prove it, and I instantly discard him!"

"He has! he has!" exclaimed both Sir Edward and his son.

I felt myself almost inspired with eloquence, and briefly told my tale.

"If (said I) to love Miss Agnes is a crime, it is one that has to me produced the most happy results, and never, never will I resign it. To that love I am indebted for my present situation; it has been the pole-star of my heart, but never till this moment did my lips publicly avow it. This then, sir, is the injury I have committed, and it now remains with you to drive me from your patronage, or still to cherish the obscure individual whom you have been pleased to raise."

"Drive you away, my boy!" replied the captain; "no, no! I should indeed consider you unworthy of my notice, could you associate with so lovely a lass and remain insensible to her amiable disposition and beauty. But what says the fair lady? Does she, too, despise the poor but honest sailor?"

A faint smile passed across her pallid cheek as she distinctly uttered—"He has preserved my father's life."

At that moment, thrown off my guard, I caught her hand and pressed it to my lips. Both her father and her brother saw it, but they neither spoke nor moved.

"Come, come," said the captain, as he turned round to hide the gathering tear; "let us sit down to dinner, and we'll discuss the matter afterwards. At present, thank God, you are safe; the young folks have yet many years to pass over their heads, and a thousand things may happen. Thus much, however, I will say; if ever he disgraces his cloth, I will be the first to oppose his designs; but if, on the contrary, he continues in the same honorable course he has begun, I will support him with hand and heart; so, Sir Edward, you will have two opponents instead of one."

Sir Edward resumed his seat, his son returned to the table, but it was evidently with great mortification, and the dinner passed off tolerably well.

The infant I had taken from its dying mother was the dying son of a female passenger going to join her husband, an officer in the army who had preceded her about twelve months, at a time when it was impossible she could accompany him. The little innocent did not want for nurses in the frigate, as a great many women had been saved, and every seaman was anxious to caress and fondle the child. It was afterwards restored

to its father; and both their names were returned amongst the killed on the plains of Waterloo,—the former a colonel, the latter a captain in his father's regiment. But to proceed.

After touching at the island of Flores for a supply of water and fresh provisions, we pursued our course for home; and though from my junior station I could not join the company of Sir Edward and his family, nor even approach the captain without his sanction, unless on duty, yet Agnes took frequent opportunities for conversing with me. I did not venture to mention my ardent attachment, or request a return of her esteem; yet I had the satisfaction of knowing that we regarded each other with feelings of affection, founded upon the purest desire of promoting each other's happiness.

None but those who have witnessed, can form an idea of the beauties of a fine clear summer evening passed upon the smooth surface of the ocean; it is the season when the officers assemble on the quarter-deck, and as they pace fore-and-aft, enjoy the social and unrestrained converse which is precious to the heart. The falling shades of twilight conceal the anxious look as busy Memory conjures up scenes of past joys, and Hope portrays the coming future.

It was at these hours that Agnes generally came on deck, and I had the inexpressible pleasure of enjoying her society; for Sir Edward had relaxed in his haughtiness, though his son remained impenetrably stubborn.

At length we arrived in England, and the baronet repaired to London; but previously to his departure I received the most solemn assurances of the attachment of Agnes. To my friend, the lieutenant, I was indebted for this last interview; and in his presence our vows of fidelity were pledged.

A few weeks afterwards, the baronet with his son and daughter once more embarked for Bombay. Agnes wrote me a farewell letter, and every energy of my soul was aroused to fresh exertions in my profession, under the hope of one day calling her mine.

As soon as duty would admit, I visited my parents, whose joy at seeing me again exceeded all bounds. They were very comfortably settled, and it was not amongst the least of their gratifications to behold their only child arrayed in the naval uniform of his country.

It would be a useless, though perhaps not altogether an uninteresting task, for me to detail the events of the seven succeeding years, during which I frequently endeavoured to get on the East India station, and at last obtained my desire.

At this time I was first-lieutenant of a frigate (as through the interest of the captain, I received a commission almost immediately after passing my examination), and had amassed a very handsome property in prize-money; but I knew it would be necessary for me to gain higher promotion before Sir Edward would listen to my proposals. Nevertheless, the prospect of seeing Agnes afforded me the most lively emotions of pleasure.

To this moment I can remember the delight which swelled my soul when we anchored at Bombay, particularly as we had captured an enemy's ship that had long been a great annoyance to commerce in the Indian seas, as it seemed to promise me another step.

As soon as duty would permit, I went on shore and eagerly hastened to the residence of Sir Edward, where almost the first individual that met my sight was the old butler. From him I learned that the baronet had been consigned to the tomb about nine months,—that young Sir Edward retained an important and lucrative office,—and that the gentle Agnes, harassed by the *importunities* (I afterwards heard *cruelties*) of her brother to become the wife of an extremely wealthy but depraved libertine, had sunk broken-hearted to the grave! and the old man, with many tears, placed in my hands her last letter addressed to me, with a small box containing her miniature and several other mementos of an affectionate heart.

I shall not attempt to describe the anguish of my spirit at this heavy disappointment; at first it seemed to wither up my faculties,

as if the only incentive to exertion was entirely destroyed, and all my future prospects were thenceforward to be dark and dreary. Many years have flown away since, and I am now an old post captain; but though I have seen hundreds of beautiful and pleasing women, I am still single. My affection for the devoted Agnes—my first, my only love—remains unshaken, and I look forward to that happy union in the blissful realms o immortality which knows neither separation nor sorrow.

THE VETERAN SOLDIER.

"The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor treat him as a stranger;
For still he'll prove his country's stay,
In every hour of danger."

THE young urchins were taking their last five minutes of play on the beautiful village green at S——, in Devonshire, previous to returning to the school-room for the afternoon, and in the midst of them stood a tall but aged man, who appeared to be regulating the game with all the accuracy of a thorough tactician. I stood watching the interesting group of children (of all ages) whose actions were guided by the tall old man, and witnessed their parting when the sonorous bell called them from their sports. They assembled round the aged mentor, and in a broad Irish accent he bade them mind their "larning," and be good "childer."

I entered into conversation with the veteran, and found he was a pensioner on the army, who had also a little property to live upon in the village of S——, which had been left him by an officer whose life he had preserved at the battle of Talavera. Having an hour or two to spare, I requested to hear something of his history, and with the garrulity natural to old age, he readily complied with my request. We seated ourselves on a rustic bench beneath a giant sycamore, and he began by telling me—but I cannot do better than give it in his own language.

"Faith, but your honor's mighty condescending," he exclaimed, "to listen to the chathering of ould Pat. Fifty years have marched off under General Time since I first shouldered the firelock, and now I am daily expecting the route (for my billet is nearly expired) to assemble for the grand review before the sarcher of all hearts. Och, many 's the time and oft I've wished for some kind friend that I might spake a word to and unburthen my sinful spirit; for when I've stood sentry all alone by myself in the dark nights in Ameriky and Spain, and in dare little Ireland too, I've thought, 'Arrah, Paddy, but you are a great big blaggard, so you are, for running away from your ould mother that's dead and gone, without so much as seeing her dacently laid under the turf. If she had been alive, it would have broke her heart, so it would, to think how her own beautiful Paddy should desart her in time of need, and not stop to see her waked.'

"But 'twas the dthrink, your honor, 'twas the murthering dthrink, and bad manners to Sarjent Linstock for that same; he laughed at poor Pat, and marched us off without bate of drum, saying that 'She would never wake again;' for I must be after telling you that there was a recruiting party came down to the fair, so they picked me out as the most likely lad on the sod; and indeed, your honor, there wasn't many in those days, though I say it meself, that dared tread upon my great coat, or call my shtick a rascal. But, as I said before, it was the dthrink, and then they chated me by slipping the king's countenance into my fob when I knew nothing about it at all, at all; but they swore I had 'listed willingly, and had taken the picture meself.

"Och, by my conscience, didn't I get into a thundering rage, sure!—not that I minded sarving his Majesty, heaven bless the heart of his soul, that's in t'other world; but I thought it was not trateing me handsome,

your honor, to trap me into it. But I found it was of no use to complain; so I went to bid poor mother good-bye, and she'd just breath enough left to tell me not to disgrace the country that gave me birth. 'Arrah, Paddy, (says she,) my own dare Paddy, that I loved so tinderly, and used to get the but—but—but—buthermilk and pra-pratees for!'

"Oh, sir, 'tis a big shame to see a sodger cry; but when I think of the dare soul and the buthermilk, how can I help it? 'Niver dishonor your cloth, Paddy, (says she) nor the king you sarve, nor the father that begot you. Fight in a just cause, and when the vanquished cry for quarter, unlock the heart and spare the hand. Protect the innocent, and do your duty like a man.'

"Then there was poor Norah, your honor. Och, hone, but I thought it would have broken my heart entirely, to see how the tears chased each other down her pale face!

"'And why will ye lave me, Paddy (says she), all alone by meself? Oh, look at our cottage and the peat-stack—where will you find the likes of it in another country, Paddy? Then there's the bit of a bog yonder for the pigs and the geese, and your own dare Norah, and the pratee garden. Oh, why will you go, Paddy, and lave me all alone by meself?'

"And then, your honor, I put my arms round her neck (for I couldn't spake a word), and my tears fell trickling on a bosom that looked like twin roses moistened with dew. Oh, I niver felt before nor since as I did at that same moment! But then Mr. Sarjent must have his say, divel twist him to the right about round the rim of the moon,—God forgive me that I should have unchristian feelings tow'rds the vilest of his creatures.

"'Come, come, young man (says he), fall into the ranks and march; you'll soon find prettier girls to lead a wild-goose chase!'

"Bad manners to him for that same, to try and make my own dare Norah believe that her Pat would iver cease to love her as his own heart's blood; so I up and tould him I didn't like to be made game of.

"'Well, well (says he), I suppose an honest sodger may have a kiss.'

"'Arrah, dress back to the rear (says I), Mr. Sarjent, for by me soul, if you lay but one of your thieving-hooks upon a digit of her corporal substance, faith! but I'll brake me arm across your face, so I will.'

"Well, your honor, and so he persisted in that same, and cotch'd hould of her gown. Oh, 'twas more than Irish blood could brook, and 'Lay there, jewel!' says I, stretching him along upon mother earth before he could cry 'whack!' and then they put iron mittens on me, and tore my swate love away.

"I thought me brain would have turned, and so they took me before ould Justice Ballymagfoglem, and poor Pat was committed for a rogue and a vagabond, and march'd off for Cork under a military guard, and put into jail.

"A few days afterwards and the transports were going to sail; so they trotted me down to the beach, and there I found a great many more like meself. Well, just as I was stepping into the boat, I heard the swate voice of my own dear Norah, and so I stepped back again.

"'Jump into the boat! you mutinous rascal,' says the sarjent.

"'Rascal yourself (says I), Mr. Sarjent; do you think his honored majesty, God bless him! would refuse me one last embrace from the dare cratur I'd broke the bit o' gold with? Arrah, be aisey now, and paws off,' for they began to handle me again, your honor.

"'Let the poor fellow alone!' said the midshipmite of the boat; 'let him alone to spake to the girl.'

"'God bless you! young jontleman (says I) for that same. May your father niver have to sorrow over your mother's son!'

"And so poor Norah came to me; but I couldn't throw my arms round her neck now, your honor, for the bracelets they had clapped upon my wrists; but she stooped down and got between them, and we were folded to each other's hearts. Oh, sir, I feel it at this moment, and hope you won't think the worse of poor Pat for the dthrop in his eye. Well, we were obliged to part.

"'Oh, Paddy (says shé) niver, niver forget your country or your Norah!'—and bad luck to me, your honor, if ever I did—and she waved her apron till I saw her out of sight, and then I could have laid down and died.

"'Niver forget your country or your Norah!' were her last words; and they have ever been engraven on my heart, by the same token that Corporal Flannagan, who had received a 'varsity edecation where he was brought up to run arrands and clane shoes, composed the beautifullest song,—oh! your honor, it would do your heart good to hear it. Faith, and it's here I've got it, along with the bit of broken gold and a lock of my own darling's hair, all black and shining,—oh! they're a rich treasure to poor Pat. My hair was like it once, but now my head is silvered over with the snow of age; but my heart is as warm as iver, and melts with tenderness, spite of the frost of adversity that has so often nipped it. Would your honor like to rade that same? or shall I rade it to you? Oh, I can repeat it by heart, for sure it is always laying next to it.

"Dear land of my fathers, their glory and pride,
Who fought for their homes and in Freedom's cause died;
The hallow'd green turf-mound marks each sacred spot,
And their spirits still cry, 'Let us ne'er be forgot!'
Forget you! Ah never, whilst Shannon's stream flows,
And Liberty's tree on dear Erin's land grows,
To yield us shilelahs to lather our foes
Will Paddy forget you?—ah never!

"Your lovely green meadows, all sparkling with dew,
Where Norah first met me, how dear to my view;
Remembrance now pictures the sweet little cot,
And I hear her last words, 'Let me ne'er be forgot!'
Forget you? Ah never though now far apart,
Still faithful and honest shall be this poor heart;
Till life's latest breath from my lips shall depart
Can Paddy forget you?—ah never

"There, your honor, what do you think of that for a composition? oh sure, it's a sublimity. 'Can Paddy forget you?—ah never!' But to make the ong of the short of it and go on with my story; I was sent on board a transport, and the next day we sailed with the rest for the West Injees, and all the passage out I was drilled morning, noon, and night, till I was as thin as a pratee dibble,—marching and countermarching between two guns on the deck, that wer'n't more nor six feet asunder; and what with the sae-sickness, and the drilling, and the six-upon-four,* I was almost done up by the time we got to Jemakee, where they make niggers of the poor blacks.

"Och! your honor, but that was the place for the yellow faver and the land crabs, and maybe I didn't get a long spell in the hospital, that made me as thin as a ramrod and as wake as ten-water grog. But I got over that bout; though many's the brave sodger I've seen hearty and well at sunset—talking about home and the darlin's—and a loathsome corpse before morning, and buried by daybreak. By me conscience, death gives but little more warning there than he does in the field of battle. Yet I got used to the place at last, and there I was made a corporal, and should have been contint but for the thoughts of my poor Norah.

"Well, many years after this, the regiment was ordered to the River Plate, and so we landed in Maldonado Bay and took the Island of Goretta. Oh, your honor, it made my heart ache to see the poor souls lie bleeding on the ground, and to be obliged to stick my bayonet into the breast of a fellow-cratur! But I thought of my ould mother's advice, sure,—'Do your duty like a man.'

"After this we sailed up to Monte Video, and I shall niver forget to remember that same, when we stormed the breach over a scaling ladder of dead bodies that came tumbling down upon us as fast as we could get up. By-and-by, somebody fetches me the terriblest poke of the sconce; it made the light dance in my eyes like sparks from a skyrocket, and who should it be but my old friend Sarjent Linstock, sure, as dead as a red herring, your honor.

"'Long life to you, jewel! (says I) for taking yourself out of the way so dacently; but my heart smote me as soon as I had said it. 'Shame to you, Paddy, (thought I) to rejoice in the downfall of any man; you don't know how soon it may be your own turn,' and it struck me all of a heap entirely, so I stood stock still.

"'On, on, my brave fellows!' roared somebody in the rear, giving me a prick behind with the bayonet; it made me jump

* Six men upon four men's allowance of provisions.

like a billy-goat, and so I rushed on, headed by our brave captain, and we entered the town.

"Well, there was a comical fellow of the name of Taylor* (he was a sailor commanding a private brig of war) advanced with us, having a bag of Union-Jacks over his shoulder to hoist upon the batteries. When we got into the great square, ould Elio, the governor, stood ready with his troops to receive us; so we charged, and Taylor running on, knocked the ould fellow down with the bag of Jacks, and after that, och! but it was all dickey with them.

"'Arrah, Paddy, what booty have you got?' says Corporal Blacketer.

"'Sorrow the scurragh,' says I.

"'Och, hone to your heart, look here!' says he; and so, your honor, he turns round upon his back, and puts his hand into his haversack, and pulls out a little silver image, that I knew at first glance was St. Peter.

"'Oh, you tief o'-the-world, (says I,) what, rob a church?'

"'No, no, (says the corporal,) I had it from an honest priest, to redeem his *corpus-any-mule-he* from danger. And see here, (opening his cartouche-box and showing another), and here, (tapping his knapsack that bulked out), see here! I've got all the saints in the calendar dacently buckled up; faith, here's enough to make an almanack.'

"But what plased me most was, the good cheer we met with after our long voyage. I'll engage we wasn't long getting the camp-kettles to work. Oh, there was beef and mutton for picking up, and turkeys and chickens enough to stock all the *uphoulsterers* in the united kingdom. Oh, your honor, didn't we live like fighting cocks, sure?"

At this moment, an elderly female called to the veteran at the door of a snug little cottage, mantled with evergreens and surrounded by a garden neatly laid out, and kept in the most exact order.

"Faith! (said he) but my baccy's ready; and will your honor condescend to walk into the cabin, to rest yees a little while?"

I told him my engagements would not at that moment permit me; but as I should remain some time in the neighbourhood, I would most certainly visit him once more before I quitted that part of the country.

"I hope no offence," said he, "but I should be proud to do meself the honor of your acquaintance, so I would; and if you could make it convanient to give poor Pat a call now and then, 'twould cause joy to dance in his heart, and pleasure would stretch out the wrinkles in his withered countenance. Long life to your honor, and may God bless you!"

The veteran rose from his seat, gave his hand a military flourish to his hat, and marched off in ordinary time to his cottage; whilst I pursued my way to the residence of a friend, reflecting on the vicissitudes of life.

A few days after this adventure, I again visited the spot; and on advancing to the village green, I observed my friend Pat with some twenty little urchins drawn up in a line, each with a broomstick or mop-handle, going through the various evolutions of the drill-ground. He was in the first position for facing to the right; and the youngsters, with mouths and eyes wide open, were watching the motion.

Though seventy winters had spent their storms upon his head, he stood erect and firm, and at that moment would have been a fine study for an artist.

"To the right face!" said he, and the motion brought him full in my front; his hand was flourished to his hat in an instant, and from a countenance expressive of command, it changed to one of the most lively pleasure.

* This anecdote of Taylor I have since found to be correct. He commanded a small brig, and was commissioned by the Spaniards; so that when the English fleet first anchored off Monte Video he was under Spanish colours, having brought in the most daring manner a cargo of cattle for the city, which, being closely invested, was short of provisions. These cattle he landed in a small sandy bay, but payment for them was refused. That night he came out in his boat (a beautiful deal galley) clandestinely to the English admiral, and offered his services as a pilot, and also to bring off the cattle that was landed, provided he had a strong party from the ships to assist him. His offer was accepted, and he accomplished the undertaking. After the cessation of hostilities, he settled at Buenos Ayres, and acted as a pilot for the River Plate; but on the declaration of independence and the war between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, he was appointed to command the squadron of the former. Since then, he joined Lord Cochrane, when admiral of the Brazilian navy, and commanded a Brazilian frigate. He is, I believe, still in existence, and holds high rank at Rio Janeiro.

"Oh, joy to the hour that I see your honor again! Faith! but delight is bateing the roll upon the drum of my heart, and every swate sensation is answering to the muster."

The children, no longer under control, were charging each other in front and rear, which annoying the veteran, he exclaimed:

"Arrah be aisey, and don't be after making such a hubaboo. Double quick time, march!" and off they started as wild as young colts.

"Are any of these your own?" inquired I.

"Oh no, your honor," he replied, mournfully; "when the turf covers poor old Pat, his lamp will be clane put out. But see at yon young gossoon; oh, it makes my heart ache to look at him, for he has never a friend in the world, ncr in Ireland eather, save and beside myself, your honor. Sure, isn't he a darling of a boy, by token that he's the very image of my own dare Noah. Come here, Casey, and spake to the gentleman; don't stand rubbing your pate there."

A fine healthy lad with long flaxen curls approached, and took hold of my hand; but this did not altogether agree with the old soldier's ideas of etiquette, and he continued addressing the youth:

"Run off, you ragged rascal, and let his honor alone. Don't stand grubbing with your ten toes, like a pig in a pratee garden. Faith, but he's off; and now perhaps your honor would like to know a little more of my history? But first I'll go back to the end, and tell you straightforward in a circuitous manner, that we mayn't set out in a roundabout way.

"Sure and wasn't it at Monte Video that you left me last? And faith, I might have staid there till death, and longer, but they ordered me up for Boney's Airs; and och hone, but we suffered severely at that place, marching up to our middles in water without rations and without rest for three days. And then the assault,—bad luck to the divil!—didn't we charge into the town with our bagnets, and nothing but our hammers in the locks? and that, too, where every house was a battery in itself, and we had no enemy to meet on plain ground? By the powers of Moll Kelly, but they knocked us down like bastes in a slaughter-house, and devil a rap could we give 'em again. Only think, your honor, of straight streets, crossing each other at right angles, so that a nine-pounder at the end of one street was a defence for the whole; and then they pulled down a part of the cathedral, so that nothing might stop the shot.

"Oh! that was a terrible consarn, so it was, and many brave fellows lost their billet; for these Spaniards had an ugly knack of knocking the wounded on the head after they were kilt. Sure, wasn't I one of the party that stormed the Pizzelaro del Tow-row, where the bulls fight? and didn't we make a big bull of it? for how could we get at 'em, your honor, seeing there was not even the spoke of a ladder by way of staircase? Ah, then poor Pat tumbled down with a wound I got in the breast, and then I thought of dare little Ireland and Norah; and so I struggled to get up again, but all was of no use; so I fainted with the loss of blood, and there I lay, spachless and comical entirely.

"Well, when I woke, I heard a soft swate voice spaking to me in broken English—it was just like Norah's, your honor; and so I opened my daylights to take a peep at the angel, for I thought it was her own dare self come in a phantomical manner to cheer my weary spirit, about to quit this world of trouble, only I couldn't make out the brogue; but not a soul did I see, saving and except a young officer in the uniform of a Spanish hussar kneeling by my side and feeling my pulse, which was now bateing the dead march. The creature started when I showed my peepers, and the cap flew from its head. Oh, I shall never forget to remember that same, for it was a woman, your honor, and her long auburn locks came clustering down her forehead, and she looked like the commander-in-chief of the cherrybums. Oh, she was beauty's queen, and a countryman of my own; for though French by birth, she was married to a son of the sod. Long life to her, whether she's dead or alive, for her kindness to poor Pat! for didn't she have me carried by the viceroy's sarvants to snug quarters, where my wound was dressed and the ball distracted? Faith, and she did, your honor, and many more besides me; for after the battle—having a regard for the brave

sodger, and knowing that many lay bleeding on the ground—she put on the regimentals of a captain of hussars, as one of General Liniers' aides-de-camp, and rode through the scenes of carnage to stop the murderers' hands.* Oh, wasn't she a darling of a soul? Ax General Beresford, your honor, for he knew her very well, by token—but that's none of my business to notice; only 'twas whispered as soft as a peal of bells that they found his image in wax-work, all alive and kicking, your honor.

"But the worst of it was the loss of our colors, that hung dangling in the church of San Nicholas, where the brave Sir Samuel Auchmuty had suffered so much, and was compelled to surrender; but that was a sad job to make the most of it, and all through the treachery and cowardice of Whitelocke, bad luck to his powthered fiz-hog. But the colors, your honor, oh, didn't they stick in my gizzard, sure? and so I spoke a word or two about it to my ould comrade, Corporal Blacketer.

"'What's to be done?' says he.

"'Arrah, dacently walk off with them,' says I.

"'How's that?' says he.

"So, seeing he had no liking to the matter, I was obliged to close my chather-box, and soon after we sailed down the river.

"Well, about two years afterwards, an ill wind blow'd me there again, and I couldn't help going to take a sly peep. Oh, didn't I get into a big rage, sure, when they struck like a blight upon my eyes? 'Oh Paddy (says I), twig 'em, and take shame to yourself for not dislodging them from their height;' and so it bothered me night and day, your honor, that I couldn't slape a wink, nor ever cease to think of it while waking.

"Well, one evening Jerry Driscoll and meself were ashore, taking a sup of the cratur. Jerry was a broth of a boy, and knew that two and two made five when his own ugly mug was shoved in to balance the account. He was a blue-jacket, your honor, belonging to a sloop of war.

"'Arrah, Jerry (says I), shall we do the thing?'

"'Faith and we will (says he), and the more by token that they have stuck the bunting up!' as indeed they had, your honor, with R. M. B. on it, for Royal Marine Battalion.

"So when night came, off we set with a long rope and got safe into the middle of the centre of the church, and clapp'd ourselves in ambush clane out of sight where nobody could see us.

"About midnight, 'Now, Jerry (says I), you must mount a reev-o; only take care the rope does not get round your neck.'

"Well, just as we were going to begin, we heard the most terriblest noise; and what should it be but one of the padres, who had been sipping the supernaculum and fallen asleep in the sentry-box—arrah, the confessional-box, I mane. Bad manners to him for stretching his daylights and prying into honest men's affairs. Oh! your honor, he roared like a pope's bull, and out he came as big as three moderate-sized aldermen.

"'Arrah, be aisey,' says Jerry, giving him a thump in his rotunda, which would have held a cathedral, 'can't you behave yourself, jewel?'

"Thump went Jerry again, till his corporation sounded like a big drum, or a Chinese gong. The sentry peeped in at the church-door; Jerry twigged him and cotched the friar round the neck, and down they rolled together, both roaring with all their might.

"'Arrah, Jerry (says I), don't you mane to get up?'

"'Oh, the murthering rascal (says he), don't you see how he's using me;' and indeed, your honor, the padre was belaboring him entirely with both his fists.

"I ran to assist, but a sarjent entered with the guard.

"'What's the matter here?' says the sarjent,—for he was a countryman, your

* I have since ascertained the accuracy of poor Pat's statement. The lady was Madame O'Gorman, a native of the Mauritius, and married to Captain O'Gorman, brother to the great counsellor of that name. She was a remarkably fine woman, and possessed great influence over Liniers, the viceroy. Bold and daring in her manners, and of an intrepid disposition, she attended the viceroy during the battle habited in the dress of an officer of hussars; and after the failure of the attack, she rode through the town, at the imminent risk of her life, to protect the wounded. Her brother was in the Spanish service, and was one of the officers present when Sir Samuel Auchmuty surrendered his sword.

honor, that had deserted from Whitelocke's army.

"'Oh, by my conscience (says Jerry), but that same fellow is a thumping rogue, so he is.'

"'Be aisey,' says the sarjent; and so he speaks to the padre in broken Spanish, and tells him to get up; but he couldn't do that thing till the sodgers lever'd him up with their firelocks. And then he tells them a long story about his being asleep, and dreaming that somebody was trying to steal the Virgin Mary, and that San Nicholas tweaked his nose, and that he woke and cotched us at it. 'Do you hear that?' says the sarjent.

"'Faith and I do,' says Jerry; 'but sorrow the silly-bull do I understand at all, at all. All I know of the matter is, that we were passing by and heard the poor jontleman hollaing; so we ran in, and thinking he'd got the cramp in the stomach, I rubbed his *eminence* a little; when the ungrateful fellow knocked me down, and threw himself on the top of the outside of me, and I'm almost mumm'd to a jammy—arrah, no, jumm'd to a mammy—och, botheration, it's jamm'd to a mummy I mane.'

"'But what's that rope?' said the sarjent, pointing to it.

"'Oh, the sinner,' says Jerry, 'and sure he was going to hang himself, but didn't like it; faith, but it's all plain enough now, Mr. Sarjent, and by the powers we've saved his life.'

"However, your honor, they marched us off to the guard-house, Jerry and I; and there we staid till morning light, like the babes in the wood, our hearts bateing the tattoo all the time, for we'd no great relish to the mines for life. But, joy betide the friar; he made it all out to be a miracle, and so we were relased for the honor of San Nicholas, in spite of the thwacks he got in his corporation, that would have held a whole bench of bishops; and so the colors hang there till this time, your honor, unless they've taken them down since.*

"Happy enough we were to get out of that, and they said the friar would be *cannonized;* but Jerry swore they should ram him into a *mortar*, or marry him to the gunner's daughter, before he would go color-staleing again, with a vengeance to it."

I left the old man with a promise of visiting him again; and in a few months afterwards, being in the same part of the country, I strolled towards his usual resort—the village green. There was no busy hum of voices—no cheering laugh, or infantile prattle; the grass grew as luxuriant as ever, but the children were listlessly scattered about, as if they had lost the common tie which once had bound them together:—the veteran was no more.

In a corner of the churchyard, below a time-shattered elm, was a turf-raised mound, and beneath it lay the mouldering remains of poor Pat. It was a lonely spot, and the villagers took delight in keeping it clear from weeds. A few wild flowers blossomed around, and some rustic hand had carved a rude memorial on the slab of wood. There were guns and swords neatly cut at the top, and underneath was cyphered a plain P. M. Below these letters appeared this simple elegy,—

A Soldier's Grave.

It was enough, and its language spoke more closely to the heart than all the pompous eulogies which deck the monumental urn or sculptured tomb. It was indeed a soldier's grave, and a sailor's tear was shed upon it.

* This, too, I have found to be correct. They had not been taken down a short time since, and the Spaniards were exceedingly proud of the trophies. The damage done by the British artillery to the churches and steeples was promptly repaired; but the spots where the shot struck were painted black, and in some instances the shot themselves were left remaining in the walls. The Spaniards execrated the name of Whitelocke, and expressed great disgust whenever it was mentioned. As a set-off against this, a friend informs me that, in several houses at Buenos Ayres, he saw framed upon the walls the series of British engravings of the Battle of Trafalgar, Death of Nelson, etc.

THE END.

Stirling, September 1889.

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